THE

WORKS

OF

HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

WITH

The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

In EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for W. STRAHAN, J. & F. RIVINGTON, L. HAWES & Co.
R. HORSFIELD, W. JOHNSTON, T. CASLON, S. CROWDER,
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THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING.

THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING.

CONTENTS

OF THE

SIXTH VOLUME.

BOOK XI.

Containing about three days.

CHAP. I.

A cruſt for the critics. Page 1

CHAP. II.

The adventures which Sophia met with after her leaving Upton. p. 7

CHAP. III.

A very ſhort chapter, in which however is a ſun, a moon, a ſtar, and an angel. p. 15

CHAP. IV.

The hiſtory of Mrs. Fitzpatrick. p. 18

CHAP. V.

In which the hiſtory of Mrs. Fitzpatrick *is continued.* p. 24

CHAP. VI.

In which the miſtake of the landlord throws Sophia *into a dreadful conſternation.* p. 30

CHAP. VII.

In which Mrs. Fitzpatrick concludes her hiſtory. p. 34

CHAP. VIII.

A dreadful alarm in the inn, with the arrival of an unexpected friend of Mrs. Fitzpatrick. p. 44

CHAP. IX.

The morning introduced in ſome pretty writing. A ſtage-coach. The civility of chambermaids. The

heroic temper of Sophia. *Her generosity. The return to it. The departure of the company, and their arrival at* London; *with some remarks for the use of travellers.* p. 51

CHAP. X.

Containing a hint or two concerning virtue, and a few more concerning suspicion. p. 56

BOOK XII.

Containing the same individual time with the former.

CHAP. I.

Shewing what is to be deemed plagiarism in a modern Author, and what is to be considered as lawful prize. p. 62

CHAP. II.

In which, though the 'Squire doth not find his daughter, something is found which puts an end to his pursuit. p. 65

CHAP. III.

The departure of Jones *from* Upton, *with what past between him and* Partridge *on the road.* p. 69

CHAP. IV.

The adventure of a beggar-man. p. 75

CHAP. V.

Containing more adventures which Mr. Jones *and his companion met on the road.* p. 80

CHAP. VI.

From which it may be inferred, that the best things are liable to be misunderstood and misinterpreted. p. 85

CHAP. VII.

Containing a remark or two of our own, and many more of the good company assembled in the kitchen. p. 89

CHAP. VIII.

In which Fortune seems to have been in a better humour with Jones than we have hitherto seen her. p. 95

CHAP. IX.

Containing little more than a few odd obſervations. p. 100

CHAP. X.

In which Mr. Jones *and Mr.* Dowling *drink a bottle together.* p. 104

CHAP. XI.

The diſaſters which befel Jones *on his departure for* Coventry; *with the ſage remarks of* Partridge. p. 110

CHAP. XII.

Relates that Mr. Jones *continued his journey contrary to the advice of* Partridge, *with what happened on that occaſion.* p. 113

CHAP. XIII.

A dialogue between Jones *and* Partridge. p. 123

CHAP. XIV.

What happened to Mr. Jones *in his journey from St.* Albans. p. 129

BOOK XIII.

Containing the ſpace of twelve days.

CHAP. I.

An invocation. p. 134

CHAP. II.

What befel Mr. Jones *on his arrival in* London. 138

CHAP. III.

A project of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, *and her viſit to lady* Bellaſton. p. 144

CHAP. IV.

Which conſiſts of viſiting. p. 148

CHAP. V.

An adventure which happened to Mr. Jones at his lodgings, with ſome account of a young gentleman who lodged there, and of the miſtreſs of the houſe, and her two daughters. p. 151

CHAP. VI.

What arrived while the company were at breakfaſt, with ſome hints concerning the government of daughters. p. 157

CHAP. VII.

Containing the whole humours of a masquerade. p. 165

CHAP. VIII.

Containing a scene of distress, which will appear very extraordinary to most of our readers. p. 171

CHAP. IX.

Which treats of matters of a very different kind from those in the preceding chapter. p. 177

CHAP. X.

A chapter which, though short, may draw tears from some eyes. p. 181

CHAP. XI.

In which the reader will be surprized. p. 184

CHAP. XII.

In which the thirteenth Book is concluded. p. 192

BOOK XIV.

Containing two days.

CHAP. I.

An Essay to prove that an Author will write the better, for having some knowledge of the subject on which he writes. p. 196

CHAP. II.

Containing letters and other matters which attend amours. p. 200

CHAP. III.

Containing various matters. p. 207

CHAP. IV.

Which we hope will be very attentively perused by young people of both sexes. p. 212

CHAP. V.

A short account of the history of Mrs. Miller. p. 216

CHAP. VI.

Containing a scene which we doubt not will affect all our readers. p. 221

CHAP. VII.

The interview between Mr. Jones *and Mr.* Nightingale. p. 227

CHAP. VIII.

What passed between Jones *and old Mr.* Nightingale, *with the arrival of a person not yet mentioned in this history.* p. 233

CHAP. IX.

Containing strange matters. p. 241

CHAP. X.

A short chapter which concludes the book. p. 245

BOOK XV.

In which the history advances about two days.

CHAP. I.

Too short to need a preface. p. 248

CHAP. II.

In which is opened a very black design against Sophia. p. 250

CHAP. III.

A further explanation of the foregoing design. p. 255

CHAP. IV.

By which it will appear how dangerous an advocate a lady is, when she applies her eloquence to an ill purpose. p. 260

CHAP. V.

Containing some matters which may affect, and others which may surprize the reader. p. 262

CHAP. VI.

By what means the 'squire came to discover his daughter. p. 270

CHAP. VII.

In which various misfortunes befel poor Jones. p. 276

CHAP. VIII.

Short and sweet. p. 284

CHAP. IX.

Containing love-letters of several sorts. p. 287

CHAP. X.

Consisting partly of facts, and partly of observations upon them. p. 295

CHAP. XI.

Containing curious, but not unprecedented matter. p. 300

CHAP. XII.

A discovery made by Partridge. p. 303

BOOK XVI.

Containing the space of five days.

CHAP. I.

Of prologues. p. 307

CHAP. II.

A whimsical adventure which befel the 'Squire, with the distressed situation of Sophia. p. 309

CHAP. III.

What happened to Sophia *during her confinement.* p. 318

CHAP. IV.

In which Sophia is delivered from her confinement. p. 322

CHAP. V.

In which Jones *receives a letter from* Sophia, *and goes to a play with Mrs.* Miller *and* Partridge. p. 328

CHAP. VI.

In which the history is obliged to look back. p. 336

CHAP. VII.

In which Mr. Western *pays a visit to his sister, in company with Mr.* Blifil. p. 340

CHAP. VIII.

Schemes of lady Bellaston *for the ruin of* Jones. p. 343

CHAP. IX.

In which Jones *pays a visit to Mrs.* Fitzpatrick. p. 347

CHAP. X.

The consequence of the preceding visit. p. 353

BOOK XVII.

Containing three days.

CHAP. I.

Containing a portion of introductory writing. p. 358

CHAP. II.

The generous and grateful behaviour of Mrs. Miller. p. 360

CHAP. III.

The arrival of Mr. Weſtern, *with ſome matters concerning the paternal authority.* p. 364

CHAP. IV.

An extraordinary ſcene between Sophia *and her aunt.* p. 373

CHAP. V.

Mrs. Miller *and Mr.* Nightingale *viſit* Jones *in the priſon.* p. 379

CHAP. VI.

In which Mrs. Miller *pays a viſit to* Sophia. p. 383

CHAP. VII.

A pathetic ſcene between Mr. Allworthy *and Mrs.* Miller. p. 387

CHAP. VIII.

Containing various matters. p. 390

CHAP. IX.

What happened to Mr. Jones *in the priſon.* p. 397

BOOK XVIII.

Containing about ſix days.

CHAP. I.

A farewel to the reader. p. 405

CHAP. II.

Containing a very tragical incident. p. 407

CHAP. III.

Allworthy *viſits old* Nightingale; *with a ſtrange diſcovery that he made on that occaſion.* p. 413

CHAP. IV.

Containing two letters in very different ſtiles. p. 418

CHAP. V.

In which the hiſtory is continued. p. 423

CHAP. VI.

In which the hiſtory is farther continued. p. 430

CHAP. VII.

Continuation of the hiſtory. p. 434

CHAP VIII.

Further continuation. p. 440

CHAP. IX.

A further continuation. p. 450

CHAP. X.

Wherein the history begins to draw towards a conclusion. p. 459

CHAP. XI.

The history draws nearer to a conclusion. p. 465

CHAP. XII.

Approaching still nearer to the end. p. 473

CHAP. The last.

In which the history is concluded. p. 481

Philosophical Transactions for the year 1742-3. p. 489

The first Olynthiac of Demosthenes. p. 505

Of the remedy of affliction for the loss of our friends. p. 515

A dialogue between Alexander *the Great, and* Diogenes *the* Cynic. p. 533

An interlude between Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, *and* Mercury, *which was originally intended as an introduction to a comedy called* Jupiter's *Descent on Earth.* p. 547

The True Patriot. p. 560

The Jacobite's Journal. p. 615

THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XI.

Containing about three days.

CHAP. I.

A cruſt for the critics.

IN our laſt initial chapter, we may be ſuppoſed to have treated that formidable ſet of men, who are called critics, with more freedom than becomes us; ſince they exact, and indeed generally receive, great condeſcenſion from Authors. We ſhall in this, therefore, give the reaſons of our conduct to this auguſt body; and here we ſhall perhaps place them in a light, in which they have not hitherto been ſeen.

This word critic is of Greek derivation, and ſignifies judgment. Hence I preſume ſome perſons who have not underſtood the original, and have ſeen the Engliſh tranſlation of the primitive, have concluded

that it meant judgment in the legal ſenſe, in which it is frequently uſed as equivalent to condemnation.

I am the rather inclined to be of that opinion, as the greateſt number of critics hath of late years been found amongſt the lawyers. Many of theſe gentlemen, from deſpair, perhaps, of ever riſing to the bench in Weſtminſter-hall, have placed themſelves on the benches at the playhouſe, where they have exerted their judicial capacity, and have given judgment, *i. e.* condemned without mercy.

The gentlemen would perhaps be well enough pleaſed, if we were to leave them thus compared to one of the moſt important and honourable offices in the commonwealth, and, if we intended to apply to their favour, we would do ſo; but as we deſign to deal very ſincerely and plainly too with them, we muſt remind them of another officer of juſtice of a much lower rank; to whom, as they not only pronounce, but execute their own judgment, they bear likewiſe ſome remote reſemblance.

But in reality there is another light, in which theſe modern critics may with great juſtice and propriety be ſeen; and this is that of a common ſlanderer. If a perſon who pries into the characters of others, with no other deſign but to diſcover their faults, and to publiſh them to the world, deſerves the title of a ſlanderer of the reputations of men; why ſhould not a critic, who reads with the ſame malevolent view, be as properly ſtiled the ſlanderer of the reputation of books?

Vice hath not, I believe, a more abject ſlave; ſociety produces not a more odious vermin; nor can the devil receive a gueſt more worthy of him, nor poſſibly more welcome to him, than a ſlanderer. The world, I am afraid, regards not this monſter with half the abhorrence which he deſerves; and I am more afraid to aſſign the reaſon of this criminal lenity ſhewn towards him; yet it is certain that the thief looks innocent in the compariſon; nay, the murderer

murderer himſelf can ſeldom ſtand in competition with his guilt: for ſlander is a more cruel weapon than a ſword, as the wounds which the former gives are always incurable. One method, indeed, there is of killing, and that the baſeſt and moſt execrable of all, which bears an exact analogy to the vice here diſclaimed againſt, and that is poiſon. A means of revenge ſo baſe, and yet ſo horrible, that it was once wiſely diſtinguiſhed by our laws from all other murders, in the peculiar ſeverity of the puniſhment.

Beſides the dreadful miſchiefs done by ſlander, and the baſeneſs of the means by which they are effected, there are other circumſtances that highly aggravate its atrocious quality: for it often proceeds from no provocation, and ſeldom promiſes itſelf any reward, unleſs ſome black and infernal mind may propoſe a reward in the thoughts of having procured the ruin and miſery of another.

Shakeſpear hath nobly touched this vice, when he ſays,

" Who ſteals my purſe ſteals traſh, 'tis ſomething,
" nothing;
" 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and hath been ſlave to thou-
" ſands:
" But he that filches from me my good name,
" Robs me of that WHICH NOT ENRICHES HIM,
" BUT MAKES ME POOR INDEED."

With all this my good reader will doubtleſs agree; but much of it will probably ſeem too ſevere, when applied to the ſlanderer of books. But let it here be conſidered, that both proceed from the ſame wicked diſpoſition of mind, and are alike void of the excuſe of temptation. Nor ſhall we conclude the injury done this way to be very ſlight, when we conſider a book as the Author's offſpring, and indeed as the child of his brain.

The reader who hath ſuffered his muſe to continue hitherto in a virgin ſtate, can have but a very inadequate idea of this kind of paternal fondneſs. To ſuch we may parody the tender exclamation of Macduff. "Alas! Thou haſt written no book." But the Author whoſe muſe hath brought forth, will feel the pathetic ſtrain, perhaps will accompany me with tears (eſpecially if his darling be already no more) while I mention the uneaſineſs with which the big muſe bears about her burden, the painful labour with which ſhe produces it, and laſtly, the care, the fondneſs, with which the tender father nouriſhes his favourite, till it be brought to maturity, and produced into the world.

Nor is there any paternal fondneſs which ſeems leſs to ſavour of abſolute inſtinct, and which may ſo well be reconciled to worldly wiſdom, as this. Theſe children may moſt truly be called the riches of their father; and many of them have with true filial piety fed their parent in his old age: ſo that not only the affection, but the intereſt of the Author may be highly injured by theſe ſlanderers, whoſe poiſonous breath brings his book to an untimely end.

Laſtly, the ſlander of a book is, in truth, the ſlander of the Author: for as no one can call another baſtard, without calling the mother a whore; ſo neither can any one give the names of ſad ſtuff, horrid nonſenſe, &c. to a book, without calling the Author a blockhead; which, though in a moral ſenſe it is a preferable appellation to that of villain, is perhaps rather more injurious to his worldly intereſt.

Now, however ludicrous all this may appear to ſome, others, I doubt not, will feel and acknowledge the truth of it; nay, may, perhaps, think I have not treated the ſubject with decent ſolemnity; but ſurely a man may ſpeak truth with a ſmiling countenance. In reality, to depreciate a book maliciouſly, or even wantonly, is at leaſt a very ill-natured office; and

and a moroſe ſnarling critic may, I believe, be ſuſpected to be a bad man.

I will therefore endeavour, in the remaining part of this chapter, to explain the marks of this character, and to ſhew what criticiſm I here intend to obviate: for I can never be underſtood, unleſs by the very perſons here meant, to inſinuate, that there are no proper judges of writing, or to endeavour to exclude from the commonwealth of literature any of thoſe noble critics, to whoſe labours the learned world are ſo greatly indebted. Such were Ariſtotle, Horace, and Longinus, among the antients, Dacier and Boſſu among the French, and ſome perhaps among us; who have certainly been duly authoriſed to execute at leaſt a judicial authority in *Foro Literario*.

But without aſcertaining all the proper qualifications of a critic, which I have touched on elſewhere, I think I may very boldly object to the cenſures of any one paſt upon works which he hath not himſelf read. Such cenſurers as theſe, whether they ſpeak from their own gueſs or ſuſpicion, or from the report and opinion of others, may properly be ſaid to ſlander the reputation of the book they condemn.

Such may likewiſe be ſuſpected of deſerving this character, who, without aſſigning any particular faults, condemn the whole in general defamatory terms; ſuch as vile, dull, da—d ſtuff, &c. and particularly by the uſe of the monoſyllable Low; a word which becomes the mouth of no critic who is not RIGHT HONOURABLE.

Again, though there may be ſome faults juſtly aſſigned in the work; yet if thoſe are not in the moſt eſſential parts, or, if they are compenſated by greater beauties, it will ſavour rather of the malice of a ſlanderer, than of the judgment of a true critic, to paſs a ſevere ſentence upon the whole, merely on account of ſome vicious part. This is directly contrary to the ſentiments of Horace:

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura——

But where the beauties, more in number, ſhine,
I am not angry, when a caſual line
(That with ſome trivial faults unequal flows)
A careleſs hand, or human frailty ſhows.
Mr. FRANCIS

For as Martial ſays, *Aliter non fit, Avite, Liber*, No book can be otherwiſe compoſed. All beauty of character, as well as of countenance, and indeed of every thing human, is to be tried in this manner. Cruel indeed would it be, if ſuch a work as this hiſtory, which hath employed ſome thouſands of hours in the compoſing, ſhould be liable to be condemned, becauſe ſome particular chapter, or perhaps chapters, may be obnoxious to very juſt and ſenſible objections. And yet nothing is more common than the moſt rigorous ſentence upon books ſupported by ſuch objections, which, if they were rightly taken (and that they are not always) do by no means go to the merit of the whole. In the theatre eſpecially, a ſingle expreſſion which doth not coincide with the taſte of the audience, or with any individual critic of that audience, is ſure to be hiſſed; and one ſcene which ſhould be diſapproved, would hazard the whole piece. To write within ſuch ſevere rules as theſe, is as impoſſible as to live up to ſome ſplenetic opinions; and if we judge according to the ſentiments of ſome critics, and of ſome chriſtians, no Author will be ſaved in this world, and no man in the next.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

The adventures which Sophia met with after her leaving Upton.

OUR hiſtory, juſt before it was obliged to turn about, and travel backwards, had mentioned the departure of Sophia and her maid from the inn; we ſhall now therefore purſue the ſteps of that lovely creature, and leave her unworthy lover a little longer to bemoan his ill-luck, or rather his ill-conduct.

Sophia having directed her guide to travel through bye-roads acroſs the country, they now paſſed the Severn, and had ſcarce got a mile from the inn, when the young lady, looking behind her, ſaw ſeveral horſes coming after on full ſpeed. This greatly alarmed her fears, and ſhe called to the guide to put on as faſt as poſſible.

He immediately obeyed her, and away they rode a full gallop. But the faſter they went, the faſter were they followed; and as the horſes behind were ſomewhat ſwifter than thoſe before, ſo the former were at length overtaken. A happy circumſtance for poor Sophia; whoſe fears, joined to her fatigue, had almoſt overpowered her ſpirits; but ſhe was now inſtantly relieved by a female voice, that greeted her in the ſofteſt manner, and with the utmoſt civility. This greeting, Sophia, as ſoon as ſhe could recover her breath, with like civility, and with the higheſt ſatisfaction to herſelf, returned.

The travellers who joined Sophia, and who had given her ſuch terror, conſiſted, like her own company, of two females and a guide. The two parties proceeded three full miles together before any one offered again to open their mouths; when our heroine, having pretty well got the better of her fear, (but yet being ſomewhat ſurprized that the other ſtill continued to attend her, as ſhe purſued no great

road, and had already paſſed through ſeveral turnings) accoſted the ſtrange lady in a moſt obliging tone; and ſaid, 'She was very happy to find they were 'both travelling the ſame way.' The other, who, like a ghoſt, only wanted to be ſpoke to, readily anſwered, 'That the happineſs was entirely hers; 'that ſhe was a perfect ſtranger in that country, and 'was ſo overjoyed at meeting a companion of her 'own ſex, that ſhe had perhaps been guilty of an 'impertinence which required great apology, in 'keeping pace with her.' More civilities paſſed between theſe two ladies; for Mrs. Honour had now given place to the fine habit of the ſtranger, and had fallen into the rear. But though Sophia had great curioſity to know why the other lady continued to travel on through the ſame bye-roads with herſelf, nay, though this gave her ſome uneaſineſs, yet fear, or modeſty, or ſome other conſideration, reſtrained her from aſking the queſtion.

The ſtrange lady now laboured under a difficulty, which appears almoſt below the dignity of hiſtory to mention. Her bonnet had been blown from her head not leſs than five times within the laſt mile; nor could ſhe come at any ribbon or handkerchief to tie it under her chin. When Sophia was informed of this, ſhe immediately ſupplied her with a handkerchief for this purpoſe; which while ſhe was pulling from her pocket, ſhe perhaps too much neglected the management of her horſe, for the beaſt now unluckily making a falſe ſtep, fell upon his fore-legs, and threw his fair rider from his back.

Though Sophia came head foremoſt to the ground, ſhe happily received not the leaſt damage; and the ſame circumſtances which had perhaps contributed to her fall, now preſerved her from confuſion; for the lane which they were then paſſing, was narrow and very much overgrown with trees, ſo that the moon could here afford very little light, and was moreover, at preſent, ſo obſcured in a cloud, that

it

it was almoſt perfectly dark. By theſe means the young lady's modeſty, which was extremely delicate, eſcaped as free from injury as her limbs, and ſhe was once more reinſtated in her ſaddle, having received no other harm than a little fright by her fall.

Day-light at length appeared in its full luſtre; and now the two ladies, who were riding over a common ſide by ſide, looking ſtedfaſtly at each other, at the ſame moment both their eyes became fixed; both their horſes ſtopt, and both ſpeaking together, with equal joy pronounced, the one the name of Sophia, the other that of Harriet.

This unexpected encounter ſurprized the ladies much more than I believe it will the ſagacious reader, who muſt have imagined that the ſtrange lady could be no other than Mrs. Fitzpatrick, the couſin of Miſs Weſtern, whom we before mentioned to have ſallied from the inn a few minutes after her.

So great was the ſurprize and joy which theſe two couſins conceived at this meeting (for they had formerly been moſt intimate acquaintance and friends, and had long lived together with their aunt Weſtern) that it is impoſſible to recount half the congratulations which paſſed between them, before either aſked a very natural queſtion of the other, namely, whither ſhe was going.

This at laſt, however, came firſt from Mrs. Fitzpatrick; but eaſy and natural as the queſtion may ſeem, Sophia found it difficult to give it a very ready and certain anſwer. She begged her couſin therefore to ſuſpend all curioſity till they arrived at ſome inn, 'which I ſuppoſe,' ſays ſhe, 'can hardly 'be far diſtant; and believe me, Harriet, I ſuſpend 'as much curioſity on my ſide; for indeed I believe 'our aſtoniſhment is pretty equal.'

The converſation which paſſed between theſe ladies on the road, was, I apprehend, little worth relating; and leſs certainly was that between the two waiting-women: for they likewiſe began to pay their compliments

ments to each other. As for the guides they were debarred from the pleaſure of diſcourſe, the one being placed in the van, and the other obliged to bring up the rear.

In this poſture they travelled many hours, till they came into a wide and well-beaten road, which, as they turned to the right, ſoon brought them to a very fair promiſing inn; where they all alighted: but ſo fatigued was Sophia, that, as ſhe had ſat her horſe during the laſt five or ſix miles with great difficulty, ſo was ſhe now incapable of diſmounting from him without aſſiſtance. This the landlord, who had hold of her horſe, preſently perceiving, offered to lift her in his arms from her ſaddle; and ſhe too readily accepted the tender of his ſervice. Indeed fortune ſeems to have reſolved to put Sophia to the bluſh that day, and the ſecond malicious attempt ſucceeded better than the firſt; for my landlord had no ſooner received the young lady in his arms, than his feet, which the gout had lately very ſeverely handled, gave way, and down he tumbled; but at the ſame time, with no leſs dexterity than gallantry, contrived to throw himſelf under his charming burthen, ſo that he alone received any bruiſe from the fall; for the great injury which happened to Sophia, was a violent ſhock given to her modeſty, by an immoderate grin, which, at her riſing from the ground, ſhe obſerved in the countenance of moſt of the byeſtanders. This made her ſuſpect what had really happened, and what we ſhall not here relate, for the indulgence of thoſe readers who are capable of laughing at the offence given to a young lady's delicacy. Accidents of this kind we have never regarded in a comical light; nor will we ſcruple to ſay, that he muſt have a very inadequate idea of the modeſty of a beautiful young woman, who would wiſh to ſacrifice it to ſo paultry a ſatisfaction as can ariſe from laughter.

This

This fright and ſhock, joined to the violent fatigue which both her mind and body had undergone, almoſt overcame the excellent conſtitution of Sophia, and ſhe had ſcarce ſtrength ſufficient to totter into the inn, leaning on the arm of her maid. Here ſhe was no ſooner ſeated than ſhe called for a glaſs of water; but Mrs. Honour, very judiciouſly, in my opinion, changed it into a glaſs of wine.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick hearing from Mrs. Honour, that Sophia had not been in bed during the two laſt nights, and obſerving her to look very pale and wan with her fatigue, earneſtly entreated her to refreſh herſelf with ſome ſleep. She was yet a ſtranger to her hiſtory, or her apprehenſions; but had ſhe known both, ſhe would have given the ſame advice; for reſt was viſibly neceſſary for her; and their long journey through byeroads ſo entirely removed all danger of purſuit, that ſhe was herſelf perfectly eaſy on that account.

Sophia was eaſily prevailed on to follow the counſel of her friend, which was heartily ſeconded by her maid. Mrs. Fitzpatrick likewiſe offered to bear her couſin company, which Sophia, with much complaiſance, accepted.

The miſtreſs was no ſooner in bed, than the maid prepared to follow her example. She began to make many apologies to her ſiſter Abigail for leaving her alone in ſo horrid a place as an inn; but the other ſtopped her ſhort, being as well inclined to a nap as herſelf, and deſired the honour of being her bedfellow. Sophia's maid agreed to give her a ſhare of her bed, but put in her claim to all the honour. So after many court'ſies and compliments, to bed together went the waiting-women, as their miſtreſſes had done before them.

It was uſual with my landlord (as indeed it is with the whole fraternity) to enquire particularly of all coachmen, footmen, poſtboys, and others, into the names of all his gueſts; what their eſtate was, and

and where it lay. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the many particular circumſtances which attended our travellers, and eſpecially their retiring all to ſleep at ſo extraordinary and unuſual an hour as ten in the morning, ſhould excite his curioſity. As ſoon therefore as the guides entered the kitchen, he began to examine who the ladies were, and whence they came; but the guides, though they faithfully related all they knew, gave him very little ſatisfaction. On the contrary, they rather enflamed his curioſity than extinguiſhed it.

This landlord had the character, among all his neighbours, of being a very ſagacious fellow. He was thought to ſee farther and deeper into things than any man in the pariſh, the parſon himſelf not excepted. Perhaps his look had contributed not a little to procure him this reputation; for there was in this ſomething wonderfully wiſe and ſignificant, eſpecially when he had a pipe in his mouth; which, indeed, he ſeldom was without. His behaviour, likewiſe, greatly aſſiſted in promoting the opinion of his wiſdom. In his deportment he was ſolemn, if not ſullen; and when he ſpoke, which was ſeldom, he always delivered himſelf in a ſlow voice; and though his ſentences were ſhort, they were ſtill interrupted with many hums and has, ay, ays, and other expletives: ſo that though he accompanied his words with certain explanatory geſtures, ſuch as ſhaking, or nodding the head, or pointing with his forefinger, he generally left his ears to underſtand more than he expreſſed; nay, he commonly gave them the hint, that he knew much more than he thought proper to diſcloſe. This laſt circumſtance alone, may, indeed, very well account for his character of wiſdom; ſince men are ſtrangely inclined to worſhip what they do not underſtand. A grand ſecret, upon which ſeveral impoſers on mankind have totally relied for the ſucceſs of their frauds.

This

This polite perſon now taking his wife aſide, aſked her, 'what ſhe thought of the ladies lately arrived?' 'think of them?' ſaid the wife, 'why what ſhould 'I think of them?' I know,' anſwered he, 'what 'I think. The guides tell ſtrange ſtories. One 'pretends to be come from Glouceſter, and the 'other from Upton; and neither of them, for what 'I can find, can tell whither they are going. But 'what people ever travel acroſs the country from 'Upton hither, eſpecially to London? And one of 'the maid-ſervants, before ſhe alighted from her 'horſe, aſked, if this was not the London Road? 'Now I have put all theſe circumſtances together, 'and whom do you think I have found them out to 'be?' 'Nay,' anſwered ſhe, 'you know I never 'pretend to gueſs at your diſcoveries.'——'It is a 'good girl,' replied he, chucking her under the chin; 'I muſt own you have always ſubmitted 'to my knowledge of theſe matters. Why then, 'depend upon it; mind what I ſay,—depend upon 'it, they are certainly ſome of the rebel ladies, 'who, they ſay, travel with the young Chevalier; 'and have taken a round-about way to eſcape the 'duke's army.'

'Huſband,' quoth the wife, 'you have certainly 'hit it; for one of them is dreſt as fine as any 'princeſs; and, to be ſure, ſhe looks for all the 'world like one.——But yet, when I conſider one 'thing.'——When you conſider,' cries the landlord contemptuouſly —— 'Come, pray let's hear what 'you conſider.' —— 'Why it is,' anſwered the wife, 'that ſhe is too humble to be any very great 'lady: for while our Betty was warming the bed, 'ſhe called her nothing but child, and my dear, 'and ſweetheart; and when Betty offered to pull 'off her ſhoes and ſtockings, ſhe would not ſuffer 'her, ſaying, ſhe would not give her the trouble.'

'Pugh!' anſwered the huſband, 'that is nothing. 'Doſt think, becauſe you have ſeen ſome great

'ladies

'ladies rude and uncivil to perſons below them, 'that none of them know how to behave themſelves 'when they come before their inferiors? I think I 'know people of faſhion when I ſee them. I think 'I do. Did not ſhe call for a glaſs of water when 'ſhe came in? Another ſort of women would have 'called for a dram; you know they would. If ſhe 'be not a woman of very great quality, ſell me for 'a fool; and, I believe, thoſe who buy me will 'have a bad bargain. Now, would a woman of 'her quality travel without a footman, unleſs upon 'ſome ſuch extraordinary occaſion?' 'Nay, to be 'ſure, huſband,' cries ſhe, 'you know theſe matters 'better than I, or moſt folk.' 'I think I do know 'ſomething,' ſaid he. 'To be ſure,' anſwered the wife, 'the poor little heart looked ſo piteous, when 'ſhe ſat down in the chair, I proteſt I could not 'help having a compaſſion for her, almoſt as much 'as if ſhe had been a poor body. But what's to 'be done, huſband? If an ſhe be a rebel, I ſuppoſe 'you intend to betray her up to the court. Well, 'ſhe's a ſweet-tempered, good-humoured lady, be 'ſhe what ſhe will, and I ſhall hardly refrain from 'crying when I hear ſhe is hanged or beheaded.' 'Pooh!' anſwered the huſband, —— 'But as to 'what's to be done it is not ſo eaſy a matter to de-'termine. I hope, before we goes away, we ſhall 'have the news of a battle: for if the Chevalier 'ſhould get the better, ſhe may gain us intereſt at 'court, and make our fortunes without betraying 'her.' 'Why, that's true,' replied the wife; 'and 'I heartily hope ſhe will have it in her power. Cer-'tainly ſhe's a ſweet good lady; it would go horri-'bly againſt me to have her come to any harm.' 'Pooh' cries the landlord, 'women are always ſo 'tender-hearted. Why you would not harbour 'rebels, would you?' 'No certainly,' anſwered the wife; 'and as for betraying her, come what will on't, 'nobody

'nobody can blame us. It is what any body would 'do in our caſe.'

While our politic landlord, who had not, we ſee undeſervedly the reputation of great wiſdom among his neighbours, was engaged in debating this matter with himſelf, (for he paid little attention to the opinion of his wife) news arrived that the rebels had given the duke the ſlip, and had got a day's march towards London; and ſoon after arrived a famous Jacobite 'ſquire, who, with great joy in his countenance, ſhook the landlord by the hand, ſaying, 'all's 'our own, boy, ten thouſand honeſt Frenchmen are 'landed in Suffolk. Old England for ever! ten 'thouſand French, my brave lad! I am going to 'tap away directly.'

This news determined the opinion of the wiſe man, and he reſolved to make his court to the young lady, when ſhe aroſe; for he had now (he ſaid) diſcovered that ſhe was no other than Madam Jenny Cameron herſelf.

CHAP. III.

A very ſhort chapter, in which however is a ſun, a moon, a ſtar, and an angel.

THE ſun (for he keeps very good hours at this time of the year) had been ſome time retired to reſt, when Sophia aroſe greatly refreſhed by her ſleep; which, ſhort as it was, nothing but her extreme fatigue could have occaſioned; for though ſhe had told her maid, and perhaps herſelf too, that ſhe was perfectly eaſy when ſhe left Upton; yet it is certain her mind was a little affected with that malady which is attended with all the reſtleſs ſymptoms of a fever, and is perhaps the very diſtemper which phyſicians mean (if they mean any thing) by the fever on the ſpirits.

Mrs.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick likewiſe left her bed at the ſame time; and having ſummoned her maid, immediately dreſſed herſelf. She was really a very pretty woman, and had ſhe been in any other company but that of Sophia, might have been thought beautiful; but when Mrs. Honour of her own accord attended, (for her miſtreſs would not ſuffer her to be waked) and had equipped our heroine, the charms of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who had performed the office of the morning-ſtar, and had preceded greater glories, ſhared the fate of that ſtar, and were totally eclipſed the moment thoſe glories ſhone forth.

Perhaps Sophia never looked more beautiful than ſhe did at this inſtant. We ought not therefore to condemn the maid of the inn for her hyperbole, who when ſhe deſcended, after having lighted the fire, declared, and ratified it with an oath, that if ever there was an angel upon earth, ſhe was now above ſtairs.

Sophia had acquainted her couſin with her deſign to go to London; and Mrs. Fitzpatrick had agreed to accompany her; for the arrival of her huſband at Upton had put an end to her deſign of going to Bath, or to her aunt Weſtern. They had therefore no ſooner finiſhed their tea, than Sophia propoſed to ſet out, the moon then ſhining extremely bright, and as for the froſt ſhe defied it; nor had ſhe any of thoſe apprehenſions which many young ladies would have felt at travelling by night; for ſhe had, as we have before obſerved, ſome little degree of natural courage; and this her preſent ſenſations, which bordered ſomewhat on deſpair, greatly encreaſed. Beſides, as ſhe had already travelled twice with ſafety, by the light of the moon, ſhe was the better emboldened to truſt to it a third time.

The diſpoſition of Mrs. Fitzpatrick was more timorous; for though the greater terrors had conquered the leſs, and the preſence of her huſband had driven her away at ſo unſeaſonable an hour from Upton;

Upton; yet being now arrived at a place where ſhe thought herſelf ſafe from his purſuit, theſe leſſer terrors of I know not what, operated ſo ſtrongly, that ſhe earneſtly entreated her couſin to ſtay till the next morning, and not expoſe herſelf to the dangers of travelling by night.

Sophia, who was yielding to an exceſs, when ſhe could neither laugh nor reaſon her couſin out of theſe apprehenſions, at laſt gave way to them. Perhaps indeed, had ſhe known of her father's arrival at Upton, it might have been more difficult to have perſuaded her; for as to Jones, ſhe had, I am afraid, no great horror at the thoughts of being overtaken by him; nay, to confeſs the truth, I believe ſhe rather wiſhed than feared it; though I might honeſtly enough have concealed this wiſh from the reader, as it was one of thoſe ſecret ſpontaneous emotions of the ſoul, to which the reaſon is often a ſtranger.

When our young ladies had determined to remain all that evening in their inn, they were attended by the landlady, who deſired to know what their ladyſhips would be pleaſed to eat. Such charms were there in the voice, in the manner, and in the affable deportment of Sophia, that ſhe raviſhed the landlady to the higheſt degree; and that good woman concluding that ſhe had attended Jenny Cameron, became in a moment a ſtaunch Jacobite, and wiſhed heartily well to the young Pretender's cauſe, from the great ſweetneſs and affability with which ſhe had been treated by his ſuppoſed miſtreſs.

The two couſins began now to impart to each other their reciprocal curioſity, to know what extraordinary accidents on both ſides occaſioned this ſo ſtrange and unexpected meeting. At laſt Mrs. Fitzpatrick, having obtained of Sophia a promiſe of communicating likewiſe in her turn, began to relate what the reader, if he is deſirous to know her hiſtory, may read in the enſuing chapter.

CHAP. IV.

The history of Mrs. Fitzpatrick:

MRS. Fitzpatrick, after a silence of a few moments, fetching a deep sigh, thus began:

'It is natural to the unhappy to feel a secret concern in recollecting those periods of their lives which have been most delightful to them. The remembrance of past pleasures affects us with a kind of tender grief, like what we suffer for departed friends; and the ideas of both may be said to haunt our imaginations.

'For this reason, I never reflect without sorrow on those days (the happiest far of my life) which we spent together, when both were under the care of my aunt Western. Alas! why are Miss Graveairs, and Miss Giddy no more? You remember, I am sure, when we knew each other by no other names. Indeed you gave the latter appellation with too much cause. I have since experienced how much I deserved it. You, my Sophia, was always my superior in every thing, and I heartily hope you will be so in your fortune. I shall never forget the wise and matronly advice you once gave me, when I lamented being disappointed of a ball, though you could not be then fourteen years old. —— O my Sophy, how blest must have been my situation, when I could think such a disappointment a misfortune; and when indeed it was the greatest I had ever known!'

'And yet, my dear Harriet,' answered Sophia, 'it was then a serious matter with you. Comfort yourself therefore with thinking, that whatever you now lament may hereafter appear as trifling and contemptible as a ball would at this time.'

'Alas, my Sophia,' replied the other lady, 'you yourself will think otherwise of my present situation; for

'for greatly muſt that tender heart be altered, if my 'misfortunes do not draw many a ſigh, nay many a 'tear, from you. The knowledge of this ſhould 'perhaps deter me from relating what I am convinced 'will ſo much affect you.'——Here Mrs. Fitzpatrick ſtopt, till at the repeated entreaties of Sophia, ſhe thus proceeded.

'Though you muſt have heard much of my mar-'riage; yet as matters may probably have been 'miſrepreſented, I will ſet out from the very com-'mencement of my unfortunate acquaintance with 'my preſent huſband; which was at Bath, ſoon 'after you left my aunt, and returned home to your 'father.

'Among the gay young fellows, who were at 'this ſeaſon at Bath, Mr. Fitzpatrick was one. He 'was handſome, degagé, extremely gallant, and in 'his dreſs exceeded moſt others. In ſhort, my dear, 'if you was unluckily to ſee him now, I could de-'ſcribe him no better than by telling you he was the 'very reverſe of every thing which he is: for he 'hath ruſticated himſelf ſo long, that he is become 'an abſolute wild Iriſhman. But to proceed in my 'ſtory; the qualifications which he then poſſeſſed, 'ſo well recommended him, that though the peo-'ple of quality at that time lived ſeparate from the 'reſt of the company, and excluded them from all 'their parties, Mr. Fitzpatrick found means to gain 'admittance. It was perhaps no eaſy matter to avoid 'him; for he required very little or no invitation; 'and as being handſome and genteel, he found it no 'very difficult matter to ingratiate himſelf with the 'ladies; ſo, he having frequently drawn his ſword, 'the men did not care publickly to affront him. 'Had it not been for ſome ſuch reaſon, I believe he 'would have been ſoon expelled by his own ſex; for 'ſurely he had no ſtrict title to be preferred to the 'Engliſh gentry; nor did they ſeem inclined to ſhew 'him any extraordinary favour. They all abuſed

'him behind his back, which might probably pro-
'ceed from envy; for by the women he was well
'received, and very particularly diſtinguiſhed by
'them.

'My aunt, though no perſon of quality herſelf, as
'ſhe had always lived about the court, was enrolled
'in that party: for by whatever means you get into
'the polite circle, when you are once there, it is
'ſufficient merit for you that you are there. This
'obſervation, young as you was, you could ſcarce
'avoid making from my aunt, who was free, or re-
'ſerved, with all people, juſt as they had more or
'leſs of this merit.

'And this merit, I believe, it was, which princi-
'pally recommended Mr. Fitzpatrick to her favour.
'In which he ſo well ſucceeded, that he was always
'one of her private parties. Nor was he backward
'in returning ſuch diſtinction; for he ſoon grew ſo
'very particular in his behaviour to her, that the
'ſcandal club firſt began to take notice of it, and the
'better diſpoſed perſons made a match between them.
'For my own part, I confeſs, I made no doubt but
'that his deſigns were ſtrictly honourable, as the
'phraſe is; that is, to rob a lady of her fortune by
'way of marriage. My aunt was, I conceived, nei-
'ther young enough nor handſome enough, to at-
'tract much wicked inclination; but ſhe had matri-
'monial charms in great abundance.

'I was the more confirmed in this opinion from
'the extraordinary reſpect which he ſhewed to my-
'ſelf, from the firſt moment of our acquaintance.
'This I underſtood as an attempt to leſſen, if poſſi-
'ble, that diſinclination which my intereſt might be
'ſuppoſed to give me towards the match; and I know
'not but in ſome meaſure it had that effect: for as
'I was well contented with my own fortune, and
'of all people the leaſt a ſlave to intereſted views;
'ſo I could not be violently the enemy of a man
'with whoſe behaviour to me I was greatly pleaſed;

'and

'and the more ſo, as I was the only object of ſuch 'reſpect; for he behaved at the ſame time to many 'women of quality without any reſpect at all.

'Agreeable as this was to me, he ſoon changed it 'into another kind of behaviour, which was perhaps 'more ſo. He now put on much ſoftneſs and ten-'derneſs, and languiſhed and ſighed abundantly. 'At times indeed, whether from art or nature I will 'not determine, he gave his uſual looſe to gaiety and 'mirth; but this was always in general company, 'and with other women; for even in a country-'dance, when he was not my partner, he became 'grave; and put on the ſofteſt look imaginable, the 'moment he approached me. Indeed he was in all 'things ſo very particular towards me, that I muſt 'have been blind not to have diſcovered it. And, 'and, and—' 'And you was more pleaſed ſtill, my 'dear Harriet,' cries Sophia; 'you need not be 'aſhamed,' added ſhe ſighing; 'for ſure there are 'irreſiſtible charms in tenderneſs, which too many 'men are able to affect.' True,' anſwered her cou-ſin, 'men, who in all other inſtances want common 'ſenſe, are very Machiavels in the art of loving. 'I wiſh I did not know an inſtance.—Well, ſcandal 'now began to be as buſy with me as it had before 'been with my aunt; and ſome good ladies did not 'ſcruple to affirm, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick had anin-'trigue with us both.

'But what may ſeem aſtoniſhing; my aunt never 'ſaw, nor in the leaſt ſeemed to ſuſpect that which 'was viſible enough, I believe, from both our be-'haviours. One would indeed think, that love quite 'puts out the eyes of an old woman. In fact, they 'ſo greedily ſwallow the addreſſes which are made to 'them, that, like an outrageous glutton, they are 'not at leiſure to obſerve what paſſes amongſt others 'at the ſame table. This I have obſerved in more 'caſes than my own; and this was ſo ſtrongly verified 'by my aunt, that, though ſhe often found us toge-

'ther at her return from the pump, the leaſt canting 'word of his, pretending impatience at her abſence, 'effectually ſmothered all ſuſpicion. One artifice ſuc-'ceeded with her to admiration. This was his treat-'ing me like a little child, and never calling me by 'any other name in her preſence, but that of pretty 'miſs. This indeed did him ſome diſſervice with 'your humble ſervant; but I ſoon ſaw through it, 'eſpecially as in her abſence he behaved to me, as I 'have ſaid, in a different manner. However, if I 'was not greatly diſobliged by a conduct of which I 'had diſcovered the deſign, I ſmarted very ſeverely 'for it: for my aunt really conceived me to be what 'her lover (as ſhe thought him) called me, and 'treated me, in all reſpects, as a perfect infant. To 'ſay the truth, I wonder ſhe had not inſiſted on my 'again wearing leading-ſtrings.

'At laſt, my lover (for ſo he was) thought proper, 'in a moſt ſolemn manner, to diſcloſe a ſecret which 'I had known long before. He now placed all the 'love which he had pretended to my aunt to my 'account. He lamented, in very pathetic terms, the 'encouragement ſhe had given him, and made a high 'merit of the tedious hours, in which he had un-'dergone her converſation.—What ſhall I tell you, 'my dear Sophia?—Then I will confeſs the truth. 'I was pleaſed with my man. I was pleaſed with my 'conqueſt. To rival my aunt delighted me; to rival 'ſo many other women charmed me. In ſhort, I 'am afraid, I did not behave as I ſhould do, even 'upon the very firſt declaration—I wiſh I did not 'almoſt give him poſitive encouragement before we 'parted.

'The Bath now talked loudly, I might almoſt 'ſay, roared againſt me. Several young women 'affected to ſhun my acquaintance, not ſo much, 'perhaps, from any real ſuſpicion, as from a deſire 'of baniſhing me from a company, in which I too 'much engroſſed their favourite man. And here I

'cannot omit expreſſing my gratitude to the kind-
'neſs intended me by Mr. Naſh; who took me one
'day aſide, and gave me advice, which if I had fol-
'lowed, I had been a happy woman. "Child,"
ſays he, "I am ſorry to ſee the familiarity which
"ſubſiſts between you and a fellow who is altoge-
"ther unworthy of you, and I am afraid will prove
"your ruin. As for your old ſtinking aunt, if it
"was to be no injury to you, and my pretty Sophy
"Weſtern, (I aſſure you I repeat his words) I
"ſhould be heartily glad that the fellow was in
"poſſeſſion of all that belongs to her. I never ad-
"viſe old women: for if they take it into their heads
"to go to the devil, it is no more poſſible, than
"worth while, to keep them from him. Innocence
"and youth and beauty are worthy a better fate,
"and I would ſave them from his clutches. Let me
"adviſe you therefore, dear child, never ſuffer this
"fellow to be particular with you again."—'Many
'more things he ſaid to me, which I have now
'forgotten, and indeed I attended very little to them
'at that time; for inclination contradicted all he
'ſaid; and beſides, I could not be perſuaded, that
'women of quality would condeſcend to familiarity
'with ſuch a perſon as he deſcribed.

'But I am afraid, my dear, I ſhall tire you with
'a detail of ſo many minute circumſtances. To be
'conciſe therefore, imagine me married; imagine me
'with my huſband, at the feet of my aunt; and then
'imagine the maddeſt woman in Bedlam in a raving
'fit, and your imagination will ſuggeſt to you no
'more than what really happened.

'The very next day my aunt left the place, partly
'to avoid ſeeing Mr. Fitzpatrick or myſelf, and as
'much perhaps to avoid ſeeing any one elſe; for,
'though I am told ſhe hath ſince denied every thing
'ſtoutly, I believe ſhe was then a little confounded
'at her diſappointment. Since that time I have
'written to her many letters; but never could obtain

'an anſwer, which I muſt own ſits ſomewhat the 'heavier, as ſhe herſelf was, though undeſignedly, 'the occaſion of all my ſufferings: for had it not 'been under the colour of paying his addreſſes to 'her, Mr. Fitpatrick would never have found ſuffi-'cient opportunities to have engaged my heart, 'which, in other circumſtances, I ſtill flatter myſelf 'would not have been an eaſy conqueſt to ſuch a 'perſon. Indeed, I believe, I ſhould not have erred 'ſo groſsly in my choice, if I had relied on my own 'judgment; but I truſted totally to the opinion of 'others, and very fooliſhly took the merit of a man 'for granted, whom I ſaw ſo univerſally well re-'ceived by the women. What is the reaſon, my 'dear, that we who have underſtandings equal to 'the wiſeſt and greateſt of the other ſex, ſo often 'make choice of the ſillieſt fellows for companions 'and favourites? It raiſes my indignation to the 'higheſt pitch, to reflect on the numbers of women 'of ſenſe who have been undone by fools'. Here ſhe pauſed a moment; but Sophia making no an-ſwer, ſhe proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAP. V.

In which the hiſtory of Mrs. Fitzpatrick *is continued.*

'WE remained at Bath no longer than a for-'night after our wedding: for as to any re-'conciliation with my aunt, there were no hopes; 'and of my fortune, not one farthing could be 'touched till I was of age, of which I now wanted 'more than two years. My huſband therefore was 'reſolved to ſet out for Ireland; againſt which I re-'monſtrated very earneſtly, and inſiſted on a pro-'miſe which he had made me before our marriage, 'that I ſhould never take this journey againſt my 'conſent; and indeed I never intended to conſent

'to

'to it; nor will any body, I believe, blame me for 'that reſolution; but this, however, I never men-'tioned to my huſband, and petitioned only for the 'reprieve of a month; but he had fixed the day, and 'to that day he obſtinately adhered.

'The evening before our departure, as we were 'diſputing this point with great eagerneſs on both 'ſides, he ſtarted ſuddenly from his chair, and left 'me abruptly, ſaying, he was going to the rooms. 'He was hardly out of the houſe, when I ſaw a pa-'per lying on the floor, which, I ſuppoſe, he had 'careleſsly pulled from his pocket, together with his 'handkerchief. This paper I took up, and finding 'it to be a letter, I made no ſcruple to open and read 'it; and indeed I read it ſo often, that I can repeat 'it to you almoſt word for word. This then was 'the letter.

To Mr. Brian Fitzpatrick.

SIR,

'YOURS received, and am ſurprized you ſhould 'uſe me in this manner, as have never ſeen any 'of your caſh, unleſs for one linſey-woolſey coat, 'and your bill now is upwards of 150*l.* Conſider, 'Sir, how often you have fobbed me off with your 'being ſhortly to be married to this lady, and t'other 'lady; but I can neither live on hopes or promiſes, 'nor will my woollen-draper take any ſuch in pay-'ment. You tell me you are ſecure of having either 'the aunt or the niece, and that you might have 'married the aunt before this, whoſe jointure you ſay 'is immenſe, but that you prefer the niece on account 'of her ready money. Pray, Sir, take a fool's advice 'for once, and marry the firſt you can get. You 'will pardon my offering my advice, as you know I 'ſincerely wiſh you well. Shall draw on you *per* 'next poſt, in favour of meſſieurs John Drugget and

'com-

'company, at fourteen days, which doubt not your 'honouring, and am,

'Sir,

'Your humble ſervant,

'SAM. COSGRAVE.'

'This was the letter, word for word. Gueſs, my 'dear girl, gueſs how this letter affected me. You 'prefer the niece on account of her ready money! 'If every one of theſe words had been a dagger, I 'could with pleaſure have ſtabbed them into his 'heart; but I will not recount my frantic behaviour 'on the occaſion. I had pretty well ſpent my tears 'before his return home; but ſufficient remains of 'them appeared in my ſwollen eyes. He threw 'himſelf ſullenly into his chair, and for a long time 'we were both ſilent. At length in a haughty tone 'he ſaid, "I hope, Madam, your ſervants have "packed up all your things; for the coach will be "ready by ſix in the morning." My patience was 'totally ſubdued by this provocation, and I an-'ſwered, no, Sir, there is a letter ſtill remains un-'packed; and then throwing it on the table, I fell 'to upbraiding him with the moſt bitter language 'I could invent.

'Whether guilt, or ſhame, or prudence, reſtrained 'him, I cannot ſay; but though he is the moſt 'paſſionate of men, he exerted no rage on this oc-'caſion. He endeavoured on the contrary to pacify 'me by the moſt gentle means. He ſwore the phraſe 'in the letter to which I principally objected was not 'his, nor had he ever written any ſuch. He owned 'indeed the having mentioned his marriage, and that 'preference which he had given to myſelf, but denied 'with many oaths the having aſſigned any ſuch rea-'ſon. And he excuſed the having mentioned any 'ſuch matter at all, on account of the ſtraits he was

'in

'in for money, ariſing, he ſaid, from his having too 'long neglected his eſtate in Ireland. And this, he 'ſaid, which he could not bear to diſcover to me, 'was the only reaſon of his having ſo ſtrenuouſly in-'ſiſted on our journey. He then uſed ſeveral very 'endearing expreſſions, and concluded by a very 'fond careſs, and many violent proteſtations of love.

'There was one circumſtance, which, though he 'did not appeal to it, had much weight with me in 'his favour, and that was the word jointure in the 'tailor's letter, whereas my aunt never had been 'married, and this Mr. Fitzpatrick well knew.—— 'As I imagined therefore that the fellow muſt have 'inſerted this of his own head, or from hearſay, I 'perſuaded myſelf he might have ventured likewiſe 'on that odious line on no better authority. What 'reaſoning was this, my dear? was I not an advocate 'rather than a judge?—But why do I mention ſuch 'a circumſtance as this, or appeal to it for the 'juſtification of my forgiveneſs?—In ſhort, had he 'been guilty of twenty times as much, half the ten-'derneſs and fondneſs which he uſed, would have 'prevailed on me to have forgiven him. I now 'made no farther objections to our ſetting out, which 'we did the next morning, and in a little more than 'a week arrived at the ſeat of Mr. Fitzpatrick.

'Your curioſity will excuſe me from relating any 'occurrences which paſt during our journey: for it 'would indeed be highly diſagreeable to travel it over 'again, and no leſs ſo to you to travel it over 'with me.

'This ſeat then, is an ancient manſion-houſe: if 'I was in one of thoſe merry humours, in which 'you have ſo often ſeen me, I could deſcribe it to 'you ridiculouſly enough. It looked as if it had 'been formerly inhabited by a gentleman. Here 'was room enough, and not the leſs room on ac-'count of the furniture: for indeed there was very 'little in it. An old woman, who ſeemed coeval

'with

'with the building, and greatly reſembled her whom 'Chamont mentions in the Orphan, received us at 'the gate, and in a howl ſcarce human, and to me 'unintelligible, welcomed her maſter home. In ſhort, 'the whole ſcene was ſo gloomy and melancholy, 'that it threw my ſpirits into the loweſt dejection; 'which my huſband diſcerning, inſtead of relieving, 'encreaſed by two or three malicious obſervations. "There are good houſes, Madam," ſays he, "as "you find, in other places beſides England; but per-"haps you had rather be in a dirty lodgings at "Bath."

'Happy, my dear, is the woman, who, in any 'ſtate of life, hath a cheerful good-natured compa-'nion to ſupport and comfort her; but why do I 'reflect on happy ſituations only to aggravate my 'own miſery! my companion, far from clearing up 'the gloom of ſolitude, ſoon convinced me, that I 'muſt have been wretched with him in any place, 'and in any condition. In a word, he was a ſurly 'fellow, a character perhaps you have never ſeen: 'for indeed no woman ever ſees it exemplified, but 'in a father, a brother, or a huſband; and though 'you have a father, he is not of that character. 'This ſurly fellow had formerly appeared to me the 'very reverſe, and ſo he did ſtill to every other per-'ſon. Good heaven! how is it poſſible for a man to 'maintain a conſtant lie in his appearance abroad 'and in company, and to content himſelf with ſhew-'ing diſagreeable truth only at home? Here, my 'dear, they make themſelves amends for the uneaſy 'reſtraint which they put on their tempers in the 'world; for I have obſerved the more merry and 'gay and good-humoured my huſband hath at any 'time been in company, the more ſullen and moroſe 'he was ſure to become at our next private meeting. 'How ſhall I deſcribe his barbarity? To my fond-'neſs he was cold and inſenſible. My little comical 'ways, which you, my Sophy, and which others

'have

'have called ſo agreeable, he treated with contempt. 'In my moſt ſerious moments he ſung and whiſtled; 'and whenever I was thoroughly dejected and miſe-'rable, he was angry, and abuſed me: for though 'he was never pleaſed with my good humour, nor 'aſcribed it to my ſatisfaction in him; yet my low 'ſpirits always offended him, and thoſe he imputed 'to my repentance of having (as he ſaid) married 'an Iriſhman.

'You will eaſily conceive, my dear Graveairs; (I 'aſk your pardon, I really forgot myſelf) that when 'a woman makes an imprudent match in the ſenſe 'of the world; that is, when ſhe is not an arrant 'proſtitute to pecuniary intereſt, ſhe muſt neceſſarily 'have ſome inclination and affection for her man. 'You will as eaſily believe that this affection may 'poſſibly be leſſened; nay, I do aſſure you, contempt 'will wholly eradicate it. This contempt I now be-'gan to entertain for my huſband, whom I now 'diſcovered to be—I muſt uſe the expreſſion——an 'arrant blockhead. Perhaps you will wonder I did 'not make this diſcovery long before; but women 'will ſuggeſt a thouſand excuſes to themſelves for 'the folly of thoſe they like: beſides, give me leave 'to tell you, it requires a moſt penetrating eye to 'diſcern a fool through the diſguiſes of gaiety and 'good-breeding.

'It will be eaſily imagined, that when I once de-'ſpiſed my huſband, as I confeſs to you I ſoon did, 'I muſt conſequently diſlike his company; and in-'deed I had the happineſs of being very little trou-'bled with it; for our houſe was now moſt elegantly 'furniſhed, our cellars well ſtocked, and dogs and 'horſes provided in great abundance. As my gen-'tleman therefore entertained his neighbours with 'great hoſpitality; ſo his neighbours reſorted to him 'with great alacrity; and ſports and drinking con-'ſumed ſo much of his time, that a ſmall part of

'his

'his converſation, that is to ſay, of his ill-humours, 'fell to my ſhare.

'Happy would it have been for me, if I could as 'eaſily have avoided all other diſagreeable company; 'but alas! I was confined to ſome which conſtantly 'tormented me; and the more, as I ſaw no proſpect 'of being relieved from them. Theſe companions 'were my own racking thoughts, which plagued, 'and in a manner haunted me night and day. In this 'ſituation I paſt through a ſcene, the horrors of 'which can neither be painted nor imagined. Think, 'my dear, figure, if you can, to yourſelf what I 'muſt have undergone. I became a mother by the 'man I ſcorned, hated, and deteſted. I went through 'all the agonies and miſeries of a lying-in, (ten times 'more painful in ſuch a circumſtance, than the 'worſt labour can be, when one endures it for a 'man one loves) in a deſert, or rather indeed a 'ſcene of riot and revel, without a friend, without 'a companion, or without any of thoſe agreeable 'circumſtances which often alleviate, and perhaps 'ſometimes more than compenſate the ſufferings of 'our ſex at that ſeaſon.'

CHAP. VI.

In which the miſtake of the landlord throws Sophia into a dreadful conſternation.

MRS. Fitzpatrick was proceeding in her narrative, when ſhe was interrupted by the entrance of dinner, greatly to the concern of Sophia: for the misfortunes of her friend had raiſed her anxiety, and left her no appetite, but what Mrs. Fitzpatrick was to ſatisfy by her relation.

The landlord now attended with a plate under his arm, and with the ſame reſpect in his countenance and addreſs, which he would have put on, had the ladies arrived in a coach and ſix.

The

The married lady ſeemed leſs affected with her own misfortunes than was her couſin: for the former eat very heartily, whereas the latter could hardly ſwallow a morſel. Sophia likewiſe ſhewed more concern and ſorrow in her countenance than appeared in the other lady; who having obſerved theſe ſymptoms in her friend, begged her to be comforted, ſaying, 'perhaps all may yet end better than either you or I expect.'

Our landlord thought he had now an opportunity to open his mouth, and was reſolved not to omit it. 'I am ſorry, Madam,' cries he, 'that your ladyſhip 'can't eat; for to be ſure you muſt be hungry after 'ſo long faſting. I hope your ladyſhip is not un-'eaſy at any thing, for, as Madam there ſays, all 'may end better than any body expects. A gentle-'man who was here juſt now, brought excellent 'news; and perhaps ſome folks who have given 'other folks the ſlip, may get to London before they 'are overtaken; and if they do, I make no doubt, 'but they will find people who will be very ready to 'receive them.'

All perſons under the apprehenſion of danger convert whatever they ſee and hear into the objects of that apprehenſion. Sophia therefore immediately concluded from the foregoing ſpeech, that ſhe was known and purſued by her father. She was now ſtruck with the utmoſt conſternation, and for a few minutes deprived of the power of ſpeech; which ſhe no ſooner recovered, than ſhe deſired the landlord to ſend his ſervants out of the room, and then addreſſing herſelf to him, ſaid; 'I perceive, Sir, you know 'who we are; but I beſeech you;—nay, I am 'convinced, if you have any compaſſion or goodneſs, 'you will not betray us.'

'I betray your ladyſhip!' quoth the landlord; 'no; (and then he ſwore ſeveral very hearty oaths) 'I would ſooner be cut into ten thouſand pieces. I 'hate all treachery. I! I never betrayed any one in

'my

'my life yet, and I am ſure I ſhall not begin with 'ſo ſweet a lady as your ladyſhip. All the world 'would very much blame me if I ſhould, ſince it 'will be in your ladyſhip's power ſo ſhortly to reward 'me. My wife can witneſs for me, I knew your 'ladyſhip the moment you came into the houſe: I 'ſaid it was your honour, before I lifted you from 'your horſe, and I ſhall carry the bruiſes I got in 'your ladyſhip's ſervice to the grave; but what ſig-'nified that, as long as I ſaved your ladyſhip? To 'be ſure ſome people this morning would have 'thought of getting a reward; but no ſuch thought 'ever entered into my head. I would ſooner ſtarve 'than take any reward for betraying your ladyſhip.'

'I promiſe you, Sir,' ſays Sophia, 'if it be ever 'in my power to reward you, you ſhall not loſe by 'your generoſity.'

'Alack-a-day, Madam!' anſwered the landlord, 'in your ladyſhip's power! heaven put it as much 'into your will. I am only afraid your honour will 'forget ſuch a poor man as an innkeeper; but if 'your ladyſhip ſhould not, I hope you will remem-'ber what reward I refuſed——refuſed! that is, I 'would have refuſed, and to be ſure it may be called 'refuſing; for I might have had it certainly; and to 'be ſure you might have been in ſome houſes;—but 'for my part, would not methinks for the world have 'your ladyſhip wrong me ſo much, as to imagine I 'ever thought of betraying you, even before I heard 'the good news.'

'What news pray?' ſays Sophia, ſomething ea-gerly.

'Hath not your ladyſhip heard it then?' cries the andlord, 'nay, like enough: for I heard it only l a few minutes ago; and if I had never heard it, 'may the devil fly away with me this inſtant, if I 'would have betrayed your honour; no, if I would, 'may I'—Here he ſubjoined ſeveral dreadful im-precations, which Sophia at laſt interrupted, and begged

begged to know what he meant by the news.—He was going to anſwer, when Mrs. Honour came running into the room, all pale and breathleſs, and cried out, 'Madam, we are all undone, all ruined, 'they are come, they are come! 'Theſe words almoſt froze up the blood of Sophia; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick aſked Honour, who were come?—'Who?' anſwered ſhe, 'why the French; ſeveral hundred thouſands 'of them are landed, and we ſhall be all murdered 'and raviſhed.'

As a miſer, who hath in ſome well-built city a cottage value twenty ſhillings, when at a diſtance he is alarmed with the news of a fire, turns pale and trembles at his loſs; but when he finds the beautiful palaces only are burnt, and his own cottage remains ſafe, he comes inſtantly to himſelf, and ſmiles at his good fortunes: or as (for we diſlike ſomething in the former ſimile) the tender mother, when terrified with the apprehenſion that her darling boy is drowned, is ſtruck ſenſeleſs and almoſt dead with conſternation; but when ſhe is told that little maſter is ſafe, and the Victory only with twelve hundred brave men gone to the bottom, life and ſenſe again return, maternal fondneſs enjoys the ſudden relief from all its fears, and the general benevolence which at another time would have deeply felt the dreadful cataſtrophe, lies faſt aſleep in her mind.

So Sophia, than whom none was more capable of tenderly feeling the general calamity of her country, found ſuch immediate ſatisfaction from the relief of thoſe terrors ſhe had of being overtaken by her father, that the arrival of the French ſcarce made any impreſſion on her. She gently chid her maid for the fright into which ſhe had thrown her; and ſaid, 'ſhe 'was glad it was no worſe; for that ſhe had feared 'ſomebody elſe was come.'

'Ay, ay,' quoth the landlord ſmiling, 'her lady-'ſhip knows better things; ſhe knows the French 'are our very beſt friends, and come over hither

'only for our good. They are the people who are 'to make Old England flouriſh again. I warrant her 'honour thought the duke was coming; and that 'was enough to put her into a fright. I was go-'ing to tell your ladyſhip the news.—His honour's 'majeſty, heaven bleſs him, hath given the duke 'the ſlip; and is marching as faſt as he can to Lon-'don, and ten thouſand French are landed to join 'him on the road.'

Sophia was not greatly pleaſed with this news, nor with the gentleman who related it; but as ſhe ſtill imagined he knew her (for ſhe could not poſſibly have any ſuſpicion of the real truth) ſhe durſt not ſhew any diſlike. And now the landlord, having removed the cloth from the table, withdrew; but at his departure frequently repeated his hopes of being remembered hereafter.

The mind of Sophia was not at all eaſy under the ſuppoſition of being known at this houſe; for ſhe ſtill applied to herſelf many things which the landlord had addreſſed to Jenny Cameron; ſhe therefore ordered her maid to pump out of him by what means he had become acquainted with her perſon, and who had offered him the reward for betraying her; ſhe likewiſe ordered the horſes to be in readineſs by four in the morning, at which hour Mrs. Fitzpatrick promiſed to bear her company; and then compoſing herſelf as well as ſhe could, ſhe deſired that lady to continue her ſtory.

CHAP. VII.

In which Mrs. Fitzpatrick concludes her hiſtory.

WHILE Mrs. Honour, in purſuance of the commands of her miſtreſs, ordered a bowl of punch, and invited my landlord and landlady to partake of it, Mrs. Fitzpatrick thus went on with her relation.

'Moſt

'Moſt of the officers who were quartered at a 'town in our neighbourhood were of my huſband's 'acquaintance. Among theſe was a lieutenant, a 'very pretty ſort of man, and who was married to 'a woman ſo agreeable both in her temper and con-'verſation, that from our firſt knowing each other, 'which was ſoon after my lying-in, we were almoſt 'inſeparable companions; for I had the good for-'tune to make myſelf equally agreeable to her.

'The lieutenant, who was neither a ſot nor a 'ſportſman, was frequently of our parties; indeed he 'was very little with my huſband, and no more than 'good-breeding conſtrained him to be, as he lived 'almoſt conſtantly at our houſe. My huſband often 'expreſſed much diſſatisfaction at the lieutenant's pre-'ferring my company to his; he was very angry with 'me on that account, and gave me many a hearty 'curſe for drawing away his companions; ſaying, "I ought to be d—ned for having ſpoiled one of "the prettieſt fellows in the world, by making a "milkſop of him."

'You will be miſtaken, my dear Sophia, if you 'imagine that the anger of my huſband aroſe from 'my depriving him of a companion; for the lieute-'nant was not a perſon with whoſe ſociety a fool 'could be pleaſed; and if I ſhould admit the poſſibility 'of this, ſo little right had my huſband to place the 'loſs of his companion to me, that I am convinced 'it was my converſation alone which induced him 'ever to come to the houſe. No, child, it was envy, 'the worſt and moſt rancorous kind of envy, the 'envy of ſuperiority of underſtanding. The wretch 'could not bear to ſee my converſation preferred to 'his, by a man of whom he could not entertain the 'leaſt jealouſy. O my dear Sophy, you are a woman 'of ſenſe; if you marry a man, as is moſt probable 'you will, of leſs capacity than yourſelf, make fre-'quent trials of his temper before marriage, and ſee 'whether he can bear to ſubmit to ſuch a ſuperiority.

'——Promiſe me, Sophy, you will take this advice; 'for you will hereafter find its importance.' 'It is very 'likely I ſhall never marry at all,' anſwered Sophia; 'I think, at leaſt, I ſhall never marry a man in whoſe 'underſtanding I ſee any defects before marriage; 'and I promiſe you I would rather give up my own, 'than ſee any ſuch afterwards.'—'Give up your un-'derſtanding!' replied Mrs. Fitzpatrick, 'Oh fie, 'child, I will not believe ſo meanly of you. Every 'thing elſe I might myſelf be brought to give up; 'but never this. Nature would not have allotted 'this ſuperiority to the wife in ſo many inſtances, if 'ſhe had intended we ſhould all of us have ſurren-'dered it to the huſband. This indeed men of ſenſe 'never expect of us; of which the lieutenant I have 'juſt mentioned was one notable example; for though 'he had a very good underſtanding, he always ac-'knowledged (as was really true) that his wife had a 'better. And this, perhaps, was one reaſon of the 'hatred my tyrant bore her.

'Before he would be ſo governed by a wife, he ſaid, 'eſpecially ſuch an ugly b— (for indeed ſhe was not 'a regular beauty, but very agreeable and extremely 'genteel) he would ſee all the women upon earth at 'the devil, which was a very uſual phraſe with him. 'He ſaid, he wondered what I could ſee in her to be 'ſo charmed with her company; ſince this woman, 'ſays he, hath come among us, there is an end of 'your beloved reading, which you pretended to like 'ſo much, that you could not afford time to return 'the viſits of the ladies in this country; and I muſt 'confeſs I had been guilty of a little rudeneſs this 'way; for the ladies there are at leaſt no better than 'the mere country ladies here; and I think I need 'make no other excuſe to you for declining any inti-'macy with them.

'This correſpondence however continued a whole 'year, even all the while the lieutenant was quar-'tered in that town; for which I was contented to

'pay

'pay the tax of being conſtantly abuſed in the manner above mentioned by my huſband; I mean when 'he was at home; for he was frequently abſent a 'month at a time at Dublin, and once made a journey 'of two months to London; in all which journies I 'thought it a very ſingular happineſs that he never 'once deſired my company; nay, by his frequent 'cenſures on men who could not travel, as he phraſed 'it, without a wife tied up to their tail, he ſufficiently 'intimated that, had I been ever ſo deſirous of accompanying him, my wiſhes would have been in 'vain; but, heaven knows, ſuch wiſhes were very 'far from my thoughts.

'At length my friend was removed from me, 'and I was again left to my ſolitude, to the tormenting converſation with my own reflections, and 'to apply to books for my only comfort. I now 'read almoſt all day long.—How many books do 'you think I read in three months?' 'I can't gueſs, 'indeed, couſin,' anſwered Sophia.—'Perhaps half a 'ſcore!' 'Half a ſcore! half a thouſand, child,' anſwered the other. 'I read a good deal in Daniel's 'Engliſh Hiſtory of France; a great deal in Plutarch's Lives; the Atalantas; Pope's Homer, Dryden's Plays, Chillingworth, the counteſs D'Anois, 'and Locke's Human Underſtanding.

'During this interval I wrote three very ſupplicating, and, I thought, moving letters to my aunt; 'but as I received no anſwer to any of them, my diſdain would not ſuffer me to continue my application.'—Here ſhe ſtopt, and looking earneſtly at Sophia, ſaid, 'Methinks, my dear, I read ſomething 'in your eyes which reproaches me of a neglect in 'another place, where I ſhould have met with a kinder 'return.' 'Indeed, dear Harriet,' anſwered Sophia, 'your ſtory is an apology for any neglect; but indeed I feel that I have been guilty of a remiſſneſs, 'without ſo good an excuſe.——Yet pray proceed; 'for I long, though I tremble, to hear the end.'

Thus then Mrs. Fitzpatrick reſumed her narrative. 'My huſband now took a ſecond journey to 'England, where he continued upwards of three 'months: during the greater part of this time, I led 'a life which nothing but having led a worſe, could 'make me think tolerable; for perfect ſolitude can 'never be reconciled to a ſocial mind, like mine, but 'when it relieves you from the company of thoſe you 'hate. What added to my wretchedneſs, was the 'loſs of my little infant: not that I pretend to have 'had for it that extravagant tenderneſs, of which I 'believe I might have been capable under other cir-'cumſtances; but I reſolved, in every inſtance, to 'diſcharge the duty of the tendereſt mother; and 'this care prevented me from feeling the weight of 'that, heavieſt of all things, when it can be at all 'ſaid to lie heavy on our hands.

'I had ſpent full ten weeks almoſt entirely by my-'ſelf, having ſeen no body all that time, except my 'ſervants and a very few viſitors, when a young lady, 'a relation to my huſband, came from a diſtant part 'of Ireland to viſit me. She had ſtaid once before a 'week at my houſe, and then I gave her a preſſing 'invitation to return; for ſhe was a very agreeable 'woman, and had improved good natural parts by 'proper education. Indeed ſhe was to me an 'welcome gueſt.

'A few days after her arrival, perceiving me in 'very low ſpirits, without enquiring the cauſe, which 'indeed ſhe very well knew, the young lady fell to 'compaſſionating my caſe. She ſaid, "Though po-"liteneſs had prevented me from complaining to "my huſband's relations of his behaviour; yet they "all were very ſenſible of it, and felt great concern "upon that account; but none more than herſelf:" 'And after ſome more general diſcourſe on this head, 'which I own I could not forbear countenancing; at 'laſt, after much previous precaution, and enjoined

'con-

'concealment, ſhe communicated to me, as a pro-
'found ſecret—that my huſband kept a miſtreſs.

'You will certainly imagine, I heard this news
'with the utmoſt inſenſibility—Upon my word, if
'you do, your imagination will miſlead you. Con-
'tempt had not ſo kept down my anger to my huſ-
'band, but that hatred roſe again on this occaſion.
'What can be the reaſon of this? Are we ſo abomi-
'nably ſelfiſh, that we can be concerned at others
'having poſſeſſion even of what we deſpiſe? or are
'we not rather abominably vain, and is not this the
'greateſt injury done to our vanity? What think
'you, Sophia?'

'I don't know, indeed,' anſwered Sophia, 'I have
'never troubled myſelf with any of theſe deep con-
'templations; but I think the lady did very ill in
'communicating to you ſuch a ſecret.'

'And yet, my dear, this conduct is natural,' re-
plied Mrs. Fitzpatrick; 'and when you have ſeen
'and read as much as myſelf, you will acknowledge
'it to be ſo.'

'I am ſorry to hear it is natural,' returned Sophia;
'for I want neither reading nor experience to con-
'vince me, that it is very diſhonourable and very
'ill-natured: nay, it is ſurely as ill-bred to tell a
'huſband or wife of the faults of each other, as to
'tell them of their own.'

'Well,' continued Mrs. Fitzpatrick, 'my huſ-
'band at laſt returned; and if I am thoroughly ac-
'quainted with my own thoughts, I hated him now
'more than ever; but I deſpiſed him rather leſs:
'for certainly nothing ſo much weakens our con-
'tempt, as an injury done to our pride or our va-
'nity.

'He now aſſumed a carriage to me, ſo very diffe-
'rent from what he had lately worn, and ſo nearly
'reſembling his behaviour the firſt week of our mar-
'riage, that had I now had any ſpark of love remain-
'ing, he might, poſſibly, have rekindled my fond-

'neſs for him. But though hatred may ſucceed to 'contempt, and may, perhaps, get the better of it, 'love, I believe, cannot. The truth is, the paſſion 'of love is too reſtleſs to remain contented, without 'the gratification which it receives from its object: 'and one can no more be inclined to love without 'loving, than we can have eyes without ſeeing. 'When a huſband, therefore, ceaſes to be the object 'of this paſſion, it is moſt probable ſome other man '—I ſay, my dear, if your huſband grows indiffe-'rent to you—if you once come to deſpiſe him—I 'ſay,—that is,—if you have the paſſion of love in 'you—Lud! I have bewildered myſelf ſo,—but one 'is apt, in theſe abſtracted conſiderations, to loſe the 'concatenation of ideas, as Mr. Locke ſays.—— 'In ſhort, the truth is—in ſhort, I ſcarce know 'what it is; but as I was ſaying, my huſband re-'turned, and his behaviour, at firſt, greatly ſurprized 'me; but he ſoon acquainted me with the motive, 'and taught me to account for it. In a word, then, 'he had ſpent and loſt all the ready money of my 'fortune; and as he could mortgage his own eſtate 'no deeper, he was now deſirous to ſupply himſelf 'with caſh for his extravagance, by ſelling a little 'eſtate of mine, which he could not do without my 'aſſiſtance; and to obtain this favour was the whole 'and ſole motive of all the fondneſs which he now 'put on.

'With this I peremptorily refuſed to comply. I 'told him, and I told him truly, that had I been 'poſſeſſed of the Indies at our firſt marriage, he 'might have commanded it all: for it had been a 'conſtant maxim with me, that where a woman diſ-'poſes of her heart, ſhe ſhould always depoſit her 'fortune; but as he had been ſo kind, long ago, to 'reſtore the former into my poſſeſſion, I was reſolved 'likewiſe to retain what little remained of the latter.

'I will not deſcribe to you the paſſion into which 'theſe words, and the reſolute air in which they

'were ſpoken, threw him: nor will I trouble you
'with the whole ſcene which ſucceeded between us.
'Out came, you may be well aſſured, the ſtory of the
'miſtreſs; and out it did come, with all the embel-
'liſhments which anger and diſdain could beſtow
'upon it.

'Mr. Fitzpatrick ſeemed a little thunderſtruck
'with this, and more confuſed than I had ſeen him;
'though his ideas are always confuſed enough, hea-
'ven knows. He did not, however, endeavour to
'exculpate himſelf; but took a method which al-
'moſt equally confounded me. What was this but
'recrimination! He affected to be jealous: —— he
'may, for ought I know, be inclined enough to
'jealouſy in his natural temper: nay, he muſt have
'had it from nature, or the devil muſt have put it
'into his head; for I defy all the world to caſt a juſt
'aſperſion on my character: nay, the moſt ſcanda-
'lous tongues have never dared cenſure my reputa-
'tion. My fame, I thank heaven, hath been always
'as ſpotleſs as my life; and let falſehood itſelf accuſe
'that, if it dare. No, my dear Graveairs, however
'provoked, however ill-treated, however injured in
'my love, I have firmly reſolved never to give the
'leaſt room for cenſure on this account.—And yet,
'my dear, there are ſome people ſo malicious, ſome
'tongues ſo venomous, that no innocence can eſcape
'them. The moſt undeſigned word, the moſt acci-
'dental look, the leaſt familiarity, the moſt innocent
'freedom, will be miſconſtrued, and magnified into
'I know not what, by ſome people. But I deſpiſe,
'my dear Graveairs, I deſpiſe all ſuch ſlander. No
'ſuch malice, I aſſure you, ever gave me an uneaſy
'moment. No, no, I promiſe you I am above all
'that.—But where was I? O let me ſee, I told you
'my huſband was jealous—And of whom pray?—
'Why of whom but the lieutenant I mentioned to
'you before? He was obliged to reſort above a year
'and more back, to find any object for this unac-

'countable

'countable paſſion, if indeed he really felt any ſuch, 'and was not an arrant counterfeit, in order to abuſe 'me.

'But I have tired you already with too many par- 'ticulars. I will now bring my ſtory to a very ſpeedy 'concluſion. In ſhort, then, after many ſcenes very 'unworthy to be repeated, in which my couſin en- 'gaged ſo heartily on my ſide, that Mr. Fitzpatrick 'at laſt turned her out of doors; when he found I 'was neither to be ſoothed nor bullied into compli- 'ance, he took a very violent method indeed. Per- 'haps you will conclude he beat me; but this, 'though he hath approached very near to it, he never 'actually did. He confined me to my room, without 'ſuffering me to have either pen, ink, paper, or book: 'and a ſervant every day made my bed, and brought 'me my food.

'When I had remained a week under this impri- 'ſonment, he made me a viſit, and, with the voice 'of a ſchoolmaſter, or, what is often much the ſame, 'of a tyrant, aſked me, "If I would yet comply?" 'I anſwered very ſtoutly, "That I would die firſt." "Then ſo you ſhall, and be d—ned," cries he: "for you ſhall never go alive out of this room."

'Here I remained a fortnight longer; and, to ſay 'the truth, my conſtancy was almoſt ſubdued, and 'I began to think of ſubmiſſion; when one day, in 'the abſence of my huſband, who was gone abroad 'for ſome ſhort time, by the greateſt good fortune 'in the world, an accident happened. — I — at a 'time when I began to give way to the utmoſt deſ- 'pair —— every thing would be excuſable at ſuch a 'time — at that very time I received —— But it 'would take up an hour to tell you all particulars. '— In one word, then, (for I will not tire you with 'circumſtances) gold, the common key to all pad- 'locks, opened my door, and ſet me at liberty.

'I now made haſte to Dublin, where I immediately 'procured a paſſage to England; and was proceed-

'ing

'ing to Bath, in order to throw myſelf into the pro-
'tection of my aunt, or of your father, or of any re-
'lation who would afford it me. My huſband over-
'took me laſt night, at the inn where I lay, and
'which you left a few minutes before me; but I
'had the good luck to eſcape him, and to follow
'you.

'And thus, my dear, ends my hiſtory: a tragical
'one, I am ſure, it is to myſelf; but, perhaps, I
'ought rather to apologize to you for its dulneſs.'

Sophia heaved a deep ſigh, and anſwered, 'In-
'deed, Harriet, I pity you from my ſoul! ——But
'what could you expect? Why, why, would you
'marry an Iriſhman?'

'Upon my word', replied her couſin, 'your cen-
'ſure is unjuſt. There are, among the Iriſh, men
'of as much worth and honour as any among the
'Engliſh: nay, to ſpeak the truth, generoſity of
'ſpirit is rather more common among them. I have
'known ſome examples there too of good huſbands;
'and, I believe, theſe are not very plenty in England.
'Aſk me, rather, what I could expect when I mar-
'ried a fool; and I will tell you a ſolemn truth; I did
'not know him to be ſo.'—'Can no man,' ſaid
Sophia, in a very low and altered voice, 'do you
'think, make a bad huſband, who is not a fool?'
'That,' anſwered the other, 'is too general a nega-
'tive; but none, I believe, is ſo likely as a fool to
'prove ſo. Among my acquaintance, the ſilliеſt fel-
'lows are the worſt huſbands; and I will venture to
'aſſert, as a fact, that a man of ſenſe rarely behaves
'very ill to a wife, who deſerves very well.'

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

A dreadful alarm in the inn, with the arrival of an unexpected friend of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

SOPHIA now, at the deſire of her couſin, related — not what follows, but what hath gone before in this hiſtory: for which reaſon the reader will, I ſuppoſe, excuſe me for not repeating it over again.

One remark, however, I cannot forbear making on her narrative, namely, that ſhe made no more mention of Jones, from the beginning to the end, than if there had been no ſuch perſon alive. This I will neither endeavour to account for, nor to excuſe. Indeed, if this may be called a kind of diſhoneſty, it ſeems the more inexcuſable, from the apparent openneſs and explicit ſincerity of the other lady.—But ſo it was.

Juſt as Sophia arrived at the concluſion of her ſtory, there arrived in the room, where the two ladies were ſitting, a noiſe, not unlike, in loudneſs, to that of a pack of hounds juſt let out from their kennel; nor, in ſhrillneſs, to cats, when caterwauling; or to ſcreech-owls; or, indeed, more like (for what animal can reſemble a human voice?) to thoſe ſounds, which in the pleaſant manſions of that gate, which ſeems to derive its name from a duplicity of tongues, iſſue from the mouths, and ſometimes from the noſtrils of thoſe fair river nymphs, ycleped of old the Naïades; in the vulgar tongue tranſlated oyſter-wenches: for when, inſtead of the antient libations of milk and honey and oil, the rich diſtillation from the juniper-berry, or, perhaps, from malt, hath, by the early devotion of their votaries, been poured forth in great abundance, ſhould any daring tongue with unhallowed licence prophane; i. e. depreciate the delicate fat Milton oyſter, the plaice ſound and firm, the flounder as much alive as when in the water, the ſhrimp as big as a prawn, the fine cod alive but a few hours ago, or

any

any other of the various treaſures, which thoſe water-deities, who fiſh the ſea and rivers, have committed to the care of the nymphs, the angry Naïades lift up their immortal voices, and the prophane wretch is ſtruck deaf for his impiety.

Such was the noiſe, which now burſt from one of the rooms below; and ſoon the thunder, which long had rattled at a diſtance, began to approach nearer and nearer, 'till having aſcended by degrees up ſtairs, it at laſt entered the apartment where the ladies were. In ſhort, to drop all metaphor and figure, Mrs. Honour having ſcolded violently below ſtairs, and continued the ſame all the way up, came in to her miſtreſs in a moſt outragious paſſion, crying out, 'What 'doth your ladyſhip think? Would you imagine, 'that this impudent villain, the maſter of this houſe, 'hath had the impudence to tell me, nay, to ſtand 'it out to my face, that your ladyſhip is that naſty, 'ſtinking wh—re, (Jenny Cameron they call her) 'that runs about the country with the pretender? 'Nay, the lying, ſaucy villain, had the aſſurance to 'tell me, that your ladyſhip had owned yourſelf to 'be ſo: but I have clawed the raſcal; I have left 'the marks of my nails in his impudent face. My 'lady!' ſays I, 'you ſaucy ſcoundrel: my lady is 'meat for no pretenders. She is a young lady of as 'good faſhion, and family, and fortune, as any in 'Somerſetſhire. Did you never hear of the great 'Squire Weſtern, ſirrah? She is his only daughter; 'ſhe is ——, and heireſs to all his great eſtate. My 'lady to be called a naſty Scotch wh—re by ſuch a 'varlet—To be ſure, I wiſh I had knocked his brains 'out with the punch-bowl.'

The principal uneaſineſs with which Sophia was affected on this occaſion, Honour had herſelf cauſed, by having in her paſſion diſcovered who ſhe was. However, as this miſtake of the landlord ſufficiently accounted for thoſe paſſages which Sophia had before miſtaken, ſhe acquired ſome eaſe on that account;

nor

nor could ſhe, upon the whole, forbear ſmiling. This enraged Honour, and ſhe cried, 'Indeed, Ma-'dam, I did not think your ladyſhip would have 'made a laughing matter of it. To be called whore 'by ſuch an impudent low raſcal. Your ladyſhip 'may be angry with me, for ought I know, for tak-'ing your part, ſince proffered ſervice, they ſay, 'ſtinks; but to be ſure I could never bear to hear 'a lady of mine called whore.—Nor will I bear it. 'I am ſure your ladyſhip is as virtuous a lady as ever 'ſat foot on Engliſh ground, and I will claw any vil-'lain's eyes out who dares for to offer to preſume for 'to ſay the leaſt word to the contrary. No body ever 'could ſay the leaſt ill of the character of any lady 'that ever I waited upon.'

Hinc illæ Lachrymæ; in plain truth, Honour had as much love for her miſtreſs as moſt ſervants have, that is to ſay—But beſides this, her pride obliged her to ſupport the character of the lady ſhe waited on; for ſhe thought her own was in a very cloſe manner connected with it. In proportion as the character of her miſtreſs was raiſed, hers likewiſe, as ſhe conceived, was raiſed with it; and, on the contrary, ſhe thought the one could not be lowered without the other.

On this ſubject, reader, I muſt ſtop a moment to tell thee a ſtory. 'The famous Nell Gwynn, ſtep-'ping one day from a houſe where ſhe had made a 'ſhort viſit into her coach, ſaw a great mob aſſembled, 'and her footman all bloody and dirty; the fellow 'being aſked by his miſtreſs the reaſon of his being 'in that condition,' anſwered, 'I have been fight-'ing, Madam, with an impudent raſcal who called 'your ladyſhip a wh—re.' 'You blockhead,' re-plied Mrs. Gwynn, 'at this rate you muſt fight 'every day of your life; why, you fool, all the 'world knows it.' 'Do they?' cries the fellow, in a muttering voice, after he had ſhut the coach-door, 'they ſhan't call me a whore's footman for all that.'

Thus

Thus the paſſion of Mrs. Honour appears natural enough, even if it were to be no otherwiſe accounted for; but, in reality, there was another cauſe of her anger; for which we muſt beg leave to remind our reader of a circumſtance mentioned in the above ſimile. There are indeed certain liquors, which being applied to our paſſions, or to fire, produce effects the very reverſe of thoſe produced by water, as they ſerve to kindle and inflame, rather than to extinguiſh. Among theſe, the generous liquor called punch is one. It was not therefore without reaſon, that the learned Dr. Cheney uſed to call drinking punch, pouring liquid fire down your throat.

Now Mrs. Honour had unluckily poured ſo much of this liquid fire down her throat, that the ſmoke of it began to aſcend into her pericranium, and blinded the eyes of reaſon, which is there ſuppoſed to keep her reſidence, while the fire itſelf from the ſtomach eaſily reached the heart, and there inflamed the noble paſſion of pride. So that, upon the whole, we ſhall ceaſe to wonder at the violent rage of the waiting-woman; though at firſt ſight we muſt confeſs the cauſe ſeems indequate to the effect.

Sophia, and her couſin both, did all in their power to extinguiſh theſe flames which had roared ſo loudly all over the houſe. They at length prevailed; or, to carry the metaphor one ſtep farther, the fire having conſumed all the fuel which the language affords, to wit, every reproachful term in it, at laſt went out of its own accord.

But though tranquillity was reſtored above ſtairs, it was not ſo below; where my landlady, highly reſenting the injury done to the beauty of her huſband, by the fleſh-ſpades of Mrs. Honour, called aloud for revenge and juſtice. As to the poor man, who had principally ſuffered in the engagement, he was perfectly quiet. Perhaps the blood which he loſt, might have cooled his anger: for the enemy had not only applied her nails to his cheeks, but likewiſe her fiſt to

his noſtrils, which lamented the blow with tears of blood in great abundance. To this we may add reflections on his miſtake; but indeed nothing ſo effectually ſilenced his reſentment, as the manner in which he now diſcovered his error; for as to the behaviour of Mrs. Honour, it had the more confirmed him in his opinion: but he was now aſſured by a perſon of great figure, and who was attended by a great equipage, that one of the ladies was a woman of faſhion and his intimate acquaintance.

By the orders of this perſon, the landlord now aſcended, and acquainted our fair travellers, that a great gentleman below deſired to do them the honour of waiting on them. Sophia turned pale, and trembled at this meſſage, though the reader will conclude it was too civil, notwithſtanding the landlord's blunder, to have come from her father; but fear hath the common fault of a juſtice of peace, and is apt to conclude haſtily from every ſlight circumſtance, without examining the evidence on both ſides.

To eaſe the reader's curioſity, therefore, rather than his apprehenſions, we proceed to inform him, that an Iriſh peer had arrived very late that evening at the inn, in his way to London. This nobleman having ſallied from his ſupper at the hurricane before commemorated, had ſeen the attendant of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and, upon a ſhort enquiry, was informed, that her lady, with whom he was very particularly acquainted, was above. This information he had no ſooner received, than he addreſſed himſelf to the landlord, pacified him, and ſent him up ſtairs with compliments rather civiller than thoſe which were delivered.

It may perhaps be wondered at, that the waiting-woman herſelf was not the meſſenger employed on this occaſion; but we are ſorry to ſay, ſhe was not at preſent qualified for that, or indeed for any other office. The rum (for ſo the landlord choſe to call the diſtillation from malt) had baſely taken the advantage of

of the fatigue which the poor woman had undergone, and had made terrible depredations on her noble faculties, at a time when they are very unable to reſiſt the attack.

We ſhall not deſcribe this tragical ſcene too fully; but we thought ourſelves obliged by that hiſtoric integrity which we profeſs, ſhortly to hint a matter which we would otherwiſe have been glad to have ſpared. Many hiſtorians indeed, for want of this integrity, or of diligence, to ſay no worſe, often leave the reader to find out theſe little circumſtances in the dark, and ſometimes to his great confuſion and perplexity.

Sophia was very ſoon eaſed of her cauſeleſs fright by the entry of the noble peer, who was not only an intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but in reality a very particular friend of that lady. To ſay truth, it was by his aſſiſtance, that ſhe had been enabled to eſcape from her huſband; for this nobleman had the ſame gallant diſpoſition with thoſe renowned knights, of whom we read in heroic ſtory, and had delivered many an impriſoned nymph from durance. He was indeed as bitter an enemy to the ſavage authority too often exerciſed by huſbands and fathers, over the young and lovely of the other ſex, as ever knight-errant was to the barbarous power of enchanters: nay, to ſay truth, I have often ſuſpected that thoſe very enchanters with which romance every where abounds, were in reality no other than the huſbands of thoſe days; and matrimony itſelf was perhaps the enchanted caſtle in which the nymphs were ſaid to be confined.

This nobleman had an eſtate in the neighbourhood of Fitzpatrick, and had been for ſome time acquainted with the lady. No ſooner therefore did he hear of her confinement, than he earneſtly applied himſelf to procure her liberty; which he preſently effected, not by ſtorming the caſtle, according to the example of antient heroes; but by corrupting the

governor, in conformity with the modern art of war; in which craft is held to be preferable to valour, and gold is found to be more irreſiſtible than either lead or ſteel.

This circumſtance, however, as the lady did not think it material enough to relate to her friend, we would not at that time impart it to the reader. We rather choſe to leave him a while under a ſuppoſition, that ſhe had found, or coined, or by ſome very extraordinary, perhaps ſupernatural means, had poſſeſſed herſelf of the money with which ſhe had bribed her keeper, than to interrupt her narrative by giving a hint of what ſeemed to her of too little importance to be mentioned.

The peer, after a ſhort converſation, could not forbear expreſſing ſome ſurprize at meeting the lady in that place; nor could he refrain from telling her, he imagined ſhe had been gone to Bath. Mrs. Fitzpatrick very freely anſwered, 'That ſhe had been 'prevented in her purpoſe by the arrival of a perſon 'ſhe need not mention. In ſhort,' ſays ſhe, 'I was 'overtaken by my huſband (for I need not affect to 'conceal what the world knows too well already). I 'had the good fortune to eſcape in a moſt ſurpriz-'ing manner, and am now going to London with 'this young lady, who is a near relation of mine, and 'who hath eſcaped from as great a tyrant as my own.'

His lordſhip concluding that this tyrant was likewiſe a huſband, made a ſpeech full of compliments to both the ladies, and as full of invectives againſt his own ſex; nor indeed did he avoid ſome oblique glances at the matrimonial inſtitution itſelf, and at the unjuſt powers given by it to man over the more ſenſible, and more meritorious part of the ſpecies. He ended his oration with an offer of his protection, and of his coach and ſix, which was inſtantly accepted by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and at laſt, upon her perſuaſions, by Sophia.

Matters

Matters being thus adjuſted, his lordſhip took his leave, and the ladies retired to reſt, where Mrs. Fitzpatrick entertained her couſin with many high encomiums on the character of the noble peer, and enlarged very particularly on his great fondneſs for his wife; ſaying, ſhe believed he was almoſt the only perſon of high rank, who was entirely conſtant to the marriage-bed. 'Indeed,' added ſhe, 'my dear 'Sophy, that is a very rare virtue amongſt men of 'condition. Never expect it when you marry; for, 'believe me, if you do, you will certainly be de-'ceived.'

A gentle ſigh ſtole from Sophia at theſe words, which perhaps contributed to form a dream of no very pleaſant kind; but as ſhe never revealed this dream to any one, ſo the reader cannot expect to ſee it related here.

CHAP. IX.

The morning introduced in ſome pretty writing. A ſtage-coach. The civility of chambermaids. The heroic temper of Sophia. Her generoſity. The return to it. The departure of the company, and their arrival at London; with ſome remarks for the uſe of travellers.

THOSE members of the ſociety, who are born to furniſh the bleſſings of life, now began to light their candles, in order to purſue their daily labours, for the uſe of thoſe who are born to enjoy theſe bleſſings. The ſturdy hind now attends the levee of his fellow-labourer the ox; the cunning artificer, the diligent mechanic ſpring from their hard mattreſs; and now the bonny houſemaid begins to repair the diſordered drumroom, while the riotous authors of that diſorder, in broken interrupted ſlumbers, tumble and toſs, as if the hardneſs of down diſquieted their repoſe.

In ſimple phraſe, the clock had no ſooner ſtruck ſeven, than the ladies were ready for their journey; and at their deſire, his lordſhip and his equipage were prepared to attend them.

And now a matter of ſome difficulty aroſe; and this was how his lordſhip himſelf ſhould be conveyed: for though in ſtage-coaches, where paſſengers are properly conſidered as ſo much luggage, the ingenious coachman ſtows half a dozen with perfect eaſe into the place of four: for well he contrives that the fat hoſteſs, or well-fed alderman, may take up no more room than the ſlim miſs, or taper maſter; it being the nature of guts, when well ſqueezed, to give way, and to lie in a narrow compaſs; yet in theſe vehicles, which are called, for diſtinction ſake, gentlemens coaches, though they are often larger than the others; this method of packing is never attempted.

His lordſhip would have put a ſhort end to the difficulty, by very gallantly deſiring to mount his horſe; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick would by no means conſent to it. It was therefore concluded that the Abigails ſhould by turns relieve each other on one of his lordſhips horſes, which was preſently equipped with a ſide ſaddle for that purpoſe.

Every thing being ſettled at the inn, the ladies diſcharged their former guides, and Sophia made a preſent to the landlord, partly to repair the bruiſe which he had received under herſelf, and partly on account of what he had ſuffered under the hands of her enraged waiting-woman. And now Sophia firſt diſcovered a loſs which gave her ſome uneaſineſs; and this was of the hundred pound Bank-bill which her father had given her at the laſt meeting; and which, within a very inconſiderable trifle, was all the treaſure ſhe was at preſent worth. She ſearched every where, and ſhook and tumbled all her things to no purpoſe, the bill was not to be found: and ſhe was at laſt fully perſuaded that ſhe had loſt it from her pocket, when ſhe had the misfortune of tumbling

from her horſe in the dark lane, as before recorded. A fact that ſeemed the more probable, as ſhe now recollected ſome diſcompoſure in her pockets which had happened at that time, and the great difficulty with which ſhe had drawn forth her handkerchief the very inſtant before her fall, in order to relieve the diſtreſs of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

Misfortunes of this kind, whatever inconveniencies they may be attended with, are incapable of ſubduing a mind in which there is any ſtrength, without the aſſiſtance of avarice. Sophia therefore, though nothing could be worſe timed than this accident, at ſuch a ſeaſon, immediately got the better of her concern, and, with her wonted ſerenity and cheerfulneſs of countenance, returned to her company. His lordſhip conducted the ladies into the vehicle, as he did likewiſe Mrs. Honour, who, after many civilities, and more dear Madams, at laſt yielded to the well-bred importunities of her ſiſter Abigail, and ſubmitted to be complimented with the firſt ride in the coach; in which indeed ſhe would afterwards have been contented to have purſued her whole journey, had not her miſtreſs, after ſeveral fruitleſs intimations, at length forced her to take her turn on horſeback.

The coach now having received its company, began to move forwards, attended by many ſervants, and by two led captains, who had before rode with his lordſhip, and who would have been diſmiſſed from the vehicle upon a much leſs worthy occaſion, than was this of accommodating two ladies. In this they acted only as gentlemen; but they were ready at any time to have performed the office of a footman, or indeed would have condeſcended lower, for the honour of his lordſhip's company, and for the convenience of his table.

My landlord was ſo pleaſed with the preſent he had received from Sophia, that he rather rejoiced in, than regretted his bruiſe, or his ſcratches. The reader will

perhaps be curious to know the *Quantum* of this preſent; but we cannot ſatisfy his curioſity. Whatever it was, it ſatisfied the landlord for his bodily hurt; but he lamented he had not known before how little the lady valued her money; 'For to be ſure,' ſays he, 'one might have charged every article double, and ſhe would have made no cavil at the reckoning.'

His wife however was far from drawing this concluſion; whether ſhe really felt any injury done to her huſband more than he did himſelf, I will not ſay; certain it is, ſhe was much leſs ſatisfied with the generoſity of Sophia. 'Indeed,' cries ſhe, 'my 'dear, the lady knows better how to diſpoſe of her 'money than you imagine. She might very well 'think we ſhould not put up ſuch a buſineſs without 'ſome ſatisfaction, and the law would have coſt her 'an infinite deal more than this poor little matter, 'which I wonder you would take.' 'You are al-'ways ſo bloodily wiſe,' quoth the huſband: 'It 'would have coſt her more, would it? doſt fancy I 'don't know that as well as thee? but would any 'of that more, or ſo much, have come into our 'pockets? Indeed, if ſon Tom the lawyer had been 'alive, I could have been glad to have put ſuch a 'pretty buſineſs into his hands. He would have got 'a good picking out of it; but I have no relation 'now who is a lawyer, and why ſhould I go to law 'for the benefit of ſtrangers?' Nay, to be ſure,' anſwered ſhe, 'you muſt know beſt.' 'I believe 'I do,' replied he. 'I fancy when money is to 'be got, I can ſmell it out as well as another. 'Every body, let me tell you, would not have talk-'ed people out of this. Mind that, I ſay; every 'body would not have cajoled this out of her, mind 'that.' The wife then joined in the applauſe of her huſband's ſagacity; and thus ended the ſhort dialogue between them on this occaſion.

We will therefore take our leave of theſe good people, and attend his lordſhip and his fair com-

panions,

panions, who made ſuch good expedition, that they performed a journey of ninety miles in two days, and on the ſecond evening arrived in London, without having encountered any one adventure on the road worthy the dignity of this hiſtory to relate. Our pen, therefore, ſhall imitate the expedition which it deſcribes, and our hiſtory ſhall keep pace with the travellers who are its ſubject. Good writers will indeed do well to imitate the ingenious traveller in this inſtance, who always proportions his ſtay at any place, to the beauties, elegancies, and curioſities which it affords. At Eſhur, at Stowe, at Wilton, at Eſtbury, and at Prior's Park, days are too ſhort for the raviſhed imagination; while we admire the wonderous power of art in improving nature. In ſome of theſe, art chiefly engages our admiration; in others, nature and art contend for our applauſe; but in the laſt, the former ſeems to triumph. Here nature appears in her richeſt attire, and art dreſſed with the modeſteſt ſimplicity, attends her benignant miſtreſs. Here nature indeed pours forth the choiceſt treaſures which ſhe hath laviſhed on this world; and here human nature preſents you with an object which can be exceeded only in the other.

The ſame taſte, the ſame imagination, which luxuriouſly riots in theſe elegant ſcenes, can be amuſed with objects of far inferior note. The woods, the rivers, the lawns of Devon and of Dorſet, attract the eye of the ingenious traveller, and retard his pace, which delay he afterwards compenſates by ſwiftly ſcouring over the gloomy heath of Bagſhot, or that pleaſant plain which extends itſelf weſtward from Stockbridge, where no other object than one ſingle tree only in ſixteen miles preſents itſelf to the view, unleſs the clouds, in compaſſion to our tired ſpirits, kindly open their variegated manſions to our proſpect.

Not ſo travels the money meditating tradeſman, the ſagacious juſtice, the dignified doctor, the warm-

clad grazier, with all the numerous offspring of wealth and dulneſs. On they jog, with equal pace, through the verdant meadows, or over the barren heath, their horſes meaſuring four miles and a half *per* hour with the utmoſt exactneſs; the eyes of the beaſt and of his maſter being alike directed forwards, and employed in contemplating the ſame objects in the ſame manner. With equal rapture the good rider ſurveys the proudeſt boaſts of the architect, and thoſe fair buildings, with which ſome unknown name hath adorned the rich cloathing town; where heaps of bricks are piled up as a kind of monument, to ſhew that heaps of money have been piled there before.

And now, reader, as we are in haſte to attend our heroine, we will leave to thy ſagacity to apply all this to the Bœotian writers, and to thoſe Authors who are their oppoſites. This thou wilt be abundantly able to perform without our aid. Beſtir thyſelf therefore on this occaſion; for though we will always lend thee proper aſſiſtance in difficult places, as we do not, like ſome others, expect thee to uſe the arts of divination to diſcover our meaning; yet we ſhall not indulge thy lazineſs where nothing but thy own attention is required; for thou art highly miſtaken if thou doſt imagine that we intended, when we began this great work, to leave thy ſagacity nothing to do; or that, without ſometimes exerciſing this talent, thou wilt be able to travel through our pages with any pleaſure or profit to thyſelf.'

CHAP. X.

Containing a hint or two concerning virtue, and a few more concerning ſuſpicion.

OUR company being arrived at London, were ſet down at his lordſhip's houſe, where, while they refreſhed themſelves after the fatigue of their

their journey, ſervants were diſpatched to provide a lodging for the two ladies; for as her ladyſhip was not then in town, Mrs. Fitzpatrick would by no means conſent to accept a bed in the manſion of the peer.

Some readers will, perhaps, condemn this extraordinary delicacy, as I may call it, of virtue, as too nice and ſcrupulous; but we muſt make allowances for her ſituation, which muſt be owned to have been very tickliſh; and when we conſider the malice of cenſorious tongues, we muſt allow, if it was a fault, the fault was an exceſs on the right ſide, and which every woman who is in the ſelf-ſame ſituation will do well to imitate. The moſt formal appearance of virtue, when it is only an appearance, may perhaps, in very abſtracted conſiderations, ſeem to be rather leſs commendable than virtue itſelf without this formality; but it will however be always more commended; and this, I believe, will be granted by all, that it is neceſſary, unleſs in ſome very particular caſes, for every woman to ſupport either the one or the other.

A lodging being prepared, Sophia accompanied her couſin for that evening; but reſolved early in the morning to enquire after the lady, into whoſe protection, as we have formerly mentioned, ſhe had determined to throw herſelf, when ſhe quitted her father's houſe. And this ſhe was the more eager in doing, from ſome obſervations ſhe had made during her journey in the coach.

Now as we could by no means fix the odious character of ſuſpicion on Sophia, we are almoſt afraid to open to our reader the conceits which filled her mind concerning Mrs. Fitzpatrick; of whom ſhe certainly entertained at preſent ſome doubts; which, as they are very apt to enter into the boſoms of the worſt of people, we think proper not to mention more plainly, till we have firſt ſuggeſted a word or two to our reader touching ſuſpicion in general.

Of

Of this there have always appeared to me to be two degrees. The firſt of theſe I chuſe to derive from the heart, as the extreme velocity of its diſcernment ſeems to denote ſome previous inward impulſe, and the rather, as this ſuperlative degree often forms its own objects; ſees what is not, and always more than really exiſts. This is that quick-ſighted penetration, whoſe hawk's eyes no ſymptom of evil can eſcape; which obſerves not only upon the actions, but upon the words and looks of men; and as it proceeds from the heart of the obſerver, ſo it dives into the heart of the obſerved, and there eſpies evil, as it were, in the firſt embryo; nay ſometimes before it can be ſaid to be conceived. An admirable faculty, if it were infallible; but as this degree of perfection is not even claimed by more than one mortal being; ſo from the fallibility of ſuch acute diſcernment have ariſen many ſad miſchiefs and moſt grievous heart-achs to innocence and virtue. I cannot help therefore regarding this vaſt quick-ſightedneſs into evil, as a vicious exceſs, and as a very pernicious evil in itſelf. And I am the more inclined to this opinion, as I am afraid it always proceeds from a bad heart, for the reaſons I have above-mentioned, and for one more, namely, becauſe I never knew it the property of a good one. Now from this degree of ſuſpicion I entirely and abſolutely acquit Sophia.

A ſecond degree of this quality ſeems to ariſe from the head. This is indeed no other than the faculty of ſeeing what is before your eyes, and of drawing concluſions from what you ſee. The former of theſe is unavoidable by thoſe who have any eyes, and the latter is perhaps no leſs certain and neceſſary a conſequence of our having any brains. This is altogether as bitter an enemy to guilt as the former is to innocence; nor can I ſee it in an unamiable light, even though, through human fallibility, it ſhould be ſometimes miſtaken. For inſtance, if a huſband ſhould accidentally ſurprize his wife in the

lap

lap or in the embraces of ſome of thoſe pretty young gentlemen who profeſs the art of cuckold-making, I ſhould not highly, I think, blame him for concluding ſomething more than what he ſaw, from the familiarities which he really had ſeen, and which we are at leaſt favourable enough to, when we call them innocent freedoms. The reader will eaſily ſuggeſt great plenty of inſtances to himſelf; I ſhall add but one more, which however unchriſtian it may be thought by ſome, I cannot help eſteeming to be ſtrictly juſtifiable; and this is a ſuſpicion that a man is capable of doing what he hath done already, and that it is poſſible for one who hath been a villain once, to act the ſame part again. And to confeſs the truth, of this degree of ſuſpicion I believe Sophia was guilty. From this degree of ſuſpicion ſhe had, in fact, conceived an opinion, that her couſin was really not better than ſhe ſhould be.

The caſe, it ſeems, was this: Mrs. Fitzpatrick wiſely conſidered, that the virtue of a young lady is, in the world, in the ſame ſituation with a poor hare, which is certain, whenever it ventures abroad, to meet its enemies; for it can hardly meet any other. No ſooner therefore was ſhe determined to take the firſt opportunity of quitting the protection of her huſband, than ſhe reſolved to caſt herſelf under the protection of ſome other man; and whom could ſhe ſo properly chuſe to be her guardian as a perſon of quality, of fortune, of honour; and who, beſides a gallant diſpoſition which inclines men to knight-errantry, that is, to be the champions of ladies in diſtreſs, had often declared a violent attachment to herſelf, and had already given her all the inſtances of it in his power?

But as the law hath fooliſhly omitted this office of vice-huſband, or guardian to an eloped lady; and as malice is apt to denominate him by a more diſagreeable appellation; it was concluded that his

lordſhip ſhould perform all ſuch kind offices to the lady in ſecret, and without publickly aſſuming the character of her protector. Nay, to prevent any other perſon from ſeeing him in this light, it was agreed that the lady ſhould proceed directly to Bath, and that his lordſhip ſhould firſt go to London, and thence ſhould go down to that place by the advice of his phyſicians.

Now all this Sophia very plainly underſtood, not from the lips or behaviour of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but from the peer, who was infinitely leſs expert at retaining a ſecret, than was the good lady; and perhaps the exact ſecrecy which Mrs. Fitzpatrick had obſerved on this head in her narrative, ſerved not a little to heighten thoſe ſuſpicions which were now riſen in the mind of her couſin.

Sophia very eaſily found out the lady ſhe ſought; for indeed there was not a chairman in town to whom her houſe was not perfectly well known; and as ſhe received, in return of her firſt meſſage, a moſt preſſing invitation, ſhe immediately accepted it. Mrs. Fitzpatrick indeed did not deſire her couſin to ſtay with her with more earneſtneſs than civility required. Whether ſhe had diſcerned and reſented the ſuſpicion above-mentioned, or from what other motive it aroſe, I cannot ſay; but certain it is, ſhe was full as deſirous of parting with Sophia, as Sophia herſelf could be of going.

The young lady, when ſhe came to take leave of her couſin, could not avoid giving her a ſhort hint of advice. She begged her, for heaven's ſake, to take care of herſelf, and to conſider in how dangerous a ſituation ſhe ſtood; adding, ſhe hoped ſome method would be found of reconciling her to her huſband. 'You muſt remember, my dear,' ſays ſhe, 'the maxim which my aunt Weſtern hath ſo 'often repeated to us both; That whenever the ma-'trimonial alliance is broke, and war declared be-'tween huſband and wife, ſhe can hardly make a

'diſadvan-

'diſadvantageous peace for herſelf on any condi-
'tions. Theſe are my aunt's very words, and ſhe
'hath had a great deal of experience in the world."
Mrs. Fitzpatrick anſwered, with a contemptuous
ſmile, 'Never fear me, child, take care of your-
'ſelf; for you are younger than I. I will come
'and viſit you in a few days; but, dear Sophy,
'let me give you one piece of advice: leave the
'character of Graveairs in the country; for, believe
'me, it will ſet very aukwardly upon you in this
'town.'

Thus the two couſins parted, and Sophia repaired directly to lady Bellaſton, where ſhe found a moſt hearty, as well as a moſt polite welcome. The lady had taken a great fancy to her when ſhe had ſeen her formerly with her aunt Weſtern. She was indeed extremely glad to ſee her, and was no ſooner acquainted with the reaſons which induced her to leave the 'ſquire and fly to London, than ſhe highly applauded her ſenſe and reſolution; and after expreſſing the higheſt ſatisfaction in the opinion which Sophia had declared ſhe entertained of her ladyſhip, by chuſing her houſe for an aſylum, ſhe promiſed her all the protection which it was in her power to give.

As we have now brought Sophia into ſafe hands, the reader will, I apprehend, be contented to depoſit her there a while, and to look a little after other perſonages, and particularly poor Jones, whom we have left long enough to do penance for his paſt offences, which, as is the nature of vice, brought ſufficient puniſhment upon him themſelves.

THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XII.

Containing the ſame individual time with the former.

CHAP. I.

Shewing what is to be deemed plagiariſm in a modern Author, and what is to be conſidered as lawful prize.

THE learned reader muſt have obſerved, that, in the courſe of this mighty work, I have often tranſlated paſſages out of the beſt antient Authors, without quoting the original, or without taking the leaſt notice of the book from whence they were borrowed.

This conduct in writing is placed in a very proper light by the ingenious Abbé Bannier, in his Preface to his Mythology, a work of great erudition, and of equal judgment. "It will be eaſy," ſays he, "for "the reader to obſerve, that I have frequently had "greater regard to him, than to my own reputa-"tion: for an Author certainly pays him a conſide-"rable

" rable compliment, when, for his ſake, he ſuppreſſes " learned quotations that come in his way, and which " would have coſt him but the bare trouble of tran- " ſcribing."

To fill up a work with theſe ſcraps may indeed be conſidered as a downright cheat on the learned world, who are by ſuch means impoſed upon to buy a ſecond time in fragments and by retail what they have already in groſs, if not in their memories, upon their ſhelves; and it is ſtill more cruel upon the illiterate, who are drawn in to pay for what is of no manner of uſe to them. A writer who intermixes great quantity of Greek and Latin with his works, deals by the ladies and fine gentlemen in the ſame paultry manner with which they are treated by the auctioneers, who often endeavour ſo to confound and mix up their lots, that, in order to purchaſe the commodity you want, you are obliged at the ſame time to purchaſe that which will do you no ſervice.

And yet as there is no conduct ſo fair and diſintereſted but that it may be miſunderſtood by ignorance, and miſrepreſented by malice, I have been ſometimes tempted to preſerve my own reputation, at the expence of my reader, and to tranſcribe the original, or at leaſt to quote chapter and verſe, whenever I have made uſe either of the thought or expreſſion of another. I am indeed in ſome doubt that I have often ſuffered by the contrary method; and that by ſuppreſſing the original Author's name, I have been rather ſuſpected of plagiariſm, than reputed to act from the amiable motive above aſſigned by that juſtly celebrated Frenchman.

Now, to obviate all ſuch imputations for the future, I do here confeſs and juſtify the fact. The antients may be conſidered as a rich common, where every perſon, who hath the ſmalleſt tenement in Parnaſſus, hath a free right to fatten his muſe. Or, to place it in a clearer light, we moderns are to the antients what the poor are to the rich. By the poor here I mean,

mean, that large and venerable body which, in Engliſh, we call the mob. Now, whoever hath had the honour to be admitted to any degree of intimacy with this mob, muſt well know that it is one of their eſtabliſhed maxims, to plunder and pillage their rich neighbours without any reluctance; and that this is held to be neither ſin nor ſhame among them. And ſo conſtantly do they abide and act by this maxim, that, in every pariſh almoſt in the kingdom, there is a kind of confederacy ever carrying on againſt a certain perſon of opulence called the 'ſquire, whoſe property is conſidered as free-booty by all his poor neighbours; who, as they conclude that there is no manner of guilt in ſuch depredations, look upon it as a point of honour and moral obligation to conceal, and to preſerve each other from puniſhment on all ſuch occaſions.

In like manner are the antients, ſuch as Homer, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, and the reſt, to be eſteemed among us writers, as ſo many wealthy 'ſquires, from whom we, the poor of Parnaſſus, claim an immemorial cuſtom of taking whatever we can come at. This liberty I demand, and this I am as ready to allow again to my poor neighbours in their turn. All I profeſs, and all I require of my brethren, is to maintain the ſame ſtrict honeſty among ourſelves, which the mob ſhew to one another. To ſteal from one another, is indeed highly criminal and indecent; for this may be ſtrictly ſtiled defrauding the poor, (ſometimes perhaps thoſe who are poorer than ourſelves) or, to ſee it under the moſt opprobrious colours, robbing the ſpital.

Since therefore, upon the ſtricteſt examination, my own conſcience cannot lay any ſuch pitiful theft to my charge, I am contented to plead guilty to the former accuſation; nor ſhall I ever ſcruple to take to myſelf any paſſage which I ſhall find in an antient Author to my purpoſe, without ſetting down the name of the Author from whence it was taken.

Nay,

Nay, I abſolutely claim a property in all ſuch ſentiments the moment they are tranſcribed into my writings, and I expect all readers henceforwards to regard them as purely and entirely my own. This claim however I deſire to be allowed me only on condition, that I preſerve ſtrict honeſty towards my poor brethren, from whom if ever I borrow any of that little of which they are poſſeſſed, I ſhall never fail to put their mark upon it, that it may be at all times ready to be reſtored to the right owner.

The omiſſion of this was highly blameable in one Mr. Moore, who having formerly borrowed ſome lines of Pope and company, took the liberty to tranſcribe ſix of them into his play of the Rival Modes. Mr. Pope however very luckily found them in the ſaid play, and laying violent hands on his own property, transferred it back again into his own works; and for a further puniſhment, impriſoned the ſaid Moore in the loathſome dungeon of the Dunciad, where his unhappy memory now remains, and eternally will remain, as a proper puniſhment for ſuch his unjuſt dealings in the poetical trade.

CHAP. II.

In which, though the 'ſquire doth not find his daughter, ſomething is found which puts an end to his purſuit.

THE hiſtory now returns to the inn at Upton, whence we ſhall firſt trace the footſteps of 'ſquire Weſtern; for as he will ſoon arrive at an end of his journey, we ſhall have then full leiſure to attend our hero.

The reader may be pleaſed to remember, that the ſaid 'ſquire departed from the inn in great fury, and in that fury he purſued his daughter. The hoſtler having informed him that ſhe had croſſed the Severn, he likewiſe paſt that river with his equipage, and rode

full ſpeed, vowing the utmoſt vengeance againſt poor Sophia, if he ſhould but overtake her.

He had not gone far, before he arrived at a croſs-way. Here he called a ſhort council of war, in which, after hearing different opinions, he at laſt gave the direction of his purſuit to fortune, and ſtruck directly into the Worceſter road.

In this road he proceeded about two miles, when he began to bemoan himſelf moſt bitterly, frequently crying out, 'What pity is it! Sure never was ſo 'unlucky a dog as myſelf?' and then burſt forth a volley of oaths and execrations.

The parſon attempted to adminiſter comfort to him on this occaſion. 'Sorrow not, Sir,' ſays he, 'like 'thoſe without hope. Howbeit we have not yet 'been able to overtake young Madam, we may ac-'count it ſome good fortune, that we have hitherto 'traced her courſe aright. Peradventure ſhe will 'ſoon be fatigated with her journey, and will tarry 'in ſome inn, in order to renovate her corporeal 'functions; and in that caſe, in all moral certainty, 'you will very briefly be *compos voti*.

'Pogh! D—n the ſlut,' anſwered the 'ſquire, 'I 'am lamenting the loſs of ſo fine a morning for 'hunting. It is confounded hard to loſe one of the 'beſt ſcenting days, in all appearance, which hath 'been this ſeaſon, and eſpecially after ſo long a froſt.'

Whether fortune, who now and then ſhows ſome compaſſion in her wantoneſt tricks, might not take pity of the 'ſquire; and as ſhe had determined not to let him overtake his daughter, might not reſolve to make him amends ſome other way, I will not aſſert; but he had hardly uttered the words juſt before commemorated, and two or three oaths at their heels, when a pack of hounds began to open their melodious throats at a ſmall diſtance from them, which the 'ſquire's horſe and his rider both perceiving, both immediately pricked up their ears, and the 'ſquire crying, 'She's gone, ſhe's gone! Damn me if ſhe

'is

'is not gone!' inſtantly clapped ſpurs to the beaſt, who little needed it, having indeed the ſame inclination with his maſter; and now the whole company croſſing into a corn-field, rode directly towards the hounds, with much hallowing and hooping, while the poor parſon, bleſſing himſelf, brought up the rear.

Thus fable reports, that the fair Grimalkin, whom Venus, at the deſire of a paſſionate lover, converted from a cat into a fine woman, no ſooner perceived a mouſe, than mindful of her former ſport, and ſtill retaining her priſtine nature, ſhe leapt from the bed of her huſband to purſue the little animal.

What are we to underſtand by this? Not that the bride was diſpleaſed with the embraces of her amorous bridegroom: for though ſome have remarked that cats are ſubject to ingratitude; yet women and cats too will be pleaſed and purr on certain occaſions. The truth is, as the ſagacious Sir Roger L'Eſtrange obſerves, in his deep reflections, that, 'if we ſhut 'nature out at the door, ſhe will come in at the win-'dow; and that puſs, though a madam, will be a 'mouſer ſtill.' In the ſame manner we are not to arraign the 'ſquire of any want of love for his daughter; for in reality he had a great deal; we are only to conſider that he was a 'ſquire and a ſportſman, and then we may apply the fable to him, and the judicious reflections likewiſe.

The hounds ran very hard, as it is called, and the 'ſquire purſued over hedge and ditch, with all his uſual vociferation and alacrity, and with all his uſual pleaſure; nor did the thoughts of Sophia ever once intrude themſelves to allay the ſatisfaction he enjoyed in the chace, and which he ſaid, was one of the fineſt he ever ſaw, and which he ſwore was very well worth going fifty miles for. As the 'ſquire forgot his daughter, the ſervants, we may eaſily believe, forgot their miſtreſs; and the parſon, after having expreſſed much aſtoniſhment in Latin to himſelf, at length likewiſe abandoned all farther thoughts of the young

lady, and jogging on at a diſtance behind, began to meditate a portion of doctrine for the enſuing Sunday.

The 'ſquire who owned the hounds was highly pleaſed with the arrival of his brother 'ſquire and ſportſman: for all men approve merit in their own way, and no man was more expert in the field than Mr. Weſtern, nor did any other better know how to encourage the dogs with his voice, and to animate the hunt with his holla.

Sportſmen, in the warmth of a chace, are too much engaged to attend to any manner of ceremony; nay, even to the offices of humanity: for if any of them meet with an accident by tumbling into a ditch, or into a river, the reſt paſs on regardleſs, and generally leave him to his fate; during this time, therefore, the two 'ſquires, though often cloſe to each other, interchanged not a ſingle word. The maſter of the hunt, however, often ſaw and approved the great judgment of the ſtranger in drawing the dogs when they were at a fault, and hence conceived a very high opinion of his underſtanding, as the number of his attendants inſpired no ſmall reverence to his quality. As ſoon therefore as the ſport was ended by the death of the little animal which had occaſioned it, the two 'ſquires met, and in all 'ſquire-like greeting, ſaluted each other.

The converſation was entertaining enough, and what we may perhaps relate in an appendix, or on ſome other occaſion; but as it nowiſe concerns this hiſtory, we cannot prevail on ourſelves to give it a place here. It concluded with a ſecond chace, and that with an invitation to dinner. This being accepted was followed by a hearty bout of drinking, which ended in as hearty a nap on the part of 'ſquire Weſtern.

Our 'ſquire was by no means a match either for his hoſt, or for parſon Supple, at his cups that evening; for which the violent fatigue of mind as well as body that he had undergone, may very well account;

count, without the leaſt derogation from his honour. He was indeed, according to the vulgar phraſe, whiſtle-drunk; for before he had ſwallowed the third bottle, he became ſo entirely overpowered, that though he was not carried off to bed till long after, the parſon conſidered him as abſent, and having acquainted the other 'ſquire with all relating to Sophia, he obtained his promiſe of ſeconding thoſe arguments which he intended to urge the next morning for Mr. Weſtern's return.

No ſooner therefore had the good 'ſquire ſhaken off his evening, and began to call for his morning draught, and to ſummon his horſes in order to renew his purſuit, than Mr. Supple began his diſſuaſives, which the hoſt ſo ſtrongly ſeconded, that they at length prevailed, and Mr. Weſtern agreed to return home; being principally moved by one argument, viz. That he knew not which way to go, and might probably be riding farther from his daughter inſtead of towards her. He then took leave of his brother ſportſman, and expreſſing great joy that the froſt was broken (which might perhaps be no ſmall motive to his haſtening home) ſet forwards, or rather backwards, for Somerſetſhire; but not before he had firſt diſpatched part of his retinue in queſt of his daughter, after whom he likewiſe ſent a volley of the moſt bitter execrations which he could invent.

CHAP. III.

The departure of Jones from Upton, with what paſt between him and Partridge on the road.

AT length we are once more come to our hero; and to ſay truth, we have been obliged to part with him ſo long, that, conſidering the condition in which we left him, I apprehend many of our readers have concluded we intended to abandon him for ever; he being at preſent in that ſituation in which

prudent people uſually deſiſt from enquiring any farther after their friends, leſt they ſhould be ſhocked by hearing ſuch friends had hanged themſelves.

But, in reality, if we have not all the virtues, I will boldly ſay, neither have we all the vices of a prudent character; and though it is not eaſy to conceive circumſtances much more miſerable than thoſe of poor Jones at preſent, we ſhall return to him, and attend upon him with the ſame diligence as if he was wantoning in the brighteſt beams of fortune.

Mr. Jones then, and his companion Partridge, left the inn a few minutes after the departure of 'ſquire Weſtern, and purſued the ſame road on foot; for the hoſtler told them, that no horſes were by any means to be at that time procured at Upton. On they marched with heavy hearts; for though their diſquiet proceeded from very different reaſons, yet diſpleaſed they were both; and if Jones ſighed bitterly, Partridge grunted altogether as ſadly at every ſtep.

When they came to the croſs-roads where the 'ſquire had ſtopt to take counſel, Jones ſtopt likewiſe, and turning to Partridge, aſked his opinion which track they ſhould purſue. 'Ah, Sir,' anſwered Partridge, 'I wiſh your honour would follow my advice.' 'Why ſhould I not?' replied Jones; 'for 'it is now indifferent to me whither I go, or what becomes of me?' 'My advice then,' ſaid Partridge, 'is that you immediately face about and return 'home; for who that hath ſuch a home to return 'to, as your honour, would travel thus about the 'country like a vagabond? I aſk pardon, *ſed vox ea 'ſola reperta eſt.*'

'Alas!' cries Jones, 'I have no home to return 'to;—but if my friend, my father, would receive 'me, could I bear the country from which Sophia is 'flown—Cruel Sophia! Cruel! No. Let me blame 'myſelf—No, let me blame thee. D—nation ſeize 'thee, fool, blockhead! thou haſt undone me, and 'I will tear thy ſoul from thy body.'——At which

words he laid violent hands on the collar of poor Partridge, and ſhook him more heartily than an ague fit, or his own fears had ever done before.

Partridge fell trembling on his knees, and begged for mercy, vowing he had meant no harm — when Jones, after ſtaring wildly on him for a moment, quitted his hold; and diſcharged a rage on himſelf, that, had it fallen on the other, would certainly have put an end to his being, which indeed the very apprehenſion of it had almoſt effected.

We would beſtow ſome pains here in minutely deſcribing all the mad pranks which Jones played on this occaſion, could we be well aſſured that the reader would take the ſame pains in peruſing them; but as we are apprehenſive that, after all the labour which we ſhould employ in painting this ſcene, the ſaid reader would be very apt to ſkip it entirely over, we have ſaved overſelves that trouble. To ſay the truth, we have, from this reaſon alone, often done great violence to the luxuriance of our genius, and have left many excellent deſcriptions out of our work, which would otherwiſe have been in it. And this ſuſpicion, to be honeſt, ariſes, as is generally the caſe, from our own wicked heart; for we have, ourſelves, been very often moſt horridly given to jumping, as we have run through the pages of voluminous hiſtorians.

Suffice it then ſimply to ſay, that Jones, after having played the part of a madman for many minutes, came, by degrees, to himſelf; which no ſooner happened, than, turning to Patridge, he very earneſtly begged his pardon for the attack he had made on him in the violence of his paſſion; but concluded, by deſiring him never to mention his return again; for he was reſolved never to ſee that country any more.

Partridge eaſily forgave, and faithfully promiſed to obey the injunction now laid upon him. And then Jones very briſkly cried out: 'Since it is abſolutely 'impoſſible for me to purſue any farther the ſteps of

'my angel—I will purſue thoſe of glory. Come 'on, my brave lad, now for the army:—It is a glo- 'rious cauſe, and I would willingly ſacrifice my life 'in it, even though it was worth my preſerving.' And ſo ſaying, he immediately ſtruck into the different road from that which the 'ſquire had taken, and, by mere chance, purſued the very ſame through which Sophia had before paſſed.

Our travellers now marched a full mile, without ſpeaking a ſyllable to each other, though Jones, indeed, muttered many things to himſelf. As to Partridge, he was profoundly ſilent; for he was not, perhaps, perfectly recovered from his former fright; beſides, he had apprehenſions of provoking his friend to a ſecond fit of wrath; eſpecially as he now began to entertain a conceit, which may not, perhaps, create any great wonder in the reader. In ſhort, he began now to ſuſpect that Jones was abſolutely out of his ſenſes.

At length, Jones being weary of ſoliloquy, addreſſed himſelf to his companion, and blamed him for his taciturnity: for which the poor man very honeſtly accounted, from his fear of giving offence. And now this fear being pretty well removed, by the moſt abſolute promiſes of indemnity, Partridge again took the bridle from his tongue; which, perhaps, rejoiced no leſs at regaining its liberty, than a young colt, when the bridle is ſlipt from his neck, and he is turned looſe into the paſtures.

As Patridge was inhibited from that topic which would have firſt ſuggeſted itſelf, he fell upon that which was next uppermoſt in his mind, namely, the Man of the Hill. 'Certainly, Sir,' ſays he, 'that 'could never be a man, who dreſſes himſelf, and 'lives after ſuch a ſtrange manner, and ſo unlike 'other folks. Beſides, his diet, as the old woman 'told me, is chiefly upon herbs, which is a fitter food 'for a horſe than a chriſtian: nay, landlord at Upton 'ſays, that the neighbours thereabouts have very

'fearful

'fearful notions about him. It runs ſtrangely in my 'head, that it muſt have been ſome ſpirit, who, per-'haps, might be ſent to forewarn us: and who 'knows, but all that matter which he told us, of 'his going to fight, and of his being taken priſoner, 'and of the great danger he was in of being hanged, 'might be intended as a warning to us, conſidering 'what we were going about: beſides, I dream't of 'nothing all laſt night, but of fighting; and me-'thought the blood ran out of my noſe, as liquor 'out of a tap. Indeed, Sir, *infandum, regina, jubes 'renovare dolorem.*'

'Thy ſtory, Partridge,' anſwered Jones, 'is al-'moſt as ill applied as thy Latin. Nothing can be 'more likely to happen than death to men who go 'into battle. Perhaps we ſhall both fall in it,— 'and what then?' 'What then!' replied Partridge; 'Why then there is an end of us, is there not? 'when I am gone, all is over with me. What mat-'ters the cauſe to me, or who gets the victory, if I 'am killed? I ſhall never enjoy any advantage from 'it. What are all the ringing of bells, and bonfires, 'to one that is ſix foot under ground? there will 'be an end of poor Partridge.' 'And an end of 'poor Partridge,' cries Jones, 'there muſt be one 'time or other. If you love Latin, I will repeat 'you ſome fine lines out of Horace, which would 'inſpire courage into a coward.

Dulce & decorum eſt pro patria mori.
Mors & fugacem perſequitur virum
Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.

'I wiſh you would conſtrue them,' cries Par-tridge; 'for Horace is a hard Author, and I cannot 'underſtand as you repeat them.'

'I

'I will repeat you a bad imitation, or rather paraphraſe of my own,' ſaid Jones; 'for I am but an indifferent poet.

'Who would not die in his dear country's cauſe?
'Since, if baſe fear his daſtard ſtep withdraws,
'From death he cannot fly:—One common grave
'Receives, at laſt, the coward and the brave.'

'That's very certain,' cries Partridge. 'Ay, ſure, '*Mors omnibus communis:* but there is a great difference between dying in one's bed a great many 'years hence, like a good chriſtian, with all our 'friends crying about us, and being ſhot to-day 'or to-morrow, like a mad dog; or perhaps, hacked 'in twenty pieces with a ſword, and that too before 'we have repented of all our ſins. O Lord have 'mercy upon us! to be ſure the ſoldiers are a 'wicked kind of people. I never loved to have any 'thing to do with him. I could hardly bring myſelf ever to look upon them as chriſtians. There 'is nothing but curſing and ſwearing among them. 'I wiſh your honour would repent: I heartily wiſh 'you would repent, before it is too late; and not 'think of going among them.—Evil communication corrupts good manners. That is my principal 'reaſon. For as for that matter, I am no more 'afraid than another man, not I; as to matter of 'that. I know all human fleſh muſt die; but yet 'a man may live many years for all that. Why I 'am a middle-aged man now, and yet I may live a 'great number of years. I have read of ſeveral who 'have lived to be above a hundred, and ſome a great 'deal above a hundred. Not that I hope, I mean 'that I promiſe myſelf, to live to any ſuch age as 'that neither.—But if it be only to eighty or ninety: 'heaven be praiſed, that is a great ways off yet; and 'I am not afraid of dying then, no more than another man: but, ſurely, to tempt death before a

'man's

'man's time is come, ſeems to me downright wickedneſs and preſumption. Beſides, if it was to do any good indeed; but let the cauſe be what it will, what mighty matter of good can two people do? and, for my part, I underſtand nothing of it. I never fired off a gun above ten times in my life; and then it was not charged with bullets. And for the ſword, I never learned to fence, and know nothing of the matter. And then there are thoſe cannons, which certainly it muſt be thought the higheſt preſumption to go in the way of; and nobody but a madman—I aſk pardon; upon my ſoul, I meant no harm; I beg I may not throw your honour into another paſſion.'

'Be under no apprehenſion, Partridge,' cries Jones; 'I am now ſo well convinced of thy cowardice, that thou couldſt not provoke me on any account.' 'Your honour,' anſwered he, 'may call me coward, or any thing elſe you pleaſe. If loving to ſleep in a whole ſkin makes a man a coward, *non immunes ab illis malis ſumus.* I never read in my grammar, that a man can't be a good man without fighting. *Vir bonus eſt quis? Qui conſulta patrum, qui leges juraque ſervat.* Not a word of fighting; and I am ſure the ſcripture is ſo much againſt it, that a man ſhall never perſuade me he is a good chriſtian, while he ſheds chriſtian-blood.'

CHAP. IV.

The adventure of a beggar-man.

JUST as Partridge had uttered that good and pious doctrine, with which the laſt chapter concluded, they arrived at another croſs-way, when a lame fellow in rags aſked them for alms; upon which Partridge gave him a ſevere rebuke, ſaying, 'Every pariſh ought to keep their own poor.' Jones then fell a laughing, and aſked Partridge, 'if he was

'not

'not aſhamed, with ſo much charity in his mouth, 'to have no charity in his heart. Your religion,' ſays he, 'ſerves you only for an excuſe for your 'faults, but is no incentive to your virtue. Can any 'man who is really a chriſtian abſtain from relieving 'one of his brethren in ſuch a miſerable condition?' And at the ſame time putting his hand in his pocket, he gave the poor object a ſhilling.

'Maſter,' cries the fellow, after thanking him, 'I 'have a curious thing here in my pocket, which 'I found about two miles off, if your worſhip will 'pleaſe to buy it. I ſhould not venture to pull it 'out to every one; but as you are ſo good a gen-'tleman, and ſo kind to the poor, you won't ſuſpect 'a man of being a thief only becauſe he is poor.' He then pulled out a little gilt pocket-book, and delivered it into the hands of Jones.

Jones preſently opened it, and (gueſs, reader, what he felt,) ſaw in the firſt page the words Sophia Weſtern, written by her own fair hand. He no ſooner read the name, than he preſt it cloſe to his lips; nor could he avoid falling into ſome very frantic raptures, notwithſtanding his company; but, perhaps, theſe very raptures made him forget he was not alone.

While Jones was kiſſing and mumbling the book, as if he had an excellent brown buttered cruſt in his mouth, or as if he had really been a bookworm, or an Author, who had nothing to eat but his own works, a piece of paper fell from its leaves to the ground, which Partridge took up, and delivered to Jones, who preſently perceived it to be a Bank-bill. It was, indeed, the very bill which Weſtern had given his daughter the night before her departure; and a Jew would have jumped to purchaſe it at five ſhillings leſs than 100l.

The eyes of Partridge ſparkled at this news, which Jones now proclaimed aloud; and ſo did (though with ſomewhat a different aſpect) thoſe of the poor

fellow who had found the book; and who (I hope from a principle of honeſty) had never opened it: but we ſhould not deal honeſtly by the reader, if we omitted to inform him of a circumſtance, which may be here a little material, viz. that the fellow could not read.

Jones, who had felt nothing but pure joy and tranſport from the finding the book, was affected with a mixture of concern at this new diſcovery: for his imagination inſtantly ſuggeſted to him, that the owner of the bill might poſſibly want it, before he ſhould be able to convey it to her. He then acquainted the finder, that he knew the lady to whom the book belonged, and would endeavour to find her out as ſoon as poſſible, and return it her.

The pocket-book was a late preſent from Mrs. Weſtern to her niece: it had coſt five and twenty ſhillings, having been bought of a celebrated toyman; but the real value of the ſilver, which it contained in its claſp, was about 18 d. and that price the ſaid toyman, as it was altogether as good as when it firſt iſſued from his ſhop, would now have given for it. A prudent perſon would, however, have taken proper advantage of the ignorance of this fellow, and would not have offered more than a ſhilling, or perhaps ſixpence for it; nay, ſome perhaps would have given nothing, and left the fellow to his action of trover, which ſome learned ſerjeants may doubt whether he could, under theſe circumſtances, have maintained.

Jones, on the contrary, whoſe character was on the outſide of generoſity, and may perhaps not very unjuſtly have been ſuſpected of extravagance, without any heſitation, gave a guinea in exchange for the book. The poor man, who had not for a long time before been poſſeſſed of ſo much treaſure, gave Mr. Jones a thouſand thanks, and diſcovered little leſs of tranſport in his muſcles, than Jones had before

fore ſhewn, when he had firſt read the name of Sophia Weſtern.

The fellow very readily agreed to attend our travellers to the place where he had found the pocket-book. Together, therefore, they proceeded directly thither; but not ſo faſt as Mr. Jones deſired; for his guide unfortunately happened to be lame, and could not poſſibly travel faſter than a mile an hour. As this place, therefore, was at above three miles diſtance, though the fellow had ſaid otherwiſe, the reader need not be acquainted how long they were in walking it.

Jones opened the book a hundred times during their walk, kiſſed it as often, talked much to himſelf, and very little to his companions. At all which the guide expreſt ſome ſigns of aſtoniſhment to Partridge; who more than once ſhook his head, and cry'd, poor gentleman! *orandum eſt ut ſit mens ſana in corpore ſano.*

At length they arrived at the very ſpot where Sophia unhappily dropt the pocket-book, and where the fellow had as happily found it. Here Jones offered to take leave of his guide, and to improve his pace; but the fellow, in whom that violent ſurprize and joy which the firſt receipt of the guinea had occaſioned, was now conſiderably abated, and who had now had ſufficient time to recollect himſelf, put on a diſcontented look, and, ſcratching his head, ſaid, 'He 'hoped his worſhip would give him ſomething more. 'Your worſhip,' ſaid he, 'will, I hope, take it into 'your conſideration, that if I had not been honeſt 'I might have kept the whole.' And, indeed, this the reader muſt confeſs to have been true. 'If the 'paper there,' ſaid he, 'be worth 100l. I am ſure 'the finding it deſerves more than a guinea. Be-'ſides, ſuppoſe your worſhip ſhould never ſee the 'lady, nor give it her—and though your worſhip 'looks and talks very much like a gentleman, yet I 'have only your worſhip's bare word; and, certain-

'ly,

'ly, if the right owner ben't to be found, it all be-
'longs to the firſt finder. I hope your worſhip will
'conſider of all theſe matters, I am but a poor man,
'and therefore don't deſire to have all; but it is but
'reaſonable I ſhould have my ſhare. Your worſhip
'looks like a good man, and, I hope, will conſider
'my honeſty; for I might have kept every farthing,
'and nobody ever the wiſer.' 'I promiſe thee,
'upon my honour,' cries Jones, 'that I know the
'right owner, and will reſtore it her.' 'Nay, your
'worſhip,' anſwered the fellow, 'may do as you
'pleaſe as to that; if you will but give me my ſhare,
'that is one half of the money; your honour may
'keep the reſt yourſelf if you pleaſe;' and concluded
with ſwearing by a very vehement oath, 'that he
'would never mention a ſyllable of it to any man
'living.'

'Lookee, friend,' cries Jones, 'the right owner
'ſhall certainly have again all that ſhe loſt; and as
'for any further gratuity, I really cannot give it
'you at preſent; but let me know your name, and
'where you live, and it is more than poſſible, you
'may hereafter have further reaſon to rejoice at this
'morning's adventure.'

'I don't know what you mean by venture,' cries
the fellow; 'it ſeems, I muſt venture whether you
'will return the lady her money or no; but I hope
'your worſhip will conſider—' 'Come, come,' ſaid
Partridge, 'tell his honour your name, and where
'you may be found; I warrant you will never re-
'pent having put the money into his hands.' The
fellow ſeeing no hopes of recovering the poſſeſſion
of the pocket-book, at laſt complied in giving in his
name and place of abode, which Jones writ upon a
piece of paper with the pencil of Sophia; and then
placing the paper in the ſame page where ſhe had
writ her name, he cried out, 'There, friend, you
'are the happieſt man alive; I have joined your name
'to that of an angel.' 'I don't know any thing

'about

'about angels,' anſwered the fellow; 'but I wiſh 'you would give me a little more money, or elſe 'return me the pocket-book.' Partridge now waxed wroth: he called the poor cripple by ſeveral vile and opprobrious names, and was abſolutely proceeding to beat him, but Jones would not ſuffer any ſuch thing: and now telling the fellow he would certainly find ſome opportunity of ſerving him, Mr. Jones departed as faſt as his heels would carry him; and Partridge, into whom the thoughts of the hundred pound had infuſed new ſpirits, followed his leader; while the man who was obliged to ſtay behind, fell to curſing them both, as well as his parents; 'for 'had they,' ſays he, 'ſent me to charity-ſchool to 'learn to write and read and caſt account, I ſhould 'have known the value of theſe matters as well as 'other people.'

CHAP. V.

Containing more adventures which Mr. Jones and his companion met on the road.

OUR travellers now walked ſo faſt, that they had very little time or breath for converſation; Jones meditating all the way on Sophia, and Partridge on the Bank-bill, which, though it gave him ſome pleaſure, cauſed him at the ſame time to repine at fortune, which, in all his walks, had never given him ſuch an opportunity of ſhewing his honeſty. They had proceeded above three miles, when Partridge, being unable any longer to keep up with Jones, called to him, and begged him a little to ſlacken his pace: with this he was the more ready to comply, as he had for ſome time loſt the footſteps of the horſes, which the thaw had enabled him to trace for ſeveral miles, and he was now upon a wide common where were ſeveral roads.

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He here therefore ſtopt to conſider which of theſe roads he ſhould purſue, when on a ſudden they heard the noiſe of a drum that ſeemed at no great diſtance. This ſound preſently alarmed the fears of Partridge, and he cried out, 'Lord have mercy upon us all; 'they are certainly a coming!' 'Who is coming?' cries Jones; for fear had long ſince given place to ſofter ideas in his mind; and ſince his adventure with the lame man, he had been totally intent on purſuing Sophia, without entertaining one thought of an enemy. 'Who!' cries Partridge, 'why the rebels: 'but why ſhould I call them rebels? they may be 'very honeſt gentlemen, for any thing I know to 'the contrary. The devil take him that affronts 'them, I ſay, I am ſure, if they have nothing to 'ſay to me, I will have nothing to ſay to them, but 'in a civil way. For heaven's ſake, Sir, don't af-'front them if they ſhould come, and perhaps they 'may do us no harm; but would it not be the wiſer 'way to creep into ſome of yonder buſhes till they 'are gone by? What can two unarmed men do 'perhaps againſt fifty thouſand? Certainly nobody 'but a madman; I hope your honour is not offended; 'but certainly no man who hath *Mens ſana in Corpore 'ſano*'——Here Jones interrupted this torrent of eloquence, which fear had inſpired, ſaying, 'That 'by the drum he perceived they were near ſome town.' He then made directly towards the place whence the noiſe proceeded, bidding Partridge 'take courage, 'for that he would lead him into no danger;' and adding, 'it was impoſſible the rebels ſhould be ſo 'near.'

Partridge was a little comforted with this laſt aſſurance; and though he would more gladly have gone the contrary way, he followed his leader, his heart beating time, but not after the manner of heroes, to the muſic of the drum, which ceaſed not till they had traverſed the common, and were come into a narrow lane.

And now Partridge, who kept even pace with Jones, diſcovered ſomething painted flying in the air, a very few yards before him, which fancying to be the colours of the enemy, he fell a bellowing, 'O 'Lord, Sir, here they are! there is the crown and 'coffin. Oh Lord! I never ſaw any thing ſo terrible; 'and we are within gun-ſhot of them already.'

Jones no ſooner looked up than he plainly perceived what it was which Partridge had thus miſtaken. 'Partridge,' ſays he, 'I fancy you will be able to 'engage this whole army yourſelf; for by the colours 'I gueſs what the drum was which we heard be-'fore, and which beats up for recruits to a puppet-'ſhow.'

'A puppet-ſhow!' anſwered Partridge, with moſt eager tranſport. 'And is it really no more than 'that? I love a puppet-ſhow of all the paſtimes 'upon earth. Do, good Sir, let us tarry and ſee it. 'Beſides, I am quite famiſhed to death; for it is now 'almoſt dark, and I have not eat a morſel ſince three 'o'clock in the morning.'

They now arrived at an inn, or indeed an alehouſe, where Jones was prevailed upon to ſtop, the rather as he had no longer any aſſurance of being in the road he deſired. They walked both directly into the kitchen, where Jones began to enquire if no ladies had paſſed that way in the morning, and Partridge as eagerly examined into the ſtate of their proviſions; and indeed his enquiry met with the better ſucceſs; for Jones could not hear news of Sophia; but Partridge, to his great ſatisfaction, found good reaſon to expect very ſhortly the agreeable ſight of an excellent ſmoking diſh of eggs and bacon.

In ſtrong and healthy conſtitutions love hath a very different effect from what it cauſes in the puny part of the ſpecies. In the latter it generally deſtroys all that appetite which tends towards the conſervation of the individual; but in the former, tho' it often induces forgetfulneſs, and a neglect of food,

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as well as of every thing elſe; yet place a good piece of well-powdered buttock before a hungry lover, and he ſeldom fails very handſomely to play his part. Thus it happened in the preſent caſe; for though Jones perhaps wanted a prompter, and might have travelled much farther, had he been alone, with an empty ſtomach; yet no ſooner did he ſit down to the bacon and eggs, than he fell too as heartily and voraciouſly as Partridge himſelf.

Before our travellers had finiſhed their dinner, night came on, and as the moon was now paſt the full, it was extremely dark. Partridge therefore prevailed on Jones to ſtay and ſee the puppet-ſhow, which was juſt going to begin, and to which they were very eagerly invited by the maſter of the ſaid ſhow, who declared that his figures were the fineſt which the world had ever produced, and that they had given great ſatisfaction to all the quality in every town in England.

The puppet-ſhow was performed with great regularity and decency. It was called the fine and ſerious part of the Provoked Huſband; and it was indeed a very grave and ſolemn entertainment, without any low wit or humour, or jeſts; or, to do it no more than juſtice, without any thing which could provoke a laugh. The audience were all highly pleaſed. A grave matron told the maſter ſhe would bring her two daughters the next night, as he did not ſhew any ſtuff; and an attorney's clerk, and an exciſeman, both declared, that the characters of lord and lady Townley were well preſerved, and highly in nature. Partridge likewiſe concurred with this opinion.

The maſter was ſo highly elated with theſe encomiums, that he could not refrain from adding ſome more of his own. He ſaid, 'The preſent age was 'not improved in any thing ſo much as in their pup-'pet-ſhows; which, by throwing out Punch and his 'wife Joan, and ſuch idle trumpery, were at laſt 'brought to be a rational entertainment. I remem-

'ber,' ſaid he, 'when I firſt took to the buſineſs, 'there was a great deal of low ſtuff that did very 'well to make folks laugh; but was never calculated 'to improve the morals of young people, which cer-'tainly ought to be principally aimed at in every pup-'pet-ſhow: for why may not good and inſtructive 'leſſons be conveyed this way, as well as any other? 'My figures are as big as the life, and they repreſent 'the life in every particular; and I queſtion not but 'people riſe from my little Drama as much improved 'as they do from the great.' 'I would by no means 'degrade the ingenuity of your profeſſion,' anſwered Jones, 'but I ſhould have been glad to have ſeen my 'old acquaintance maſter Punch, for all that; and 'ſo far from improving, I think, by leaving out him 'and his merry wife Joan, you have ſpoiled your 'puppet-ſhow.'

The dancer of wires conceived an immediate and high contempt for Jones, from theſe words. And with much diſdain in his countenance, he replied, 'Very probably, Sir, that may be your opinion; but 'I have the ſatisfaction to know the beſt judges differ 'from you, and it is impoſſible to pleaſe every taſte. 'I confeſs, indeed, ſome of the quality at Bath, two 'or three years ago, wanted mightily to bring Punch 'again upon the ſtage. I believe I loſt ſome money 'for not agreeing to it; but let others do as they 'will; a little matter ſhall never bribe me to de-'grade my own profeſſion, nor will I ever willingly 'conſent to the ſpoiling the decency and regularity 'of my ſtage, by introducing any ſuch low ſtuff 'upon it.'

'Right, friend,' cries the clerk, 'you are very 'right. Always avoid what is low. There are ſeve-'ral of my acquaintance in London, who are re-'ſolved to drive every thing which is low from the 'ſtage.' 'Nothing can be more proper,' cries the exciſeman, pulling his pipe from his mouth. 'I re-'member,' added he, '(for I then lived with my 'lord)

'lord) I was in the footman's gallery, the night 'when this play of the Provoked Huſband was acted 'firſt. There was a great deal of low ſtuff in it a-'bout a country gentleman come up to town to 'ſtand for parliamant-man; and there they brought 'a parcel of his ſervants upon the ſtage, his coach-'man I remember particularly; but the gentlemen 'in our gallery could not bear any thing ſo low, and 'they damned it. I obſerve, friend, you have left all 'that matter out, and you are to be commended 'for it.'

'Nay, gentlemen,' cries Jones, 'I can never 'maintain my opinion againſt ſo many; indeed, if the 'generality of his audience diſlike him, the learned 'gentleman who conducts the ſhow, may have done 'very right in diſmiſſing Punch from his ſervice.'

The maſter of the ſhow then began a ſecond harangue, and ſaid much of the great force of example, and how much the inferior part of mankind would be deterred from vice, by obſerving how odious it was in their ſuperiors; when he was unluckily interrupted by an incident, which, though perhaps we might have omitted it at another time, we cannot help relating at preſent, but not in this chapter.

CHAP. VI.

From which it may be inferred, that the beſt things are liable to be miſunderſtood and miſinterpreted.

A Violent uproar now aroſe in the entry, where my landlady was well cuffing her maid both with her fiſt and tongue. She had indeed miſſed the wench from her employment, and, after a little ſearch, had found her on the puppet-ſhow ſtage in company with the Merry Andrew, and in a ſituation not very proper to be deſcribed.

Though Grace (for that was her name) had forfeited I title to modeſty; yet had ſhe not impu-

dence enough to deny a fact in which she was actually surprized; she therefore took another turn, and attempted to mitigate the offence. 'Why do you beat 'me in this manner, mistress?' cries the wench. 'If you don't like my doings, you may turn me away. 'If I am a w—e (for the other lady had liberally be-'stowed that appellation on her) my betters are so as 'well as I? What was the fine lady in the puppet-'show just now? I suppose she did not lie all night 'out from her husband for nothing.'

The landlady now burst into the kitchen, and fell foul on both her husband and the poor puppet-mover. 'Here, husband,' says she, 'you see the 'consequence of harbouring these people in your 'house. If one doth draw a little drink the more 'for them, one is hardly made amends for the litter 'they make; and then to have one's house made a 'bawdyhouse of by such lousy vermin. In short, 'I desire you would be gone to-morrow morning; 'for I will tolerate no more such doings. It is only 'the way to teach our servants idleness and nonsense; 'for to be sure nothing better can be learned by 'such idle shows as these. I remember when pup-'pet-shows were made of good scripture stories, as 'Jepthah's Rash Vow, and such good things, and 'when wicked people were carried away by the devil. 'There was some sense in those matters; but as the 'parson told us last Sunday, nobody believes in the 'devil now-a-days; and here you bring about a par-'cel of puppets drest up like lords and ladies, only 'to turn the heads of poor country wenches; and 'when their heads are once turned topsy-turvy, no 'wonder every thing else is so.'

Virgil, I think, tells us, that when the mob are assembled in a riotous and tumultuous manner, and all sorts of missile weapons fly about, if a man of gravity and authority appears amongst them, the tumult is presently appeased, and the mob, which, when collected into one body, may be well compared to an

ass,

aſs, erect their long ears at the grave man's diſcourſe.

On the contrary, when a ſet of grave men and philoſophers are diſputing; when wiſdom herſelf may in a manner be conſidered as preſent, and adminiſtring arguments to the diſputants; ſhould a tumult ariſe among the mob, or ſhould one ſcold, who is herſelf equal in noiſe to a mighty mob, appear among the ſaid philoſophers; their diſputes ceaſe in a moment, wiſdom no longer performs her miniſterial office, and the attention of every one is immediately attracted by the ſcold alone.

Thus the uproar aforeſaid, and the arrival of the landlady, ſilenced the maſter of the puppet-ſhow, and put a ſpeedy and final end to that grave and ſolemn harangue, of which we have given the reader a ſufficient taſte already. Nothing indeed could have happened ſo very inopportune as this accident; the moſt wanton malice of fortune could not have contrived ſuch another ſtratagem to confound the poor fellow, while he was ſo triumphantly deſcanting on the good morals inculcated by his exhibitions. His mouth was now as effectually ſtopt, as that of a quack muſt be, if, in the midſt of a declamation of the great virtues of his pills and powders, the corpſe of one of his martyrs ſhould be brought forth, and depoſited before the ſtage, as a teſtimony of his ſkill.

Inſtead, therefore, of anſwering my landlady, the puppet-ſhow man ran out to puniſh his Merry-Andrew; and now the moon beginning to put forth her ſilver light, as the poets call it, (though ſhe looked at that time more like a piece of copper) Jones called for his reckoning, and ordered Partridge, whom my landlady had juſt awaked from a profound nap, to prepare for his journey; but Partridge having lately carried two points, as my reader hath ſeen before, was emboldened to attempt a third, which was to prevail with Jones to take up a lodging that evening in the houſe where he then was. He introduced this

with an affected ſurprize at the intention which Mr. Jones declared of removing; and after urging many excellent arguments againſt it, he at laſt inſiſted ſtrongly, that it could be to no manner of purpoſe whatever: for that unleſs Jones knew which way the lady was gone, every ſtep he took might very poſſibly lead him the farther from her; 'for you find, Sir,' ſaid he, 'by all the people in the houſe, that ſhe is 'not gone this way. How much better therefore, 'would it be to ſtay till the morning, when we may 'expect to meet with ſomebody to enquire of?'

This laſt argument indeed had ſome effect on Jones, and while he was weighing it, the landlord threw all the rhetoric of which he was maſter, into the ſame ſcale. 'Sure, Sir,' ſaid he, 'your ſervant gives you 'moſt excellent advice: for who would travel by 'night at this time of the year?' He then began in the uſual ſtile to trumpet forth the excellent accommodation which his houſe afforded; and my landlady likewiſe opened on the occaſion——But not to detain the reader with what is common to every hoſt and hoſteſs, it is ſufficient to tell him, Jones was at laſt prevailed on to ſtay and refreſh himſelf with a few hours reſt, which indeed he very much wanted; for he had hardly ſhut his eyes ſince he had left the inn where the accident of the broken head had happened.

As ſoon as Jones had taken a reſolution to proceed no farther that night, he preſently retired to reſt, with his two bedfellows, the pocket-book, and the muff; but Partridge, who at ſeveral times had refreſhed himſelf with ſeveral naps, was more inclined to eating than to ſleeping, and more to drinking than to either.

And now the ſtorm which Grace had raiſed being at an end, and my landlady being again reconciled to the puppet-man, who on his ſide forgave the indecent reflections which the good woman in her paſſion had caſt on his performances, a face of perfect peace and tranquillity reigned in the kitchen; where ſat aſſembled round the fire, the landlord and landlady of

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the houſe, the maſter of the puppet-ſhow, the attorney's clerk, the exciſeman, and the ingenious Mr. Partridge; in which company paſt the agreeable converſation which will be found in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

Containing a remark or two of our own, and many more of the good company aſſembled in the kitchen.

THOUGH the pride of Partridge did not ſubmit to acknowledge himſelf a ſervant; yet he condeſcended in moſt particulars to imitate the manners of that rank. One inſtance of this was, his greatly magnifying the fortune of his companion, as he called Jones: ſuch is a general cuſtom with all ſervants among ſtrangers, as none of them would willingly be thought the attendant on a beggar: for the higher the ſituation of the maſter is, the higher conſequently is that of the man in his own opinion; the truth of which obſervation appears from the behaviour of all the footmen of the nobility.

But though title and fortune communicate a ſplendor all around them, and the footmen of men of quality and of eſtate think themſelves entitled to a part of that reſpect which is paid to the quality and eſtates of their maſters; it is clearly otherwiſe with regard to virtue and underſtanding. Theſe advantages are ſtrictly perſonal, and ſwallow themſelves all the reſpect which is paid to them. To ſay the truth, this is ſo very little, that they cannot well afford to let any others partake with them. As theſe therefore reflect no honour on the domeſtic, ſo neither is he at all diſhonoured by the moſt deplorable want of both in his maſter. Indeed it is otherwiſe in the want of what is called virtue in a miſtreſs, the conſequence of which we have before ſeen: for in this diſhonour there is a kind of contagion, which, like that of poverty, communicates itſelf to all who approach it.

Now

Now for theſe reaſons we are not to wonder that ſervants (I mean among the men only) ſhould have ſo great regard for the reputation of the wealth of their maſters, and little or none at all for their character in other points, and that though they would be aſhamed to be the footman of a beggar, they are not ſo to attend upon a rogue, or a blockhead; and do conſequently make no ſcruple to ſpread the fame of the iniquities and follies of their ſaid maſters as far as poſſible, and this often with great humour and merriment. In reality, a footman is often a wit, as well as a beau, at the expence of the gentleman whoſe livery he wears.

After Partridge, therefore, had enlarged greatly on the vaſt fortune to which Mr. Jones was heir, he very freely communicated an apprehenſion which he had begun to conceive the day before, and for which, as we hinted at that very time, the behaviour of Jones ſeemed to have furniſhed a ſufficient foundation. In ſhort, he was now pretty well confirmed in an opinion, that his maſter was out of his wits, with which opinion he very bluntly acquainted the good company round the fire.

With this ſentiment the puppet-ſhow man immediately coincided. 'I own', ſaid he, 'the gentleman 'ſurprized me very much, when he talked ſo ab-'ſurdly about puppet-ſhows. It is indeed hardly to 'be conceived that any man in his ſenſes ſhould be ſo 'much miſtaken; what you ſay now, accounts very 'well for all his monſtrous notions. Poor gentle-'man! I am heartily concerned for him; indeed he 'hath a ſtrange wildneſs about his eyes, which I took 'notice of before, though I did not mention it.'

The landlord agreed with this laſt aſſertion, and likewiſe claimed the ſagacity of having obſerved it. 'And certainly,' added he, 'it muſt be ſo: for no 'one but a madman would have thought of leaving 'ſo good a houſe, to ramble about the country at that 'time of night.'

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The exciſeman pulling his pipe from his mouth, ſaid, 'He thought the gentleman looked and talked 'a little wildly;' and then turning to Partridge, 'If he be a madman,' ſays he, he ſhould not be 'ſuffered to travel thus about the country; for poſ-'ſibly he may do ſome miſchief. It is pity he was 'not ſecured and ſent home to his relations.'

Now ſome conceits of this kind were likewiſe lurking in the mind of Partridge: for as he was now perſuaded that Jones had run away from Mr. Allworthy, he promiſed himſelf the higheſt rewards, if he could by any means convey him back. But fear of Jones, of whoſe fierceneſs and ſtrength he had ſeen, and indeed felt ſome inſtances, had however repreſented any ſuch ſcheme as impoſſible to be executed, and had diſcouraged him from applying himſelf to form any regular plan for the purpoſe. But no ſooner did he hear the ſentiments of the exciſeman, than he embraced that opportunity of declaring his own, and expreſſed a hearty wiſh that ſuch a matter could be brought about.

'Could be brought about!' ſays the exciſeman; 'why there is nothing eaſier.'

'Ah! Sir,' anſwered Partridge; 'you don't 'know what a devil of a fellow he is. He can take 'me up with one hand, and throw me out at a win-'dow; and he would too; if he did but imagine——

'Pogh!' ſays the exciſeman, 'I believe I am as 'good a man as he. Beſides here are five of us.'

'I don't know what five,' cries the landlady, 'my huſband ſhall have nothing to do in it. Nor 'ſhall any violent hands be laid upon any body in 'my houſe. The young gentleman is as pretty a 'young gentleman as ever I ſaw in my life, and I 'believe he is no more mad than any of us. What 'do you tell of his having a wild look with his eyes? 'they are the prettieſt eyes I ever ſaw, and he hath 'the prettieſt look with them; and a very modeſt 'civil young man he is. I am ſure I have bepitied

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'him heartily ever ſince the gentleman there in the 'corner told us he was croſt in love. Certainly that 'is enough to make any man, eſpecially ſuch a ſweet 'young gentleman as he is, to look a little other-'wiſe than he did before. Lady, indeed! what the 'devil would the lady have better than ſuch a hand-'ſome man with a great eſtate? I ſuppoſe ſhe is one 'of your quality folks, one of your townly ladies 'that we ſaw laſt night in the puppet-ſhow, who 'don't know what they would be at.'

The attorney's clerk likewiſe declared he would have no concern in the buſineſs, without the advice of council. 'Suppoſe,' ſays he, 'an action of falſe 'impriſonment ſhould be brought againſt us, what 'defence could we make? Who knows what may 'be ſufficient evidence of madneſs to a jury? But 'I only ſpeak upon my own account; for it don't 'look well for a lawyer to be concerned in theſe 'matters, unleſs it be as a lawyer. Juries are always 'leſs favourable to us than to other people. I don't 'therefore diſſuade you, Mr. Thomſon (to the ex-'ciſeman) nor the gentleman, nor any body elſe.'

The exciſeman ſhook his head at this ſpeech, and the puppet-ſhow man ſaid, 'Madneſs was ſometimes 'a difficult matter for a jury to decide: for I re-'member,' ſays he, 'I was once preſent at a trial of 'madneſs, where twenty witneſſes ſwore that the per-'ſon was as mad as a March hare; and twenty others, 'that he was as much in his ſenſes as any man in 'England.—And indeed it was the opinion of moſt 'people, that it was only a trick of his relations to 'rob the poor man of his right.'

'Very likely!' cries the landlady, 'I myſelf knew 'a poor gentleman who was kept in a madhouſe all 'his life by his family, and they enjoyed his eſtate, 'but it did them no good: for though the law gave 'it them, it was the right of another.'

'Pogh!' cries the clerk, with great contempt, 'who hath any right but what the law gives them?

'If the law gave me the beſt eſtate in the country, 'I ſhould never trouble myſelf much who had the 'right.'

'If it be ſo,' ſays Partridge, '*Felix quem faciunt 'aliena pericula cautum.*'

My landlord, who had been called out by the arrival of a horſeman at the gate, now returned into the kitchen, and with an affrighted countenance cried out, 'What do you think, gentlemen? The rebels 'have given the duke the ſlip, and are got almoſt 'to London—It is certainly true, for a man on horſe-'back juſt now told me ſo.'

'I am glad of it with all my heart, cries Par-'tridge, 'then there will be no fighting in theſe 'parts.'

'I am glad,' cries the clerk, 'for a better reaſon; 'for I would always have right take place.'

'Ay but,' anſwered the landlord, 'I have heard 'ſome people ſay this man hath no right.'

'I will prove the contrary in a moment,' cries the clerk; 'if my father dies ſeized of a right; do 'you mind me, ſeized of a right, I ſay; doth not 'that right deſcend to his ſon? and doth not one 'right deſcend as well as another?'

'But how can he have any right to make us 'papiſhes?' ſays the landlord.

'Never fear that,' cries Partridge. 'As to the 'matter of right, the gentleman there hath proved 'it as clear as the ſun; and as to the matter of re-'ligion, it is quite out of the caſe. The papiſts 'themſelves don't expect any ſuch thing. A popiſh 'prieſt, whom I know very well, and who is a very 'honeſt man, told me upon his word and honour they 'had no ſuch deſign.'

'And another prieſt of my acquaintance', ſaid the landlady, 'hath told me the ſame thing—But 'my huſband is always ſo afraid of papiſhes. I 'know a great many papiſhes that are very honeſt 'ſort of people, and ſpend their money very freely;

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'and it is always a maxim with me, that one man's 'money is as good as another's.'

'Very true, Miſtreſs,' ſaid the puppet-ſhow man, 'I don't care what religion comes, provided the 'Preſbyterians are not uppermoſt; for they are ene-'mies to puppet-ſhows.'

'And ſo you would ſacrifice your religion to your 'intereſt;' cries the exciſeman; 'and are deſirous 'to ſee popery brought in, are you?'

'Not I truly,' anſwered the other; 'I hate popery 'as much as any man; but yet it is a comfort to one, 'that one ſhould be able to live under it, which I 'could not do among Preſbyterians. To be ſure 'every man values his livelihood firſt; that muſt be 'granted; and I warrant, if you would confeſs the 'truth, you are more afraid of loſing your place than 'any thing elſe; but never fear, friend, there will be 'an exciſe under another government as well as under 'this.'

'Why certainly,' 'replied the exciſeman, 'I 'ſhould be a very ill man, if I did not honour the 'king, whoſe bread I eat. That is no more than 'natural, as a man may ſay: for what ſignifies it to 'me that there would be an exciſe-office under ano-'ther government, ſince my friends would be out, 'and I could expect no better than to follow them? 'No, no, friend, I ſhall never be bubbled out of my 'religion in hopes only of keeping my place under 'another government; for I ſhould certainly be no 'better, and very probably might be worſe.'

'Why, that is what I ſay,' cries the landlord, 'whenever folks ſay who knows what may happen? 'Odſooks! ſhould not I be a blockhead to lend my 'money to I know not who, becauſe mayhap he may 'return it again? I am ſure it is ſafe in my own bureau, 'and there I will keep it.'

The attorney's clerk had taken a great fancy to the ſagacity of Partridge. Whether this proceeded from the great diſcernment which the former had into men,

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as well as things, or whether it aroſe from the ſympathy between their minds; for they were both truly Jacobites in principle; they now ſhook hands heartily, and drank bumpers of ſtrong beer to healths which we think proper to bury in oblivion.

Theſe healths were afterwards pledged by all preſent, and even by my landlord himſelf, though reluctantly; but he could not withſtand the menaces of the clerk, who ſwore he would never ſet his foot within his houſe again, if he refuſed. The bumpers which were ſwallowed on this occaſion ſoon put an end to the converſation. Here, therefore, we will put an end to the chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

In which Fortune ſeems to have been in a better humour with Jones than we have hitherto ſeen her.

AS there is no wholeſomer, ſo perhaps there are few ſtronger ſleeping potions than fatigue. Of this Jones might be ſaid to have take a very large doſe, and it operated very forcibly upon him. He had already ſlept nine hours, and might perhaps have ſlept longer, had he not been awakened by a moſt violent noiſe at his chamber-door, where the ſound of many heavy blows was accompanied with many exclamations of murder. Jones preſently leapt from his bed, where he found the maſter of the puppet-ſhow belabouring the back and ribs of his poor Merry-Andrew, without either mercy or moderation.

Jones inſtantly interpoſed on behalf of the ſuffering party, and pinned the inſulting conqueror up to the wall: for the puppet-ſhow man was no more able to contend with Jones, than the poor party-coloured jeſter had been to contend with this puppet-man.

But though the Merry-Andrew was a little fellow, and not very ſtrong, he had nevertheleſs ſome choler about him. He therefore no ſooner found himſelf deli-

delivered from the enemy, than he began to attack him with the only weapon at which he was his equal. From this he firſt diſcharged a volley of general abuſive words, and thence proceeded to ſome particular accuſations—'D—n your bl—d, you raſcal,' ſays he, 'I have not only ſupported you, (for to me you owe 'all the money you get) but I have ſaved you from 'the gallows. Did you not want to rob the lady of 'her fine riding-habit, no longer ago than yeſterday, 'in the back-lane here? Can you deny that you 'wiſhed to have her alone in a wood to ſtrip her, to 'ſtrip one of the prettieſt ladies that ever was ſeen 'in the world? and here you have fallen upon me, and 'have almoſt murdered me for doing no harm to a 'girl as willing as myſelf, only becauſe ſhe likes me 'better than you.'

Jones no ſooner heard this, than he quitted the maſter, laying on him at the ſame time the moſt violent injunctions of forbearance from any further inſult on the Merry-Andrew; and then taking the poor wretch with him into his own apartment, he ſoon learnt tidings of his Sophia, whom the fellow, as he was attending his maſter with his drum the day before, had ſeen paſs by. He eaſily prevailed with the lad to ſhew him the exact place, and then having ſummoned Partridge, he departed with the utmoſt expedition.

It was almoſt eight of the clock before all matters could be got ready for his departure: for Partridge was not in any haſte; nor could the reckoning be preſently adjuſted; and when both theſe were ſettled and over, Jones would not quit the place, before he had perfectly reconciled all differences between the maſter and the man.

When this was happily accompliſhed, he ſet forwards, and was by the truſty Merry-Andrew conducted to the ſpot by which Sophia had paſt; and then having handſomely rewarded his conductor, he again puſhed on with the utmoſt eagerneſs, being highly delighted with the extraordinary manner in which

which he received his intelligence. Of this Partridge was no ſooner acquainted, than he, with great earneſtneſs, began to prophecy, and aſſured Jones, that he would certainly have good ſucceſs in the end: for, he ſaid, 'two ſuch accidents could never have happened to direct him after his miſtreſs, if Providence had not deſigned to bring them together at laſt.' And this was the firſt time that Jones lent any attention to the ſuperſtitious doctrines of his companion.

They had not gone above two miles, when a violent ſtorm of rain overtook them; and as they happened to be at the ſame time in ſight of an alehouſe, Partridge with much earneſt entreaty, prevailed with Jones to enter, and weather the ſtorm. Hunger is an enemy (if indeed it may be called one) which partakes more of the Engliſh than of the French diſpoſition; for though you ſubdue this never ſo often, it will always rally again in time; and ſo it did with Partridge, who was no ſooner arrived within the kitchen, than he began to aſk the ſame queſtions which he had aſked the night before. The conſequence of this was an excellent cold chine being produced upon the table, upon which not only Partridge, but Jones himſelf, made a very hearty breakfaſt, though the latter began to grow again uneaſy, as the people of the houſe could give him no freſh information concerning Sophia.

Their meal being over, Jones was again preparing to ſally, notwithſtanding the violence of the ſtorm ſtill continued; but Partridge begged heartily for another mug; and at laſt caſting his eyes on a lad at the fire, who had entered into the kitchen, and who at that inſtant was looking as earneſtly at him, he turned ſuddenly to Jones, and cried, 'Maſter, give me your hand, a ſingle mug ſhan't ſerve the turn this bout. Why here's more news of madam Sophia come to town. The boy there ſtanding by the fire is the very lad that rode before her. I can ſwear to my own plaiſter on his face.' 'Heavens

'bleſs you, Sir,' cries the boy, 'it is your own 'plaiſter ſure enough; I ſhall have always reaſon to 'remember your goodneſs; for it hath almoſt cured 'me.'

At theſe words Jones ſtarted from his chair, and bidding the boy follow him immediately, departed from the kitchen into a private apartment; for ſo delicate was he with regard to Sophia, that he never willingly mentioned her name in the preſence of many people; and though he had, as it were, from the overflowings of his heart, given Sophia as a toaſt among the officers, where he thought it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould be known; yet even there the reader may remember how difficultly he was prevailed upon to mention her ſirname.

Hard therefore was it, and perhaps, in the opinion of many ſagacious readers, very abſurd and monſtrous, that he ſhould principally owe his preſent misfortune to the ſuppoſed want of that delicacy with which he ſo abounded; for, in reality, Sophia was much more offended at the freedoms which ſhe thought (and not without good reaſon) he had taken with her name and character, than at any freedoms, in which, under his preſent circumſtances, he had indulged himſelf with the perſon of another woman; and to ſay truth, I believe Honour could never have prevailed on her to leave Upton without her ſeeing Jones, had it not been for thoſe two ſtrong inſtances of a levity in his behaviour, ſo void of reſpect, and indeed ſo highly inconſiſtent with any degree of love and tenderneſs in great and delicate minds.

But ſo matters fell out, and ſo I muſt relate them; and if any reader is ſhocked at their appearing unnatural, I cannot help it. I muſt remind ſuch perſons, that I am not writing a ſyſtem, but a hiſtory, and I am not obliged to reconcile every matter to the received notions concerning truth and nature. But if this was never ſo eaſy to do, perhaps it might be more

more prudent in me to avoid it. For inſtance, as the fact at preſent before us now ſtands, without any comment of mine upon it, though it may at firſt ſight offend ſome readers, yet upon more mature conſideration, it muſt pleaſe all; for wiſe and good men may conſider, what happened to Jones at Upton as a juſt puniſhment for his wickedneſs, with regard to women, of which it was indeed the immediate conſequence; and ſilly and bad perſons may comfort themſelves in their vices, by flattering their own hearts that the characters of men are rather owing to accident than to virtue. Now perhaps the reflections which we ſhould be here inclined to draw, would alike contradict both theſe concluſions, and would ſhew that theſe incidents contribute only to confirm the great, uſeful, and uncommon doctrine, which it is the purpoſe of this whole work to inculcate, and which we muſt not fill up our pages by frequently repeating, as an ordinary parſon fills his ſermon by repeating his text at the end of every paragraph.

We are contented that it muſt appear, however unhappily Sophia had erred in her opinion of Jones, ſhe had ſufficient reaſon for her opinion; ſince, I believe, every other young lady would, in her ſituation, have erred in the ſame manner. Nay, had ſhe followed her lover at this very time, and had entered this very alehouſe the moment he was departed from it, ſhe would have found the landlord as well acquainted with her name and perſon as the wench at Upton had appeared to be. For while Jones was examining his boy in whiſpers in an inner room, Partridge, who had no ſuch delicacy in his diſpoſition, was in the kitchen very openly catechiſing the other guide who had attended Mrs. Fitzpatrick; by which means the landlord whoſe ears were open on all ſuch occaſions, became perfectly well acquainted with the tumble of Sophia from her horſe, *&c.* with the miſtake concerning Jenny Cameron, with the many conſequences of the punch, and, in ſhort, with almoſt

every thing which had happened at the inn, whence we diſpatched our ladies in a coach and ſix, when we laſt took our leaves of them.

CHAP. IX.

Containing little more than a few odd obſervations.

JONES had been abſent a full half hour, when he returned into the kitchen in a hurry, deſiring the landlord to let him know that inſtant what was to pay. And now the concern which Partridge felt at being obliged to quit the warm chimney-corner, and a cup of excellent liquor, was ſomewhat compenſated by hearing that he was to proceed no farther on foot, for Jones, by golden arguments, had prevailed with the boy to attend him back to the inn whither he had before conducted Sophia; but to this however the lad conſented, upon condition that the other guide would wait for him at the alehouſe; becauſe, as the landlord at Upton was an intimate acquaintance of the landlord at Glouceſter, it might ſome time or other come to the ears of the latter, that his horſes had been let to more than one perſon; and ſo the boy might be brought to account for money which he wiſely intended to put in his own pocket.

We were obliged to mention this circumſtance, trifling as it may ſeem, ſince it retarded Mr. Jones a conſiderable time in his ſetting out; for the honeſty of this latter boy was ſomewhat high—that is, ſomewhat high priced, and would indeed have coſt Jones very dear, had not Partridge, who, as we have ſaid, was a very cunning fellow, artfully thrown in half a crown to be ſpent at that very alehouſe, while the boy was waiting for his companion. This half crown the landlord no ſooner got ſcent of, than he opened after it with ſuch vehement and perſuaſive outcry, that the boy was ſoon overcome, and conſented

ſented to take half a crown more for his ſtay. Here we cannot help obſerving, that as there is ſo much of policy in the loweſt life, great men often over-value themſelves on thoſe refinements in impoſture, in which they are frequently excelled by ſome of the loweſt of the human ſpecies.

The horſes being now produced, Jones directly leapt into the ſide-ſaddle, on which his dear Sophia had rid. The lad indeed very civilly offered him the uſe of his; but he choſe the ſide-ſaddle, probably becauſe it was ſofter. Partridge however, though full as effeminate as Jones, could not bear the thoughts of degrading his manhood; he therefore accepted the boy's offer; and now Jones, being mounted on the ſide-ſaddle of his Sophia, the boy on that of Mrs. Honour, and Partridge beſtriding the third horſe, they ſet forwards on their journey, and within four hours arrived at the inn where the reader hath already ſpent ſo much time. Partridge was in very high ſpirits during the whole way, and often mentioned to Jones the many good omens of his future ſucceſs, which had lately befriended him; and which the reader, without being the leaſt ſuperſtitious, muſt allow to have been peculiarly fortunate. Partridge was moreover better pleaſed with the preſent purſuit of his companion, than he had been with his purſuit of glory; and from theſe very omens, which aſſured the pedagogue of ſucceſs, he likewiſe firſt acquired a clear idea of the amour between Jones and Sophia; to which he had before given very little attention, as he had originally taken a wrong ſcent concerning the reaſons of Jones's departure; and as to what happened at Upton, he was too much frightened juſt before and after his leaving that place, to draw any other concluſions from thence, than that poor Jones was a downright madman: a conceit which was not at all diſagreeable to the opinion he before had of his extraordinary wildneſs, of which, he thought, his behaviour on their quitting Glou-

ceſter ſo well juſtified all the accounts he had formerly received. He was now however pretty well ſatisfied with his preſent expedition, and henceforth began to conceive much worthier ſentiments of his friend's underſtanding.

The clock had juſt ſtruck three when they arrived, and Jones immediately beſpoke poſt-horſes; but unluckily there was not a horſe to be procured in the whole place; which the reader will not wonder at, when he conſiders the hurry in which the whole nation, and eſpecially this part of it, was at this time engaged, when expreſſes were paſſing and repaſſing every hour of the day and night.

Jones endeavoured all he could to prevail with his former guide to eſcorte him to Coventry; but he was inexorable. While he was arguing with the boy in the inn yard, a perſon came up to him, and ſaluting him by his name, enquired how all the good family did in Somerſetſhire; and now Jones caſting his eyes upon this perſon, preſently diſcovered him to be Mr. Dowling the lawyer, with whom he had dined at Glouceſter, and with much courteſy returned his ſalutation,

Dowling very earneſtly preſſed Mr. Jones to go no further that night; and backed his ſolicitations with many unanſwerable arguments, ſuch as, that it was almoſt dark, that the roads were very dirty, and that he would be able to travel much better by daylight, with many others equally good, ſome of which Jones had probably ſuggeſted to himſelf before; but as they were then ineffectual ſo they were ſtill; and he continued reſolute in his deſign, even though he ſhould be obliged to ſet out on foot.

When the good attorney found he could not prevail on Jones to ſtay, he as ſtrenuouſly applied himſelf to perſuade the guide to accompany him. He urged many motives to induce him to undertake this ſhort journey, and at laſt concluded with ſaying,

ing, 'Do you think the gentleman won't very well 'reward you for your trouble?'

Two to one are odds at every other thing, as well as at foot-ball. But the advantage which this united force hath in perſuaſion or entreaty, muſt have been viſible to a curious obſerver; for he muſt have often ſeen, that when a father, a maſter, a wife, or any other perſon in authority, have ſtoutly adhered to a denial againſt all the reaſons which a ſingle man could produce, they have afterwards yielded to the repetition of the ſame ſentiments by a ſecond or third perſon, who hath undertaken the cauſe without attempting to advance any thing new in its behalf. And hence perhaps proceeds the phraſe of ſeconding an argument or a motion, and the great conſequence this is of in all aſſemblies of public debate. Hence likewiſe probably it is, that in our courts of law we often hear a learned gentleman (generally a ſerjeant) repeating for an hour together what another learned gentleman who ſpoke juſt before him, had been ſaying.

Inſtead of accounting for this, we ſhall proceed in our uſual manner to exemplify it in the conduct of the lad above-mentioned, who ſubmitted to the perſuaſions of Mr. Dowling, and promiſed once more to admit Jones into his ſide-ſaddle; but inſiſted on firſt giving the poor creatures a good bait, ſaying, they had travelled a great way, and been rid very hard. Indeed this caution of the boy was needleſs; for Jones, notwithſtanding his hurry and impatience, would have ordered this of himſelf; for he by no means agreed with the opinion of thoſe who conſider animals as mere machines, and when they bury their ſpurs in the belly of their horſe, imagine the ſpur and the horſe to have an equal capacity of feeling pain.

While the beaſts were eating their corn, or rather were ſuppoſed to eat it; (for as the boy was taking care of himſelf in the kitchen, the hoſtler took

great care that his corn ſhould not be conſumed in the ſtable) Mr. Jones, at the earneſt deſire of Mr. Dowling, accompanied that gentleman into his room, where they ſat down together over a bottle of wine.

CHAP. X.

In which Mr. Jones and Mr. Dowling drink a bottle together.

MR. Dowling, pouring out a glaſs of wine, named the health of the good 'ſquire Allworthy; adding, 'If you pleaſe, Sir, we will likewiſe remember his nephew and heir, the young 'ſquire: come, Sir, here's Mr. Blifil to you, a very 'pretty young gentleman; and who, I dare ſwear will 'hereafter make a very conſiderable figure in his 'country. I have a borough for him myſelf in my 'eye.'

'Sir,' anſwered Jones, 'I am convinced you 'don't intend to affront me, ſo I ſhall not reſent it; 'but, I promiſe you, you have joined two perſons 'very improperly together; for one is the glory of 'the human ſpecies, and the other is a raſcal who 'diſhonours the name of man.'

Dowling ſtared at this. He ſaid, 'He thought 'both the gentlemen had a very unexceptionable 'character. As for 'ſquire Allworthy himſelf,' ſays he, 'I never had the happineſs to ſee him; but all 'the world talks of his goodneſs. And, indeed, as 'to the young gentleman, I never ſaw him but once, 'when I carried him the news of the loſs of his 'mother; and then I was ſo hurried, and drove 'and tore with the multiplicity of buſineſs, that I 'had hardly time to converſe with him; but he 'looked ſo like a very honeſt gentleman, and behaved himſelf ſo prettily, that I proteſt I never was 'more delighted with any gentleman ſince I was 'born.'

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'I don't wonder,' anſwered Jones, 'that he 'ſhould impoſe upon you in ſo ſhort an acquaint-'ance; for he hath the cunning of the devil him-'ſelf, and you may live with him many years with-'out diſcovering him. I was bred up with him 'from my infancy, and we were hardly ever aſun-'der; but it is very lately only, that I have diſco-'vered half the villainy which is in him. I own I 'never greatly liked him. I thought he wanted 'that generoſity of ſpirit, which is the ſure founda-'tion of all that is great and noble in human nature. 'I ſaw a ſelfiſhneſs in him long ago which I deſpiſed; 'but it is lately, very lately, that I have found him 'capable of the baſeſt and blackeſt deſigns; for, in-'deed, I have at laſt found out, that he hath taken 'an advantage of the openneſs of my own temper, 'and hath concerted the deepeſt project, by a long 'train of wicked artifice, to work my ruin, which 'at laſt he hath effected.'

'Ay! Ay!' cries Dowling, 'I proteſt then, it 'is a pity ſuch a perſon ſhould inherit the great eſtate 'of your uncle Allworthy.'

'Alas, Sir,' cries Jones, 'you do me an honour 'to which I have no title. It is true, indeed, his 'goodneſs once allowed me the liberty of calling him 'by a much nearer name; but as this was only a 'voluntary act of goodneſs, I can complain of no 'injuſtice when he thinks proper to deprive me of 'this honour; ſince the loſs cannot be more un-'merited than the gift originally was. I aſſure you, 'Sir, I am no relation of Mr. Allworthy; and if 'the world, who are incapable of ſetting a true 'value on his virtue, ſhould think, in his behaviour 'by me, he hath dealt hardly by a relation, they 'do an injuſtice to the beſt of men: for I—but I 'aſk your pardon, I ſhall trouble you with no par-'ticulars relating to myſelf; only as you ſeemed to 'think me a relation of Mr. Allworthy, I thought 'proper to ſet you right in a matter that might

'draw

'draw ſome cenſures upon him, which I promiſe 'you I would rather loſe my life, than give occaſion 'to.'

'I proteſt, Sir,' ſays Dowling, 'you talk very 'much like a man of honour; but inſtead of giving 'me any trouble, I proteſt it would give me great 'pleaſure to know how you came to be thought a 'relation of Mr. Allworthy's, if you are not. Your 'horſes won't be ready this half hour, and as you 'have ſufficient opportunity, I wiſh you would tell 'me how all that happened; for I proteſt it ſeems 'very ſurprizing that you ſhould paſs for a relation 'of a gentleman, without being ſo.'

Jones, who in the compliance of this diſpoſition (though not in his prudence) a little reſembled his lovely Sophia, was eaſily prevailed on to ſatisfy Mr. Dowling's curioſity, by relating the hiſtory of his birth and education, which he did, like Othello,

——Even from his boyiſh years,
To th' very moment he was bade to tell,

the which to hear, Dowling, like Deſdemona, did ſeriouſly incline;

He ſwore 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wonderous pitiful.

Mr. Dowling was indeed very greatly affected with this relation; for he had not diveſted himſelf of humanity by being an attorney. Indeed, nothing is more unjuſt than to carry out prejudices againſt a profeſſion into private life, and to borrow our idea of a man from our opinion of his calling. Habit, it is true, leſſens the horror of thoſe actions which the profeſſion makes neceſſary, and conſequently habitual; but in all other inſtances, nature works in men of all profeſſions alike; nay, perhaps, even more ſtrongly with thoſe who give her, as it were,

a holiday, when they are following their ordinary buſineſs. A butcher, I make no doubt, would feel compunction at the ſlaughter of a fine horſe; and though a ſurgeon can conceive no pain in cutting off a limb, I have known him compaſſionate a man in a fit of the gout. The common hang-man, who hath ſtretched the necks of hundreds, is known to have trembled at his firſt operation on a head: and the very profeſſors of human blood-ſhedding, who in their trade of war butcher thouſands, not only of their fellow profeſſors, but often of women and children, without remorſe; even theſe, I ſay, in times of peace, when drums and trumpets are laid aſide, often lay aſide all their ferocity, and become very gentle members of civil ſociety. In the ſame manner an attorney may feel all the miſeries and diſtreſſes of his fellow creatures, provided he happens not to be concerned againſt them.

Jones, as the reader knows, was yet unacquainted with the very black colours in which he had been repreſented to Mr. Allworthy; and as to other matters he did not ſhew them in the moſt diſadvantageous light: for though he was unwilling to caſt any blame on his former friend and patron; yet he was not very deſirous of heaping too much upon himſelf. Dowling therefore obſerved, and not without reaſon, that very ill offices muſt have been done him by ſome body: 'For certainly,' cries he, 'the 'ſquire 'would never have diſinherited you only for a few 'faults, which any young gentleman might have 'committed. Indeed, I cannot properly ſay diſin-'herited; for to be ſure by law you cannot claim 'as heir. That's certain; that no body need go to 'counſel for. Yet when a gentleman had in a man-'ner adopted you thus as his own ſon, you might 'reaſonably have expected ſome very conſiderable 'part, if not the whole; nay, if you had expected 'the whole, I ſhould not have blamed you: for cer-

'tainly

'tainly all men are for getting as much as they can,
'and they are not to be blamed on that account.'

'Indeed you wrong me,' ſaid Jones, 'I ſhould
'have been contented with very little: I never had
'any view upon Mr. Allworthy's fortune; nay,
'I believe, I may truly ſay, I never once conſidered
'what he could or might give me. This I ſolemnly
'declare, if he had done a prejudice to his nephew
'in my favour, I would have undone it again. I
'had rather enjoy my own mind than the fortune
'of another man. What is the poor pride ariſing
'from a magnificent houſe, a numerous equipage, a
'ſplendid table, and from all the other advantages
'or appearances of fortune, compared to the warm,
'ſolid content, the ſwelling ſatisfaction, the thril-
'ling tranſports, and the exulting triumphs, which
'a good mind enjoys, in the contemplation of a
'generous, virtuous, noble, benevolent action? I
'envy not Blifil in the proſpect of his wealth; nor
'ſhall I envy him in the poſſeſſion of it. I would
'not think myſelf a raſcal half an hour, to exchange
'ſituations. I believe, indeed, Mr. Blifil ſuſpected
'me of the views you mention; and I ſuppoſe theſe
'ſuſpicions, as they aroſe from the baſeneſs of his
'own heart, ſo they occaſioned his baſeneſs to me.
'But, I thank heaven, I know, I feel, —— I feel
'my innocence, my friend; and I would not part
'with that feeling for the world. —— For as long as
'I know I have never done, nor even deſigned an
'injury to any being whatever,

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æſtiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulæ, maluſque
Jupiter urget.

Pone, ſub curru nimium propinqui
Solis in Terra dominibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.*

He then filled a bumper of wine, and drank it off to the health of his dear Lalage; and filling Dowling's glaſs likewiſe up to the brim, inſiſted on his pledging him. 'Why then here's Miſs Lalage's 'health, with all my heart,' cries Dowling. 'I have 'heard her toaſted often, I proteſt, though I never 'ſaw her; but they ſay ſhe's extremely handſome.'

Though the Latin was not the only part of this ſpeech which Dowling did not perfectly underſtand; yet there was ſomewhat in it, that made a very ſtrong impreſſion upon him. And though he endeavoured by winking, nodding, ſneering, and grinning, to hide the impreſſion from Jones, (for we are as often aſhamed of thinking right as of thinking wrong) it is certain he ſecretly approved as much of his ſentiments as he underſtood, and really felt a very ſtrong impulſe of compaſſion for him. But we may poſſibly take ſome other opportunity of commenting upon this, eſpecially if we ſhould happen to meet Mr. Dowling any more in the courſe of our hiſtory.

* Place me where never ſummer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever lowering clouds appear,
And angry Jove deforms th' inclement year.

Place me beneath the burning ray,
Where rolls the rapid carr of day;
Love and the nymph ſhall charm my toils,
The nymph who ſweetly ſpeaks, and ſweetly ſmiles.

Mr. FRANCIS.

At

At preſent we are obliged to take our leave of that gentleman a little abruptly, in imitation of Mr. Jones; who was no ſooner informed, by Partridge, that his horſes were ready, than he depoſited his reckoning, wiſhed his companion a good night, mounted, and ſet forward towards Coventry, though the night was dark, and it juſt then began to rain very hard.

CHAP. XI.

The diſaſters which befel Jones on his departure for Coventry; with the ſage remarks of Partridge.

NO road can be plainer than that from the place where they now were to Coventry; and though neither Jones nor Partridge, nor the guide had ever travelled it before. it would have been almoſt impoſſible to have miſſed their way, had it not been for the two reaſons mentioned in the concluſion of the laſt chapter.

Theſe two circumſtances, however, happening both unfortunately to intervene, our travellers deviated into a much leſs frequented track; and after riding full ſix miles, inſtead of arriving at the ſtately ſpires of Coventry, they found themſelves ſtill in a very dirty lane, where they ſaw no ſymptoms of approaching the ſuburbs of a large city.

Jones now declared that they muſt certainly have loſt their way; but this the guide inſiſted upon was impoſſible; a word which, in common converſation, is often uſed to ſignify not only improbable, but often what is really very likely, and, ſometimes, what hath certainly happened: an hyperbolical violence like that which is ſo frequently offered to the words infinite and eternal; by the former of which it is uſual to expreſs a diſtance of half a yard, and by the latter, a duration of five minutes. And thus it is as uſual to aſſert the impoſſibility of loſing what

is already actually loſt. This was, in fact, the caſe at preſent: for notwithſtanding all the confident aſſertions of the lad to the contrary, it is certain they were no more in the right road to Coventry, than the fraudulent, griping, cruel, canting miſer is in the right road to heaven.

It is not, perhaps, eaſy for a reader who hath never been in thoſe circumſtances, to imagine the horror with which darkneſs, rain, and wind, fill perſons who have loſt their way in the night; and who, conſequently, have not the pleaſant proſpect of warm fires, dry cloaths, and other refreſhments, to ſupport their minds in ſtruggling with the inclemencies of the weather. A very imperfect idea of this horror will, however, ſerve ſufficiently to account for the conceits which now filled the head of Partridge, and which we ſhall preſently be obliged to open.

Jones grew more and more poſitive that they were out of their road; and the boy himſelf, at laſt, acknowledged he believed they were not in the right road to Coventry; though he affirmed, at the ſame time, it was impoſſible they ſhould have miſt the way. But Partridge was of a different opinion. He ſaid, 'When they firſt ſet out he imagined ſome miſchief 'or other would happen. —— Did not you obſerve, 'Sir,' ſaid he to Jones, 'that old woman who ſtood 'at the door juſt as you was taking horſe? I wiſh 'you had given her a ſmall matter, with all my 'heart; for ſhe ſaid then you might repent it; 'and at that very inſtant it began to rain, and the 'wind hath continued riſing ever ſince. Whatever 'ſome people may think, I am very certain it is in 'the power of witches to raiſe the wind whenever 'they pleaſe. I have ſeen it happen very often in 'my time: and if ever I ſaw a witch in all my life, 'that old woman was certainly one. I thought ſo 'to myſelf at that very time; and if I had any half-'pence in my pocket, I would have given her ſome:

'for

'for to be ſure it is always good to be charitable to 'thoſe ſort of people, for fear what may happen; 'and many a perſon hath loſt his cattle by ſaving a 'halfpenny.'

Jones, though he was horridly vexed at the delay which this miſtake was likely to occaſion in his journey, could not help ſmiling at the ſuperſtition of his friend, whom an accident now greatly confirmed in his opinion. This was a tumble from his horſe; by which, however, he received no other injury than what the dirt conferred on his cloaths.

Partridge had no ſooner recovered his legs, than he appealed to his fall, as concluſive evidence of all he had aſſerted; but Jones, finding he was unhurt, anſwered with a ſmile: 'This witch of yours, 'Partridge, is a moſt ungrateful jade, and doth not, 'I find, diſtinguiſh her friends from others in her 'reſentment. If the old lady had been angry with 'me for neglecting her, I don't ſee why ſhe ſhould 'tumble you from your horſe, after all the reſpect 'you have expreſſed for her.'

'It is ill jeſting,' cries Partridge, 'with people 'who have power to do theſe things; for they are 'often very malicious. I remember a farrier, who 'provoked one of them, by aſking her when the 'time ſhe had bargained with the devil for, would be 'out; and within three months from that very day 'one of his beſt cows was drowned. Nor was ſhe 'ſatisfied with that; for a little time afterwards he 'loſt a barrel of beſt drink: for the old witch pulled 'out the ſpigot, and let it run all over the cellar, 'the very firſt evening he had tapped it, to make 'merry with ſome of his neighbours. In ſhort, 'nothing ever thrived with him afterwards; for ſhe 'worried the poor man ſo, that he took to drinking; 'and in a year or two his ſtock was ſeized, and he 'and his family are now come to the pariſh.'

The

The guide, and perhaps his horſe too, were both ſo attentive to this diſcourſe, that, either through want of care, or by the malice of the witch, they were now both ſprawling in the dirt.

Partridge entirely imputed this fall, as he had done his own, to the ſame cauſe. He told Mr. Jones, 'it 'would certainly be his turn next;' and earneſtly entreated him, 'to return back, and find out the 'old woman, and pacify her. We ſhall very ſoon,' added he, 'reach the inn; for though we have 'ſeemed to go forward, I am very certain we are in 'the identical place in which we were an hour ago; 'and I dare ſwear, if it was day-light, we might now 'ſee the inn we ſet out from.'

Inſtead of returning any anſwer to this ſage advice, Jones was entirely attentive to what had happened to the boy, who received no other hurt than what had before befallen Partridge, and which his clothes very eaſily bore, as they had been for many years inured to the like. He ſoon regained his ſide-ſaddle, and by the hearty curſes and blows which he beſtowed on his horſe, quickly ſatisfied Mr. Jones that no harm was done.

CHAP. XII.

Relates that Mr. Jones continued his journey contrary to the advice of Partridge, with what happened on that occaſion.

THEY now diſcovered a light at ſome diſtance, to the great pleaſure of Jones, and to the no ſmall terror of Partridge, who firmly believed himſelf to be bewitched, and that this light was a Jack with a Lantern, or ſomewhat more miſchievous.

But how were theſe fears increaſed, when, as they approached nearer to this light, (or lights as they now appeared) they heard a confuſed ſound of human voices; of ſinging, laughing, and hallowing, together

with a ſtrange noiſe that ſeemed to proceed from ſome inſtruments; but could hardly be allowed the name of muſic! indeed, to favour a little the opinion of Partridge, it might very well be called muſic bewitched.

It is impoſſible to conceive a much greater degree of horror than what now ſeized on Partridge; the contagion of which had reached the poſt-boy, who had been very attentive to many things that the other had uttered. He now therefore joined in petitioning Jones to return; ſaying, he firmly believed what Partridge had juſt before ſaid, that though the horſes ſeemed to go on, they had not moved a ſtep forwards during at leaſt the laſt half hour.

Jones could not help ſmiling in the midſt of his vexation, at the fears of theſe poor fellows. 'Either 'we advance,' ſays he, 'towards the lights, or the 'lights have advanced towards us; for we are now 'at a very little diſtance from them; but how can 'either of you be afraid of a ſet of people who ap-'pear only to be merry-making?'

'Merry-making, Sir!' cries Partridge; 'who 'could be merry-making at this time of night, and 'in ſuch a place, and ſuch weather? They can be 'nothing but ghoſts or witches, or ſome evil ſpirits 'or other, that's certain.'

'Let them be what they will,' cries Jones, 'I am 'reſolved to go up to them, and enquire the way to 'Coventry. All witches, Partridge, are not ſuch 'ill-natured hags as that we had the misfortune to 'meet with laſt.'

'O Lord, Sir!' cries Partridge, 'there is no know-'ing what humour they will be in; to be ſure it is 'always beſt to be civil to them; but what if we 'ſhould meet with ſomething worſe than witches, 'with evil ſpirits themſelves?——Pray, Sir, be ad-'viſed; pray, Sir, do. If you had read ſo many 'terrible accounts as I have of theſe matters, you 'would not be ſo fool-hardy.——The Lord knows

'whither

'whither we have got already, or whither we are 'going; for ſure ſuch darkneſs was never ſeen upon 'earth, and I queſtion whether it can be darker in 'the other world.'

Jones put forwards as faſt as he could, notwithſtanding all theſe hints and cautions, and poor Partridge was obliged to follow: for though he hardly dared to advance, he dared ſtill leſs to ſtay behind by himſelf.

At length they arrived at the place whence the lights and different noiſes had iſſued. This Jones perceived to be no other than a barn where a great number of men and women were aſſembled, and diverting themſelves with much apparent jollity.

Jones no ſooner appeared before the great doors of the barn, which were open, than a maſculine and very rough voice from within demanded, who was there? —— To which Jones gently anſwered, a friend; and immediately aſked the road to Coventry.

'If you are a friend,' cries another of the men in the barn, 'you had better alight till the ſtorm 'is over;' (for indeed it was now more violent than ever) 'you are very welcome to put up your horſe; 'for there is ſufficient room for him at one end of 'the barn.'

'You are very obliging,' returned Jones; 'and 'I will accept your offer for a few minutes, whilſt 'the rain continues; and here are two more who will 'be glad of the ſame favour.' This was accorded with more good-will than it was accepted: for Partridge would rather have ſubmitted to the utmoſt inclemency of the weather, than have truſted to the clemency of thoſe whom he took for hobgoblins; and the poor poſt-boy was now infected with the ſame apprehenſions; but they were both obliged to follow the example of Jones; the one becauſe he durſt not leave his horſe, and the other becauſe he feared nothing ſo much as being left by himſelf.

Had this hiſtory been writ in the days of ſuperſtition, I ſhould have had too much compaſſion for the reader to have left him ſo long in ſuſpence, whether Beelzebub or Satan was about actually to appear in perſon, with all his helliſh retinue; but as theſe doctrines are at preſent very unfortunate, and have but few, if any believers, I have not been much aware of conveying any ſuch terrors. To ſay truth, the whole furniture of the infernal regions hath long been appropriated by the managers of playhouſes, who ſeem lately to have lain them by as rubbiſh, capable only of affecting the upper gallery; a place in which few of our readers ever ſit.

However, though we do not ſuſpect raiſing any great terror on this occaſion, we have reaſon to fear ſome other apprehenſions may here ariſe in our reader, into which we would not willingly betray him; I mean, that we are going to take a voyage into fairy land, and to introduce a ſet of beings into our hiſtory, which ſcarce any one was ever childiſh enough to believe, though many have been fooliſh enough to ſpend their time in writing and reading their adventures.

To prevent therefore any ſuch ſuſpicions, ſo prejudicial to the credit of an hiſtorian, who profeſſes to draw his materials from nature only, we ſhall now proceed to acquaint the reader who theſe people were, whoſe ſudden appearance had ſtruck ſuch terrors into Partridge, had more than half frightened the poſtboy, and had a little ſurprized even Mr. Jones himſelf.

The people then aſſembled in this barn were no other than a company of Egyptians, or, as they are vulgarly called, Gypſies, and they were now celebrating the wedding of one of their ſociety.

It is impoſſible to conceive a happier ſet of people than appeared here to be met together. The utmoſt mirth indeed ſhewed itſelf in every countenance; nor was their ball totally void of all order and decorum.

Perhaps

Perhaps it had more than a country aſſembly is ſometimes conducted with: for theſe people are ſubject to a formal government and laws of their own, and all pay obedience to one great magiſtrate, whom they call their king.

Greater plenty likewiſe was no where to be ſeen, than what flouriſhed in this barn. Here was indeed no nicety nor elegance, nor did the keen appetite of the gueſts require any. Here was good ſtore of bacon, fowls, and mutton, to which every one preſent provided better ſauce himſelf, than the beſt and deareſt French cook can prepare.

Æneas is not deſcribed under more conſternation in the temple of Juno,

Dum ſtupet obtutuque hæret defixus in uno,

than was our hero at what he ſaw in this barn. While he was looking every where round him with aſtoniſhment, a venerable perſon approached him with many friendly ſalutations, rather of too hearty a kind to be called courtly. This was no other than the king of the Gypſies himſelf. He was very little diſtinguiſhed in dreſs from his ſubjects, nor had he any regalia of majeſty to ſupport his dignity; and yet there ſeemed (as Mr. Jones ſaid) to be ſomewhat in his air which denoted authority, and inſpired the beholders with an idea of awe and reſpect; though all this was perhaps imaginary in Jones; and the truth may be, that ſuch ideas are incident to power, and almoſt inſeparable from it.

There was ſomewhat in the open countenance and courteous behaviour of Jones, which, being accompanied with much comelineſs of perſon, greatly recommended him at firſt ſight to every beholder. Theſe were perhaps a little heightened in the preſent inſtance, by that profound reſpect which he paid to the king of the Gypſies, the moment he was acquainted with his dignity, and which was the ſweeter

to his Gypſeian majeſty, as he was not uſed to receive ſuch homage from any but his own ſubjects.

The king ordered a table to be ſpread with the choiceſt of their proviſions for his accommodation; and having placed himſelf at his right hand, his majeſty began to diſcourſe our hero in the following manner:

'Me doubt not, Sir, but you have often ſeen ſome 'of my people, who are what you call de parties 'detache: for dey go about every where; but me 'fancy you imagine not we be ſo conſidrable body 'as we be; and may be you will be ſurpriſe more, when 'you hear de Gypſy be as orderly and well govern 'people as any upon face of de earth.

'Me have honour, as me ſay, to be deir king, 'and no monarch can do boaſt of more dutiful ſub-'ject, ne no more affectionate. How far me deſerve 'deir good-will, me no ſay; but dis me can ſay, dat 'me never deſign any ting but to do dem good. Me 'ſall no do boaſt of dat neider: for what can me do 'oderwiſe dan conſider of de good of doſe poor 'people who go about all day to give me always the 'beſt of what dey get. Dey love and honour me 'darefore, becauſe me do love and take care of dem; 'dat is all, me know no oder reaſon.

'About a touſand or two touſand year ago, me 'cannot tell to a year or two, as can neider write 'nor read, there was a great what you call, — a volu-'tion among de Gypſy; for dere was de lord Gypſy 'in doſe days; and deſe lord did quarrel vid one 'anoder about de place; but de king of de Gypſy 'did demoliſh dem all, and made all his ſubject 'equal vid each oder; and ſince that time dey have 'agree very well: for dey no tink of being king, 'and may be it be better for dem as dey be; for me 'aſſure you it be ver troubleſome ting to be king, 'and always to do juſtice; me have often wiſh to 'be de private Gypſy when me have been forced to 'puniſh my dear friend and relation; for dough we

'never

'never put to death, our puniſhments be ver ſevere. 'Dey make de Gypſy aſhamed of demſelves, and dat 'be ver terrible puniſhment; me ave ſcarce ever 'known de Gypſe ſo puniſh do harm any more.'

The king then proceeded to expreſs ſome wonder that there was no ſuch puniſhment as ſhame in other governments. Upon which Jones aſſured him to the contrary; for that there were many crimes for which ſhame was inflicted by the Engliſh laws, and that it was indeed one conſequence of all puniſhment. 'Dat 'be ver ſtrange,' ſaid the king: 'for me know and 'hears good deal of your people, dough me no live 'among dem; and me ave often hear dat ſham is 'de conſequence and de cauſe too of many of your 'rewards. Are your rewards and puniſhments den 'de ſame ting?'

While his majeſty was thus diſcourſing with Jones, a ſudden uproar aroſe in the barn, and as it ſeems upon this occaſion: the courteſy of theſe people had by degrees removed all the apprehenſions of Partridge, and he was prevailed upon not only to ſtuff himſelf with their food, but to taſte ſome of their liquors, which by degrees entirely expelled all fear from his compoſition, and in its ſtead introduced much more agreeable ſenſations.

A young female Gypſy, more remarkable for her wit than her beauty, had decoyed the honeſt fellow aſide, pretending to tell his fortune. Now, when they were alone together in a remote part of the barn, whether it proceeded from the ſtrong liquor, which is never ſo apt to inflame inordinate deſire as after moderate fatigue; or whether the fair Gypſy herſelf threw aſide the delicacy and decency of her ſex, and tempted the youth Partridge with expreſs ſolicitations; but they were diſcovered in a very improper manner by the huſband of the Gypſy, who, from jealouſy, it ſeems, had kept a watchful eye over his wife, and had dogged her to the place, where he found her in the arms of her gallant.

To the great confuſion of Jones, Partridge was now hurried before the king; who heard the accuſation, and likewiſe the culprit's defence, which was indeed very trifling: for the poor fellow was confounded by the plain evidence which appeared againſt him, and had very little to ſay for himſelf. His majeſty then turning towards Jones, ſaid, 'Sir, 'you have hear what dey ſey; what puniſhment do 'you tink your man deſerve?'

Jones anſwered, 'He was ſorry for what had 'happened, and that Partridge ſhould make the 'huſband all the amends in his power: he ſaid, he 'had very little money about him at that time;' and putting his hand into his pocket, offered the fellow a guinea. To which he immediately anſwered, 'He 'hoped his honour would not think of giving him 'leſs than five.'

This ſum, after ſome altercation, was reduced to two; and Jones having ſtipulated for the full forgiveneſs of both Partridge and the wife, was going to pay the money; when his majeſty reſtraining his hand, turned to the witneſs, and aſked him, 'At 'what time he had diſcovered the criminals?' To which he anſwered, 'That he had been deſired by the 'huſband to watch the motions of his wife from her 'firſt ſpeaking to the ſtranger, and that he had never 'loſt ſight of her afterwards till the crime had been 'committed.' The king then aſked, 'If the huſband 'was with him all that time in his lurking place?' To which he anſwered in the affirmative. His Egyptian majeſty then addreſſed himſelf to the huſband as follows, 'Me be ſorry to ſee any Gypſy dat have 'no more honour dan to ſell de honour of his wife 'for money. If you had de love for your wife, you 'would have prevented dis matter, and not endeavour to make her de whore dat you might diſcover 'her. Me do order dat you have no money given 'you, for you deſerve puniſhment, not reward; me 'do order derefore, dat you be de infamous Gypſy,

'and

'and do wear a pair of horns upon your forehead for 'one month, and dat your wife be called de whore, 'and pointed at all dat time; for you be de infamous 'Gypſy, but ſhe be no leſs de infamous whore.'

The Gypſies immediately proceeded to execute the ſentence, and left Jones and Partridge alone with his majeſty.

Jones greatly applauded the juſtice of the ſentence; upon which the king turning to him ſaid, 'Me believe you be ſurprize: for me ſuppoſe you 'have ver bad opinion of my people; me ſuppoſe 'you tink us all de tieves.'

'I muſt confeſs, Sir,' ſaid Jones, 'I have not 'heard ſo favourable an account of them as they 'ſeem to deſerve.'

'Me vil tell you,' ſaid the king, 'how the dif-'ference is between you and us. My people rob your 'people, and your people rob one anoder.'

Jones afterwards proceeded very gravely to ſing forth the happineſs of thoſe ſubjects who live under ſuch a magiſtrate.

Indeed their happineſs appears to have been ſo complete, that we are aware leſt ſome advocate for arbitrary power ſhould hereafter quote the caſe of thoſe people, as an inſtance of the great advantages which attend that government above all others.

And here we will make a conceſſion, which would not perhaps have been expected from us, that no limited form of government is capable of riſing to the ſame degree of perfection, or of producing the ſame benefits to ſociety with this. Mankind have never been ſo happy, as when the greateſt part of the then known world was under the dominion of a ſingle maſter; and this ſtate of their felicity continued during the reigns of five ſucceſſive princes *, This was the true æra of the golden age, and the

* Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonini.

only

only golden age, which ever had any exiſtence, unleſs in the warm imaginations of the poets, from the expulſion from Eden down to this day.

In reality, I know but of one ſolid objection to abſolute monarchy. The only defect in which excellent conſtitution ſeems to be, the difficulty of finding any man adequate to the office of an abſolute monarch: for this indiſpenſably requires three qualities very difficult, as it appears from hiſtory, to be found in princely natures: firſt, a ſufficient quantity of moderation in the prince, to be contented with all the power which is poſſible for him to have. 2dly, Enough of wiſdom to know his own happineſs. And, 3dly, Goodneſs ſufficient to ſupport the happineſs of others, when not only compatible with, but inſtrumental to his own.

Now if an abſolute monarch, with all theſe great and rare qualifications, ſhould be allowed capable of conferring the greateſt good on ſociety; it muſt be ſurely granted, on the contrary, that abſolute power veſted in the hands of one who is deficient in them all, is likely to be attended with no leſs a degree of evil.

In ſhort, our own religion furniſhes us with adequate ideas of the bleſſing, as well as curſe which may attend abſolute power. The pictures of heaven and of hell will place a very lively image of both before our eyes; for though the prince of the latter can have no power, but what he originally derives from the omnipotent ſovereign in the former; yet it plainly appears from ſcripture, that abſolute power in his infernal dominions is granted to their diabolical ruler. This is indeed the only abſolute power which can by ſcripture be derived from heaven. If therefore the ſeveral tyrannies upon earth can prove any title to a divine authority, it muſt be derived from this original grant to the prince of darkneſs, and theſe ſubordinate deputations muſt conſequently come

come immediately from him whoſe ſtamp they ſo expreſsly bear.

To conclude, as the examples of all ages ſhew us that mankind in general deſire power only to do harm, and when they obtain it, uſe it for no other purpoſe; it is not conſonant with even the leaſt degree of prudence to hazard an alteration, where our hopes are poorly kept in countenance by only two or three exceptions out of a thouſand inſtances to alarm our fears. In this caſe it will be much wiſer to ſubmit to a few inconveniences ariſing from the diſpaſſionate deafneſs of laws, than to remedy them by applying to the paſſionate open ears of a tyrant.

Nor can the example of the Gypſies, though poſſibly they may have long been happy under this form of government, be here urged; ſince we muſt remember the very material reſpect in which they differ from all other people, and to which perhaps this their happineſs is entirely owing, namely, that they have no falſe honours among them; and that they look on ſhame as the moſt grievous puniſhment in the world.

CHAP. XIII.

A dialogue between Jones and Partridge.

THE honeſt lovers of liberty will, we doubt not, pardon that long digreſſion into which we were led at the cloſe of the laſt chapter, to prevent our hiſtory from being applied to the uſe of the moſt pernicious doctrine which prieſtcraft had ever the wickedneſs or the impudence to preach.

We will now proceed with Mr. Jones, who, when the ſtorm was over, took leave of his Egyptian majeſty, after many thanks for his courteous behaviour and kind entertainment, and ſet out for Coventry; to which place (for it was ſtill dark) a Gypſy was ordered to conduct him.

Jones

Jones having, by reaſon of his deviation, travelled eleven miles inſtead of ſix, and moſt of thoſe through very execrable roads, where no expedition could have been made in queſt of a midwife, did not arrive at Coventry till near twelve. Nor could he poſſibly get again into the ſaddle till paſt two; for poſt-horſes were now not eaſy to get; nor were the hoſtler or poſt-boy in half ſo great a hurry as himſelf, but choſe rather to imitate the tranquil diſpoſition of Partridge; who, being denied the nouriſhment of ſleep, took all opportunities to ſupply its place with every other kind of nouriſhment, and was never better pleaſed than when he arrived at an inn, nor ever more diſſatisfied than when he was again forced to leave it.

Jones now travelled poſt; we will follow him therefore, according to our cuſtom, and to the rules of Longinus, in the ſame manner. From Coventry he arrived at Daventry, from Daventry at Stratford, and from Stratford at Dunſtable, whither he came the next day a little after noon, and within a few hours after Sophia had left it; and though he was obliged to ſtay here longer than he wiſhed, while a ſmith, with great deliberation, ſhoed the poſt-horſe he was to ride, he doubted not but to overtake his Sophia before ſhe ſhould ſet out from St. Albans; at which place he concluded, and very reaſonably, that his lordſhip would ſtop and dine.

And had he been right in this conjecture, he moſt probably would have overtaken his angel at the aforeſaid place; but unluckily my lord had appointed a dinner to be prepared for him at his own houſe in London, and, in order to enable him to reach that place in proper time, he had ordered a relay of horſes to meet him at St. Albans. When Jones therefore arrived there, he was informed that the coach and ſix had ſet out two hours before.

If freſh poſt-horſes had been now ready, as they were not, it ſeemed ſo apparently impoſſible to overtake

take the coach before it reached London, that Partridge thought he had now a proper opportunity to remind his friend of a matter which he ſeemed entirely to have forgotten; what this was the reader will gueſs, when we inform him that Jones had eat nothing more than one poached egg ſince he had left the alehouſe where he had firſt met the guide returning from Sophia; for with the Gypſies, he had feaſted only his underſtanding.

The landlord ſo entirely agreed with the opinion of Mr. Partridge, that he no ſooner heard the latter deſire his friend to ſtay and dine, than he very readily put in his word, and retracting his promiſe before given of furniſhing the horſes immediately, he aſſured Mr. Jones he would loſe no time in beſpeaking a dinner, which, he ſaid, could be got ready ſooner than it was poſſible to get the horſes up from graſs, and to prepare them for their journey by a feed of corn.

Jones was at length prevailed on, chiefly by the latter argument of the landlord; and now a joint of mutton was put down to the fire. While this was preparing, Partridge being admitted into the ſame apartment with his friend or maſter, began to harangue in the following manner:

'Certainly, Sir, if ever man deſerved a young 'lady, you deſerve young Madam Weſtern; for 'what a vaſt quantity of love muſt a man have, to 'be able to live upon it without any other food, as 'you do? I am poſitive I have eat thirty times as 'much within theſe laſt twenty-four hours as your 'honour, and yet I am almoſt famiſhed; for no-'thing makes a man ſo hungry as travelling, eſpe-'cially in this cold raw weather. And yet I can't 'tell how it is, but your honour is ſeemingly in 'perfect good health, and you never looked better 'nor freſher in your life. It muſt be certainly love 'that you live upon.'

'And

'And a very rich diet too, Partridge,' anſwered Jones. 'But did not fortune ſend me an excellent 'dainty yeſterday? Doſt thou imagine I cannot live 'more than twenty-four hours on this dear pocket-'book?'

'Undoubtedly,' cries Partridge, 'there is enough 'in that pocket-book to purchaſe many a good meal. 'Fortune ſent it to your honour very opportunely 'for preſent uſe, as your honour's money muſt be 'almoſt out by this time.'

'What do you mean?' anſwered Jones; 'I hope 'you don't imagine that I ſhould be diſhoneſt 'enough, even if it belonged to any other perſon, 'beſides Miſs Weſtern——

'Diſhoneſt!' replied Partridge, 'heaven forbid I 'ſhould wrong your honour ſo much; but where's 'the diſhoneſty in borrowing a little for preſent 'ſpending, ſince you will be ſo well able to pay the 'lady hereafter? No, indeed, I would have your 'honour pay it again, as ſoon as it is convenient, 'by all means; but where can be the harm in mak-'ing uſe of it now you want it. Indeed, if it be-'longed to a poor body, it would be another thing; 'but ſo great a lady to be ſure can never want it, 'eſpecially now as ſhe is along with a lord, who, it 'can't be doubted, will let her have whatever ſhe 'hath need of. Beſides, if ſhe ſhould want a little, 'ſhe can't want the whole, therefore I would give 'her a little; but I would be hanged before I men-'tioned the having found it at firſt, and before I 'got ſome money of my own; for London, I have 'heard, is the very worſt of places to be in without 'money. Indeed, if I had not known to whom it 'belonged, I might have thought it was the devil's 'money, and have been afraid to uſe it; but as 'you know otherwiſe, and came honeſtly by it, it 'would be an affront to fortune to part with it all 'again, at the very time when you want it moſt; 'you can hardly expect ſhe ſhould ever do you ſuch

'another

'another good turn; for *fortuna nunquam perpetuo eſt bona.* You will do as you pleaſe, notwithſtanding all I ſay; but for my part, I would be hanged before I mentioned a word of the matter.'

'By what I can ſee, Partridge,' cries Jones, 'hanging is a matter *non longe alienum à ſcævolæ ſtudiis.*' You ſhould ſay *alienus,*' ſays Partridge—'I remember the paſſage; it is an example under *communis, alienus, immunis, variis caſibus ſerviunt.*' 'If you do remember it,' cries Jones, 'I find you don't underſtand it; but I tell thee, friend, in plain Engliſh, that he who finds another's property, and wilfully detains it from the known owner, deſerves *in foro conſcientiæ,* to be hanged no leſs than if he had ſtolen it. And as for this very identical bill, which is the property of my angel, and was once in her dear poſſeſſion, I will not deliver it into any hands but her own, upon any conſideration whatever; no, though I was as hungry as thou art, and had no other means to ſatisfy my craving appetite; this I hope to do before I ſleep; but if it ſhould happen otherwiſe, I charge thee, if thou wouldſt not incur my diſpleaſure for ever, not to ſhock me any more by the bare mention of ſuch deteſtable baſeneſs.'

'I ſhould not have mentioned it now,' cries Partridge, 'if it had appeared ſo to me; for I'm ſure I ſcorn any wickedneſs as much as another; but perhaps you know better; and yet I might have imagined that I ſhould not have lived ſo many years, and have taught ſchool ſo long, without being able to diſtinguiſh between *fas & nefas*; but it ſeems we are all to live and learn. I remember my old ſchoolmaſter, who was a prodigious great ſcholar, uſed often to ſay, *Polly matete cry town is my daſkalon.* The Engliſh of which, he told us, was, That a child may ſometimes teach his grandmother to ſuck eggs. I have lived to a fine purpoſe truly, if I am to be taught my grammar at this

'time of day. Perhaps, young gentleman, you may 'change your opinion, if you live to my years: for 'I remember I thought myſelf as wiſe when I was a 'ſtripling of one or two and twenty as I am now. 'I am ſure I always taught *alienus*, and my maſter 'read it ſo before me.'

There were not many inſtances in which Partridge could provoke Jones, nor were there many in which Partridge himſelf could have been hurried out of his reſpect. Unluckily, however, they had both hit on one of theſe. We have already ſeen Partridge could not bear to have his learning attacked, nor could Jones bear ſome paſſage or other in the foregoing ſpeech. And now looking upon his companion with a contemptuous and diſdainful air (a thing not uſual with him) he cried, 'Partridge, I ſee thou art a 'conceited old fool, and I wiſh thou art not likewiſe 'an old rogue. Indeed, if I was as well convinced 'of the latter as I am of the former, thou ſhouldſt 'travel no farther in my company.'

The ſage Pedagogue was contented with the vent which he had already given to his indignation; and, as the vulgar phraſe is, immediately drew in his horns. He ſaid, he was ſorry he had uttered any thing which might give offence, for that he had never intended it; but *Nemo omnibus horis ſapit.*

As Jones had the vices of a warm diſpoſition, he was entirely free from thoſe of a cold one; and if his friends muſt have confeſt his temper to have been a little too eaſily ruffled, his enemies muſt at the ſame time have confeſt, that it as ſoon ſubſided; nor did it at all reſemble the ſea, whoſe ſwelling is more violent and dangerous after a ſtorm is over, than while the ſtorm itſelf ſubſiſts. He inſtantly accepted the ſubmiſſion of Partridge, ſhook him by the hand, and with the moſt benign aſpect imaginable, ſaid twenty kind things, and at the ſame time very ſeverely condemned himſelf, though not half ſo ſeverely as he will

will moſt probably be condemned by many of our good readers.

Partridge was now highly comforted, as his fears of having offended were at once aboliſhed, and his pride completely ſatisfied by Jones having owned himſelf in the wrong, which ſubmiſſion he inſtantly applied to what had principally nettled him, and repeated, in a muttering voice, 'To be ſure, Sir, your 'knowledge may be ſuperior to mine in ſome things; 'but as to the grammar, I think I may challenge any 'man living. I think, at leaſt, I have that at my 'finger's end.'

If any thing could add to the ſatisfaction which the poor man now enjoyed, he received this addition by the arrival of an excellent ſhoulder of mutton, that at this inſtant came ſmoking to the table. On which, having both plentifully feaſted, they again mounted their horſes, and ſet forward for London.

CHAP. XIV.

What happened to Mr. Jones in his journey from St. Albans.

THEY were got about two miles beyond Barnet, and it was now the duſk of the evening, when a genteel looking man, but upon a very ſhabby horſe, rode up to Jones, and aſked him whether he was going to London, to which Jones anſwered in the affirmative. The gentleman replied, 'I ſhould 'be obliged to you, Sir, if you will accept of my 'company; for it is very late, and I am a ſtranger to 'the road.' Jones readily complied with the requeſt; and on they travelled together, holding that ſort of diſcourſe which is uſual on ſuch occaſions.

Of this, indeed, robbery was the principal topic: upon which ſubject the ſtranger expreſſed great apprehenſions; but Jones declared he had very little to loſe, and conſequently as little to fear. Here Par-

tridge could not forbear putting in his word. 'Your 'honour,' ſaid he, 'may think it a little, but I am 'ſure, if I had a hundred pound Bank note in my 'pocket, as you have, I ſhould be very ſorry to loſe 'it; but, for my part, I never was leſs afraid in my 'life; for we are four of us, and if we all ſtand by 'one another, the beſt man in England can't rob us. 'Suppoſe he ſhould have a piſtol, he can't kill but one 'of us, and a man can die but once—That's my 'comfort, a man can die but once.'

Beſides the reliance on ſuperior numbers, a kind of valour which hath raiſed a certain nation among the moderns to a high pitch of glory, there was another reaſon for the extraordinary courage which Partridge now diſcovered; for he had at preſent as much of that quality as was in the power of liquor to beſtow.

Our company were now arrived within a mile of Highgate, when the ſtranger turned ſhort upon Jones, and pulling out a piſtol, demanded that little Bank note which Partridge had mentioned.

Jones was at firſt ſomewhat ſhocked at this unexpected demand; however, he preſently recollected himſelf, and told the highwayman, all the money he had in his pocket was entirely at his ſervice; and ſo ſaying, he pulled out upwards of three guineas, and offered to deliver it; but the other anſwered with an oath, That would not do. Jones anſwered coolly, he was very ſorry for it, and returned the money into his pocket.

The highwayman then threatened, if he did not deliver the Bank note that moment, he muſt ſhoot him; holding his piſtol at the ſame time very near to his breaſt. Jones inſtantly caught hold of the fellow's hand, which trembled ſo that he could ſcarce hold the piſtol in it, and turned the muzzle from him. A ſtruggle then enſued, in which the former wreſted the piſtol from the hand of his antagoniſt, and both came from their horſes to the ground together, the highwayman

highwayman upon his back, and the victorious Jones upon him.

The poor fellow now began to implore mercy of the conqueror; for, to ſay the truth, he was in ſtrength by no means a match for Jones. 'Indeed, 'Sir,' ſays he, 'I could have had no intention to 'ſhoot you; for you will find the piſtol was not 'loaded. This is the firſt robbery I ever attempted, 'and I have been driven by diſtreſs to this.'

At this inſtant, at about an hundred and fifty yards diſtance, lay another perſon on the ground, roaring for mercy in a much louder voice than the highwayman. This was no other than Partridge himſelf, who endeavouring to make his eſcape from the engagement, had been thrown from his horſe, and lay flat on his face, not daring to look up, and expecting every minute to be ſhot.

In this poſture he lay, till the guide, who was no otherwiſe concerned than for his horſes, having ſecured the ſtumbling beaſt, came up to him and told him, his maſter had got the better of the highwayman.

Partridge leapt up at this news, and ran back to the place, where Jones ſtood with his ſword drawn in his hand to guard the poor fellow; which Partridge no ſooner ſaw, than he cried out, 'Kill the villain, 'Sir, run him through the body, kill him this in-'ſtant.'

Luckily however for the poor wretch he had fallen into more merciful hands: for Jones having examined the piſtol, and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the man had told him before Partridge came up; namely, that he was a novice in the trade, and that he had been driven to it by the diſtreſs he mentioned, the greateſt indeed imaginable, that of five hungry children, and a wife lying in of a ſixth, in the utmoſt want and miſery. The truth of all which the highwayman moſt vehemently aſſerted, and offered to convince Mr. Jones of it, if he would

take the trouble to go to his houſe, which was not above two miles off; ſaying, 'That he deſired no 'favour, but upon condition of proving all he had 'alledged.'

Jones at firſt pretended that he would take the fellow at his word, and go with him, declaring that his fate ſhould depend entirely on the truth of his ſtory. Upon this the poor fellow immediately expreſſed ſo much alacrity, that Jones was perfectly ſatisfied with his veracity, and began now to entertain ſentiments of compaſſion for him. He returned the fellow his empty piſtol, adviſed him to think of honeſter means of relieving his diſtreſs, and gave him a couple of guineas for the immediate ſupport of his wife and his family; adding, 'he wiſhed he had more for 'his ſake, for the hundred pound that had been 'mentioned was not his own.'

Our readers will probably be divided in their opinions concerning this action; ſome may applaud it perhaps as an act of extraordinary humanity, while thoſe of a more ſaturnine temper will conſider it as a want of regard to that juſtice which every man owes his country. Partridge certainly ſaw it in that light; for he teſtified much diſſatisfaction on the occaſion, quoted an old proverb, and ſaid, He ſhould not wonder if the rogue attacked them again before they reached London.

The highwayman was full of expreſſions of thankfulneſs and gratitude. He actually dropt tears, or pretended ſo to do. He vowed he would immediately return home, and would never afterwards commit ſuch a tranſgreſſion; whether he kept his word or no, perhaps may appear hereafter.

Our travellers having remounted their horſes, arrived in town without encountering any new miſhap. On the road much pleaſant diſcourſe paſſed between Jones and Partridge, on the ſubject of their laſt adventure. In which Jones expreſt a great compaſſion for thoſe highwaymen who are, by unavoidable diſtreſs,

treſs, driven, as it were, to ſuch illegal courſes, as generally bring them to a ſhameful death. 'I mean,' ſaid he, 'thoſe only whoſe higheſt guilt extends no 'farther than to robbery, and who are never guilty 'of cruelty nor inſult to any perſon, which is a circumſtance that, I muſt ſay to the honour of our 'country, diſtinguiſhes the robbers of England from 'thoſe of all other nations; for murder is, amongſt 'thoſe, almoſt inſeparably incident to robbery.'

'No doubt,' anſwered Partridge, 'it is better to 'take away one's money than one's life; and yet it is 'very hard upon honeſt men, that they can't travel 'about their buſineſs without being in danger of theſe 'villains. And to be ſure it would be better that all 'rogues were hanged out of the way, than that one 'honeſt man ſhould ſuffer. For my own part, indeed, I ſhould not care to have the blood of any 'of them on my own hands; but it is very proper 'for the law to hang them all. What right hath any 'man to take ſixpence from me, unleſs I give it 'him? Is there any honeſty in ſuch a man?'

'No ſurely,' cries Jones, 'no more than there is 'in him who takes the horſes out of another man's 'ſtable, or who applies to his own uſe the money 'which he finds, when he knows the right owner.'

Theſe hints ſtopt the mouth of Partridge, nor did he open it again till Jones having thrown ſome ſarcaſtical jokes on his cowardice, he offered to excuſe himſelf on the inequality of fire-arms, ſaying, 'A 'thouſand naked men are nothing to one piſtol; for 'though it is true, it will kill but one at a ſingle diſcharge, yet who can tell but that one may be himſelf.'

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XIII.

Containing the ſpace of twelve days.

CHAP. I.

An invocation.

COME, bright love of fame, inſpire my glowing breaſt: not thee I call, who, over ſwelling tides of blood and tears, doſt bear the hero on to glory, while ſighs of millions waft his ſpreading ſails; but thee, fair, gentle maid, whom Mneſis, happy nymph, firſt on the banks of Hebrus did produce. Thee, whom Mæonia educated, whom Mantua charmed, and who, on that fair hill which overlooks the proud metropolis of Britain, ſat'ſt, with thy Milton, ſweetly tuning the heroic lyre; fill my raviſhed fancy with the hopes of charming ages yet to come. Foretel me that ſome tender maid, whoſe grandmother is yet unborn, hereafter, when, under the fictitious name of Sophia, ſhe reads the real worth which

which once exiſted in my Charlotte, ſhall from her ſympathetic breaſt ſend forth the heaving ſigh. Do thou teach me not only to foreſee, but to enjoy, nay, even to feed on future praiſe. Comfort me by a ſolemn aſſurance, that when the little parlour in which I ſit at this inſtant, ſhall be reduced to a worſe furniſhed box, I ſhall be read, with honour, by thoſe who never knew nor ſaw me, and whom I ſhall neither know nor ſee.

And thou, much plumper dame, whom no airy forms nor phantoms of imagination clothe: whom the well-ſeaſoned beef, and pudding richly ſtained with plumbs, delight. Thee, I call; of whom in a Treckſchuyte in ſome Dutch canal the fat ufrow gelt, impregnated by a jolly merchant of Amſterdam, was delivered: in Grubſtreet ſchool didſt thou ſuck in the elements of thy erudition. Here haſt thou, in thy maturer age, taught poetry to tickle not the fancy, but the pride of the patron. Comedy from thee learns a grave and ſolemn air; while tragedy ſtorms loud, and rends th' affrighted theatres with its thunder. To ſooth thy wearied limbs in ſlumber, Alderman Hiſtory tells his tedious tale; and again to awaken thee, Monſieur Romance performs his ſurprizing tricks of dexterity. Nor leſs thy well-fed bookſeller obeys thy influence. By thy advice the heavy, unread, folio lump, which long had dozed on the duſty ſhelf, piece-mealed into numbers, runs nimbly thro' the nation. Inſtructed by thee ſome books, like quacks, impoſe on the world by promiſing wonders; while others turn beaus, and truſt all their merits to a gilded outſide. Come, thou jolly ſubſtance with thy ſhining face, keep back thy inſpiration, but hold forth thy tempting rewards; thy ſhining, chinking heap; thy quickly-convertible Bank-bill, big with unſeen riches; thy often varying ſtock; the warm, the comfortable houſe; and, laſtly, a fair portion of that bounteous mother, whoſe flowing breaſts yield redundant ſuſtenance for all her numerous offſpring,

did not ſome too greedily and wantonly drive their brethren from the treat. Come thou, and if I am too taſteleſs of thy valuable treaſures, warm my heart with the tranſporting thought of conveying them to others. Tell me, that through thy bounty, the prattling babes, whoſe innocent play hath often been interrupted by my labours, may one time be amply rewarded for them.

And now this ill yoked pair, this lean ſhadow and this fat ſubſtance, have prompted me to write, whoſe aſſiſtance ſhall I invoke to direct my pen?

Firſt, genius; thou gift of heaven; without whoſe aid in vain we ſtruggle againſt the ſtream of nature. Thou, who doſt ſow the generous ſeeds which art nouriſhes, and brings to perfection. Do thou kindly take me by the hand, and lead me through all the mazes, the winding labyrinths of nature. Initiate me into all thoſe myſteries which profane eyes never beheld. Teach me, which to thee is no difficult taſk, to know mankind better than they know themſelves. Remove that miſt which dims the intellects of mortals, and cauſes them to adore men for their art, or to deteſt them for their cunning in deceiving others, when they are, in reality, the objects only of ridicule, for deceiving themſelves. Strip off the thin diſguiſe of wiſdom from ſelf-conceit, of plenty from avarice, and of glory from ambition. Come thou that haſt inſpired thy Ariſtophanes, thy Lucian, thy Cervantes, thy Rabelais, thy Moliere, thy Shakeſpear, thy Swift, thy Marivaux, fill my pages with humour; till mankind learn the good-nature to laugh only at the follies of others, and the humility to grieve at their own.

And thou, almoſt the conſtant attendant on true genius, humanity, bring all thy tender ſenſations. If thou haſt already diſpoſed of them all between thy Allen and thy Lyttleton, ſteal them a little while from their boſoms. Not without theſe the tender ſcene is painted. From theſe alone proceed the noble diſintereſted friendſhip, the melting love, the generous ſentiment,

timent, the ardent gratitude, the ſoft compaſſion, the candid opinion; and all thoſe ſtrong energies of a good mind, which fill the moiſtened eyes with tears, the glowing cheeks with blood, and ſwell the heart with tides of grief, joy and benevolence.

And thou, O learning! (for without thy aſſiſtance nothing pure, nothing correct, can genius produce) do thou guide my pen. Thee in thy favourite fields, where the limpid, gently-rolling Thames waſhes thy Etonian banks, in early youth I have worſhipped. To thee, at thy birchen altar, with true Spartan devotion, I have ſacrificed my blood. Come then, and from thy vaſt, luxuriant ſtores, in long antiquity piled up, pour forth the rich profuſion. Open thy Mæonian and thy Mantuan coffers, with whatever elſe includes thy philoſophic, thy poetic, and thy hiſtorical treaſures, whether with Greek or Roman characters thou haſt choſen to inſcribe the ponderous cheſts: give me awhile that key to all thy treaſures, which to thy Warburton thou haſt entruſted.

Laſtly, come experience, long converſant with the wiſe, the good, the learned, and the polite. Nor with them only, but with every kind of character, from the miniſter at his levee, to the bailiff in his ſpunging-houſe; from the dutcheſs at her drum, to the landlady behind her bar. From thee only can the manners of mankind be known; to which the recluſe pedant, however great his parts, or extenſive his learning may be, hath ever been a ſtranger.

Come all theſe, and more, if poſſible; for arduous is the taſk I have undertaken: and without all your aſſiſtance, will, I find, be too heavy for me to ſupport. But if you all ſmile on my labours, I hope ſtill to bring them to a happy concluſion.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

What befel Mr. Jones on his arrival in London.

THE learned Dr. Miſaubin uſed to ſay, that the proper direction to him was, *To Dr.* Miſaubin, *in the World*; intimating, that there were few people in it to whom his great reputation was not known. And, perhaps, upon a very nice examination into the matter, we ſhall find that this circumſtance bears no inconſiderable part among the many bleſſings of grandeur.

The great happineſs of being known to poſterity, with the hopes of which we ſo delighted ourſelves in the preceding chapter, is the portion of few. To have the ſeveral elements which compoſe our names, as Sydenham expreſſes it, repeated a thouſand years hence, is a gift beyond the power of title and wealth; and is ſcarce to be purchaſed, unleſs by the ſword and the pen. But to avoid the ſcandalous imputation, while we yet live, of being *one whom nobody knows*, (a ſcandal, by the bye, as old as the days of Homer*) will always be the envied portion of thoſe, who have a legal title either to honour or eſtate.

From that figure, therefore, which the Iriſh peer, who brought Sophia to town, hath already made in this hiſtory, the reader will conclude, doubtleſs, it muſt have been an eaſy matter to have diſcovered his houſe in London, without knowing the particular ſtreet or ſquare which he inhabited, ſince he muſt have been one *whom every body knows*. To ſay the truth, ſo it would have been to any of thoſe tradeſmen who are accuſtomed to attend the regions of the great; for the doors of the great are generally no leſs eaſy to find, than it is difficult to get entrance into them. But Jones, as well as Partridge, was an

* See the 2d Odyſſey, ver. 175.

entire

entire ſtranger in London; and as he happened to arrive firſt in a quarter of the town, the inhabitants of which have very little intercourſe with the houſholders of Hanover or Groſvenor ſquare, (for he entered through Gray's-Inn-Lane) ſo he rambled about ſome time, before he could even find his way to thoſe happy manſions, where fortune ſegregates from the vulgar thoſe magnanimous heroes, the deſcendants of antient Britons, Saxons, or Danes, whoſe anceſtors being born in better days, by ſundry kinds of merit, have entailed riches and honour on their poſterity.

Jones being at length arrived at thoſe terreſtrial Elyſian fields, would now ſoon have diſcovered his lordſhip's manſion; but the peer unluckily quitted his former houſe when he went for Ireland; and as he was juſt entered into a new one, the fame of his equipage had not yet ſufficiently blazed in the neighbourhood; ſo that after a ſucceſsleſs enquiry 'till the clock had ſtruck eleven, Jones at laſt yielded to the advice of Partridge, and retreated to the Bull and Gate in Holborn, that being the inn where he had firſt alighted, and where he retired to enjoy that kind of repoſe, which uſually attends perſons in his circumſtances.

Early in the morning he again ſet forth in purſuit of Sophia; and many a weary ſtep he took to no better purpoſe than before. At laſt, whether it was that fortune relented, or whether it was no longer in her power to diſappoint him, he came into the very ſtreet which was honoured by his lordſhip's reſidence; and being directed to the houſe, he gave one gentle rap at the door.

The porter, who, from the modeſty of the knock, had conceived no high idea of the perſon approaching, conceived but little better from the appearance of Mr. Jones, who was dreſt in a ſuit of fuſtian, and had by his ſide the weapon formerly purchaſed of the ſerjeant; of which, though the blade might be compoſed of well-tempered ſteel, the handle

was compoſed only of braſs, and that none of the brighteſt. When Jones, therefore, enquired after the young lady, who had come to town with his lordſhip, this fellow anſwered ſurlily, 'That there were no 'ladies there.' Jones then deſired to ſee the maſter of the houſe; but was informed that his lordſhip would ſee nobody that morning. And upon growing more preſſing, the porter ſaid, 'he had poſitive 'orders to let no perſon in; but if you think pro-'per,' ſaid he, 'to leave your name, I will acquaint 'his lordſhip; and if you call another time, you ſhall 'know when he will ſee you.'

Jones now declared, 'that he had very particular 'buſineſs with the young lady, and could not depart 'without ſeeing her.' Upon which the porter, with no very agreeable voice or aſpect, affirmed, 'that 'there was no young lady in that houſe, and con-'ſequently none could he ſee;' adding, 'ſure you 'are the ſtrangeſt man I ever met with; for you will 'not take an anſwer.'

I have often thought that by the particular deſcription of Cerberus, the porter of hell, in the 6th Æneid, Virgil might poſſibly intend to ſatirize the porters of the great men in his time; the picture, at leaſt, reſembles thoſe who have the honour to attend at the doors of our great men. The porter in his lodge, anſwers exactly to Cerberus in his den, and, like him, muſt be appeaſed by a ſop, before acceſs can be gained to his maſter. Perhaps Jones might have ſeen him in that light, and have recollected the paſſage, where the Sibyl, in order to procure an entrance for Æneas, preſents the keeper of the Stygian avenue with ſuch a ſop. Jones, in like manner, now began to offer a bribe to the human Cerberus, which a footman overhearing, inſtantly advanced, and declared, 'if Mr. Jones would give him the ſum propoſed, he 'would conduct him to the lady.' Jones inſtantly agreed, and was forthwith conducted to the lodging

of

of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, by the very fellow who had attended the ladies thither the day before.

Nothing more aggravates ill ſucceſs than the near approach to good. The gameſter, who loſes his party at piquet by a ſingle point, laments his bad luck ten times as much as he who never came within a proſpect of the game. So in a lottery, the proprietors of the next numbers to that which wins the great prize, are apt to account themſelves much more unfortunate than their fellow-ſufferers. In ſhort, theſe kind of hairbreadth miſſings of happineſs, look like the inſults of fortune, who may be conſidered as thus playing tricks with us, and wantonly diverting herſelf at our expence.

Jones, who more than once already had experienced this frolickſome diſpoſition of the heathen goddeſs, was now again doomed to be tantalized in the like manner; for he arrived at the door of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, about ten minutes after the departure of Sophia. He now addreſſed himſelf to the waiting-woman belonging to Mrs. Fitzpatrick; who told him the diſagreeable news, that the lady was gone, but could not tell him whither; and the ſame anſwer he afterwards received from Mrs. Fitzpatrick herſelf. For as that lady made no doubt but that Mr. Jones was a perſon detached from her uncle Weſtern, in purſuit of his daughter, ſo ſhe was too generous to betray her.

Though Jones had never ſeen Mrs. Fitzpatrick, yet he had heard that a couſin of Sophia was married to a gentleman of that name. This, however, in the preſent tumult of his mind, never once recurred to his memory; but when the footman, who had conducted him from his lordſhip's, acquainted him with the great intimacy between the ladies, and with their calling each other couſin, he then recollected the ſtory of the marriage which he had formerly heard; and as he was preſently convinced that this was the ſame woman, he became more ſurprized at the an-

ſwer which he had received, and very earneſtly deſired leave to wait on the lady herſelf; but ſhe as poſitively refuſed him that honour.

Jones, who, though he had never ſeen a court, was better bred than moſt who frequent it, was incapable of any rude or abrupt behaviour to a lady. When he had received, therefore, a peremptory denial, he retired for the preſent, ſaying to the waiting-woman, 'That if this was an improper hour to wait 'on her lady, he would return in the afternoon; 'and that he then hoped to have the honour of ſee-'ing her.' The civility with which he uttered this, added to the great comelineſs of his perſon, made an impreſſion on the waiting-woman, and ſhe could not help anſwering; 'Perhaps, Sir, you may:' and, indeed, ſhe afterwards ſaid every thing to her miſtreſs, which ſhe thought moſt likely to prevail on her to admit a viſit from the handſome young gentleman; for ſo ſhe called him.

Jones very ſhrewdly ſuſpected, that Sophia herſelf was now with her couſin, and was denied to him; which he imputed to her reſentment of what had happened at Upton. Having, therefore, diſpatched Partridge to procure him lodgings, he remained all day in the ſtreet, watching the door where he thought his angel lay concealed; but no perſon did he ſee iſſue forth, except a ſervant of the houſe, and in the evening he returned to pay his viſit to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, which that good lady at laſt condeſcended to admit.

There is a certain air of natural gentility, which it is neither in the power of dreſs to give, nor to conceal. Mr. Jones, as hath been before hinted, was poſſeſſed of this in a very eminent degree. He met, therefore, with a reception from the lady, ſomewhat different from what his apparel ſeemed to demand; and after he had paid her his proper reſpects, was deſired to ſit down.

The

The reader will not, I believe, be deſirous of knowing all the particulars of this converſation, which ended very little to the ſatisfaction of poor Jones. For though Mrs. Fitzpatrick ſoon diſcovered the lover, (as all women have the eyes of hawks in thoſe matters) yet ſhe ſtill thought it was ſuch a lover, as a generous friend of the lady ſhould not betray her to. In ſhort, ſhe ſuſpected this was the very Mr. Blifil, from whom Sophia had flown; and all the anſwers which ſhe artfully drew from Jones, concerning Mr. Allworthy's family, confirmed her in this opinion. She therefore ſtrictly denied any knowledge concerning the place whither Sophia was gone; nor could Jones obtain more than a permiſſion to wait on her again the next evening.

When Jones was departed, Mrs. Fitzpatrick communicated her ſuſpicion concerning Mr. Blifil to her maid; who anſwered, 'Sure, Madam, he is too 'pretty a man, in my opinion, for any woman in 'the world to run away from. I had rather fancy it 'is Mr. Jones.' — 'Mr. Jones,' ſaid the lady, 'what Jones?' For Sophia had not given the leaſt hint of any ſuch perſon in all their converſation: but Mrs. Honour had been much more communicative, and had acquainted her ſiſter Abigail with the whole hiſtory of Jones, which this now again related to her miſtreſs.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick no ſooner received this information, than ſhe immediately agreed with the opinion of her maid; and, what is very unaccountable, ſaw charms in the gallant, happy lover, which ſhe had overlooked in the ſlighted 'ſquire. 'Betty,' ſays ſhe, 'you are certainly in the right: he is a very 'pretty fellow, and I don't wonder that my couſin's 'maid ſhould tell you ſo many women are fond of 'him. I am ſorry now I did not inform him where 'my couſin was; and yet, if he be ſo terrible a rake as 'you tell me, it is a pity ſhe ſhould ever ſee him any 'more; for what but her ruin can happen from mar-

'rying

'rying a rake and a beggar againſt her father's 'conſent. I proteſt, if he be ſuch a man as the wench 'deſcribed him to you, it is but an office of charity 'to keep her from him; and, I am ſure, it would 'be unpardonable in me to do otherwiſe, who have 'taſted ſo bitterly of the misfortunes attending ſuch 'marriages.'

Here ſhe was interrupted by the arrival of a viſitor, which was no other than his lordſhip; and as nothing paſſed at this viſit either new or extraordinary, or any ways material to this hiſtory, we ſhall here put an end to this chapter.

CHAP. III.

A project of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and her viſit to lady Bellaſton.

WHEN Mrs. Fitzpatrick retired to reſt, her thoughts were entirely taken up by her couſin Sophia and Mr. Jones. She was, indeed, a little offended with the former, for the diſingenuity which ſhe now diſcovered. In which meditation ſhe had not long exerciſed her imagination, before the following conceit ſuggeſted itſelf: that could ſhe poſſibly become the means of preſerving Sophia from this man, and of reſtoring her to her father, ſhe ſhould, in all human probability, by ſo great a ſervice to the family, reconcile to herſelf both her uncle and her aunt Weſtern.

As this was one of her moſt favourite wiſhes, ſo the hope of ſucceſs ſeemed ſo reaſonable, that nothing remained but to conſider of proper methods to accompliſh her ſcheme. To attempt to reaſon the caſe with Sophia, did not appear to her one of thoſe methods: for as Betty had reported from Mrs. Honour, that Sophia had a violent inclination to Jones, ſhe conceived, that to diſſuade her from the match, was an endeavour of the ſame kind, as it would be very

very heartily and earneſtly to entreat a moth not to fly into a candle.

If the reader will pleaſe to remember, that the acquaintance which Sophia had with lady Bellaſton, was contracted at the houſe of Mrs. Weſtern, and muſt have grown at the very time when Mrs. Fitzpatrick lived with this latter lady, he will want no information, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick muſt have been acquainted with her likewiſe. They were, beſides, both equally her diſtant relations.

After much conſideration, therefore, ſhe reſolved to go early in the morning to that lady, and endeavour to ſee her, unknown to Sophia, and to acquaint her with the whole affair. For ſhe did not in the leaſt doubt, but that the prudent lady, who had often ridiculed romantic love, and indiſcreet marriages, in her converſation, would very readily concur in her ſentiments concerning this match, and would lend her utmoſt aſſiſtance to prevent it.

This reſolution ſhe accordingly executed; and the next morning before the ſun, ſhe huddled on her clothes, and at a very unfaſhionable, unſeaſonable, unviſitable hour went to lady Bellaſton, to whom ſhe got acceſs, without the leaſt knowledge or ſuſpicion of Sophia, who, though not aſleep, lay at that time awake in her bed, with Honour ſnoring by her ſide.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick made many apologies for an early, abrupt viſit, at an hour when ſhe ſaid 'ſhe ſhould not 'have thought of diſturbing her ladyſhip, but upon 'buſineſs of the utmoſt conſequence.' She then opened the whole affair, told all ſhe had heard from Betty; and did not forget the viſit which Jones had paid to herſelf the preceding evening.

Lady Bellaſton anſwered with a ſmile, 'Then you 'have ſeen this terrible man, Madam; pray, is he 'ſo very fine a figure as he is repreſented? for 'Etoff entertained me laſt night almoſt two hours 'with him. The wench I believe is in love with

'him by reputation.' Here the reader will be apt to wonder; but the truth is, that Mrs. Etoff, who had the honour to pin and unpin the lady Bellaſton, had received complete information concerning the ſaid Mr. Jones, and had faithfully conveyed the ſame to her lady laſt night (or rather that morning) while ſhe was undreſſing; on which accounts ſhe had been detained in her office above the ſpace of an hour and half.

The lady indeed, though generally well enough pleaſed with the narratives of Mrs. Etoff at thoſe ſeaſons, gave an extraordinary attention to her account of Jones; for Honour had deſcribed him as a very handſome fellow, and Mrs. Etoff in her hurry added ſo much of the beauty of his perſon to her report, that lady Bellaſton began to conceive him to be a kind of miracle in nature.

The curioſity which her woman had inſpired, was now greatly increaſed by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who ſpoke as much in favour of the perſon of Jones, as ſhe had before ſpoken in diſpraiſe of his birth, character and fortune.

When lady Bellaſton had heard the whole, ſhe anſwered gravely, 'Indeed, Madam, this is a matter of 'great conſequence. Nothing can certainly be more 'commendable than the part you act; and I ſhall be 'very glad to have my ſhare in the preſervation of a 'young lady of ſo much merit, and for whom I 'have ſo much eſteem.'

'Doth not your ladyſhip think,' ſays Mrs. Fitzpatrick eagerly, 'that it would be the beſt way to 'write immediately to my uncle, and acquaint him 'where my couſin is?'

The lady pondered a little upon this, and thus anſwered, — 'Why, no, Madam, I think not. Di 'Weſtern hath deſcribed her brother to me to be ſuch 'a brute, that I cannot conſent to put any woman 'under his power who hath eſcaped from it. I have 'heard he behaveth like a monſter to his own wife;

'for

'for he is one of thoſe wretches who think they have 'a right to tyrannize over us, and from ſuch I ſhall 'ever eſteem it the cauſe of my ſex to reſcue any 'woman who is ſo unfortunate to be under their 'power.——The buſineſs, dear couſin, will be only 'to keep Miſs Weſtern from ſeeing this young 'fellow, till the good company, which ſhe will have 'an opportunity of meeting here, give her a properer 'turn.'

'If he ſhould find her out, Madam,' anſwered the other, 'your ladyſhip may be aſſured he will leave 'nothing unattempted to come at her.'

'But, Madam,' replied the lady, 'it is impoſſible 'he ſhould come here—though indeed it is poſſible 'he may get ſome intelligence where ſhe is, and then 'may lurk about the houſe—I wiſh therefore I knew 'his perſon.

'Is there no way, Madam, by which I could 'have a ſight of him? for otherwiſe you know, 'couſin, ſhe may contrive to ſee him here without my 'knowledge.' Mrs. Fitzpatrick anſwered, 'That 'he had threatened her with another viſit that after-'noon, and that if her ladyſhip pleaſed to do her 'the honour of calling upon her then, ſhe would 'hardly fail of ſeeing him between ſix and ſeven; 'and if he came earlier ſhe would, by ſome means 'or other, detain him till her ladyſhip's arrival.—Lady Bellaſton replied, 'She would come the mo-'ment ſhe could get from dinner, which ſhe ſuppoſed 'would be by ſeven at fartheſt; for that it was ab-'ſolutely neceſſary ſhe ſhould be acquainted with 'his perſon. Upon my word, Madam,' ſays ſhe, 'it 'was very good to take this care of Miſs Weſtern; 'but common humanity, as well as regard to our 'family, requires it of us both; for it would be a 'dreadful match indeed.'

Mrs. Fitzpatrick failed not to make a proper return to the compliment which lady Bellaſton had beſtowed on her couſin, and after ſome little immaterial conver-

ſation withdrew; and getting as faſt as ſhe could into her chair, unſeen by Sophia or Honour, returned home.

CHAP. IV.

Which conſiſts of viſiting.

MR. Jones had walked within ſight of a certain door during the whole day, which, though one of the ſhorteſt, appeared to him to be one of the longeſt in the whole year. At length the clock having ſtruck five, he returned to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who, though it was a full hour earlier than the decent time of viſiting, received him very civilly; but ſtill perſiſted in her ignorance concerning Sophia.

Jones, in aſking for his angel, had dropped the word couſin; upon which Mrs. Fitzpatrick ſaid, 'Then, Sir, you know we are related; and as we 'are, you will permit me the right of enquiring into 'the particulars of your buſineſs with my couſin.' Here Jones heſitated a good while, and at laſt anſwered, He had a conſiderable ſum of money of hers in his hands, which he deſired to deliver to her. He then produced the pocket-book, and acquainted Mrs. Fitzpatrick with the contents, and with the method in which they came into his hands. He had ſcarce finiſhed his ſtory when a moſt violent noiſe ſhook the whole houſe. To attempt to deſcribe this noiſe to thoſe who have heard it, would be in vain; and to aim at giving any idea of it to thoſe who have never heard the like, would be ſtill more vain: for it may be truly ſaid,

——————*Non acuta*
Sic geminant Corybantes Æra.

The prieſts of Cybele do not ſo rattle their ſounding braſs.

In

In ſhort, a footman knocked, or rather thundered at the door. Jones was a little ſurprized at the ſound, having never heard it before; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick very calmly ſaid, that as ſome company were coming, ſhe could not make him any anſwer now; but if he pleaſed to ſtay till they were gone, ſhe intimated ſhe had ſomething to ſay to him.

The door of the room now flew open, and, after puſhing in her hoop ſideways before her, entered lady Bellaſton, who having firſt made a very low curteſy to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and as low a one to Mr. Jones, was uſhered to the upper end of the room.

We mention theſe minute matters for the ſake of ſome country ladies of our acquaintance, who think it contrary to the rules of modeſty to bend their knees to a man.

The company were hardly well ſettled, before the arrival of the peer lately mentioned cauſed a freſh diſturbance and a repetition of ceremonials.

Theſe being over, the converſation began to be (as the phraſe is) extremely brilliant. However, as nothing paſt in it which can be thought material to this hiſtory, or, indeed, very material in itſelf, I ſhall omit the relation; the rather as I have known ſome very fine polite converſation grow extremely dull, when tranſcribed into books, or repeated on the ſtage. Indeed, this mental repaſt is a dainty, of which thoſe who are excluded from polite aſſemblies, muſt be contented to remain as ignorant as they muſt of the ſeveral dainties of French cookery, which are ſerved only at the tables of the great. To ſay the truth, as neither of theſe are adapted to every taſte, they might both be often thrown away on the vulgar.

Poor Jones was rather a ſpectator of this elegant ſcene, than an actor in it; for though, in the ſhort interval before the peer's arrival, lady Bellaſton firſt, and afterwards Mrs. Fitzpatrick, had addreſſed ſome of their diſcourſe to him; yet no ſooner was the

noble lord entered, than he engroſſed the whole attention of the two ladies to himſelf; and as he took no more notice of Jones than if no ſuch perſon had been preſent, unleſs by now and then ſtaring at him, the ladies followed his example.

The company had now ſtaid ſo long, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick plainly perceived they all deſigned to ſtay out each other. She therefore reſolved to rid herſelf of Jones, he being the viſitant to whom ſhe thought the leaſt ceremony was due. Taking therefore an opportunity of a ceſſation of chat, ſhe addreſſed herſelf gravely to him, and ſaid, 'Sir, I ſhall not poſſibly 'be able to give you an anſwer to-night, as to that 'buſineſs; but if you pleaſe to leave word where I 'may ſend to you to-morrow.'——

Jones had natural, but not artificial good-breeding. Inſtead therefore of communicating the ſecret of his lodgings to a ſervant, he acquainted the lady herſelf with it particularly, and ſoon after very ceremoniouſly withdrew.

He was no ſooner gone than the great perſonages, who had taken no notice of him preſent, began to take much notice of him in his abſence; but if the reader hath already excuſed us from relating the more brilliant part of this converſation, he will ſurely be very ready to excuſe the repetition of what may be called vulgar abuſe; though, perhaps, it may be material to our hiſtory to mention an obſervation of lady Bellaſton, who took her leave in a few minutes after him, and then ſaid to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, at her departure, 'I am ſatisfied on the account of my 'couſin; ſhe can be in no danger from this fellow.'

Our hiſtory ſhall follow the example of lady Bellaſton, and take leave of the preſent company, which was now reduced to two perſons; between whom, as nothing paſſed, which in the leaſt concerns us or our reader, we ſhall not ſuffer ourſelves to be diverted by it from matters which muſt ſeem of more conſequence

quence to all thoſe who are at all intereſted in the affairs of our hero.

CHAP. V.

The adventure which happened to Mr. Jones at his lodgings, with ſome account of a young gentleman who lodged there, and of the miſtreſs of the houſe, and her two daughters.

THE next morning as early as it was decent, Jones attended at Mrs. Fitzpatrick's door, where he was anſwered, that the lady was not at home; an anſwer which ſurprized him the more, as he had walked backwards and forwards in the ſtreet from break of day; and if ſhe had gone out, he muſt have ſeen her. This anſwer, however, he was obliged to receive, and not only now, but to five ſeveral viſits which he made her that day.

To be plain with the reader, the noble peer had from ſome reaſon or other, perhaps from a regard for the lady's honour, inſiſted that ſhe ſhould not ſee Mr. Jones, whom he looked on as a ſcrub, any more; and the lady had complied in making that promiſe to which we now ſee her ſo ſtrictly adhere.

But as our gentle reader may poſſibly have a better opinion of the young gentleman than her ladyſhip, and may even have ſome concern, ſhould it be apprehended, that during this unhappy ſeparation from Sophia, he took up his reſidence either at an inn, or in the ſtreet; we ſhall now give an account of his lodging, which was indeed in a very reputable houſe, and in a very good part of the town.

Mr. Jones then had often heard Mr. Allworthy mention the gentlewoman at whoſe houſe he uſed to lodge when he was in town. This perſon, who, as Jones likewiſe knew, lived in Bond-ſtreet, was the widow of a clergyman, and was left by him at his de-

ceaſe, in poſſeſſion of two daughters, and of a complete ſet of manuſcript ſermons.

Of theſe two daughters, Nancy, the elder, was now arrived at the age of ſeventeen, and Betty, the younger, at that of ten.

Hither Jones had diſpatched Partridge, and in this houſe he was provided with a room for himſelf in the ſecond floor, and with one for Partridge in the fourth.

The firſt floor was inhabited by one of thoſe young gentlemen, who, in the laſt age, were called men of wit and pleaſure about town, and properly enough: for as men are uſually denominated from their buſineſs or profeſſion, ſo pleaſure may be ſaid to have been the only buſineſs or profeſſion of thoſe gentlemen to whom fortune had made all uſeful occupations unneceſſary. Playhouſes, coffeehouſes, and taverns were the ſcenes of their rendezvous. Wit and humour were the entertainment of their looſer hours, and love was the buſineſs of their more ſerious moments. Wine and the muſes conſpired to kindle the brighteſt flames in their breaſts; nor did they only admire, but ſome were able to celebrate the beauty they admired, and all to judge of the merit of ſuch compoſitions.

Such therefore were properly called the men of wit and pleaſure; but I queſtion whether the ſame appellation may, with the ſame propriety, be given to thoſe young gentlemen of our times, who have the ſame ambition to be diſtinguiſhed for parts. Wit certainly they have nothing to do with. To give them their due, they ſoar a ſtep higher than their predeceſſors, and may be called men of wiſdom and vertù (take heed you do not read virtue). Thus at an age when the gentlemen above-mentioned employ their time in toaſting the charms of a woman, or in making ſonnets in her praiſe; in giving their opinion of a play at the theatre, or of a poem at Will's or Button's; theſe gentlemen are conſidering of methods to bribe a corporation, or meditating ſpeeches

for the houſe of commons, or rather for the magazines. But the ſcience of gaming is that which above all others employs their thoughts. Theſe are the ſtudies of their graver hours, while for their amuſements they have the vaſt circle of connoiſſeurſhip, painting, muſic, ſtatuary, and natural philoſophy, or rather *unnatural*, which deals in the wonderful, and knows nothing of nature, except her monſters and imperfections.

When Jones had ſpent the whole day in vain enquiries after Mrs. Fitzpatrick, he returned at laſt diſconſolate to his apartment. Here, while he was venting his grief in private, he heard a violent uproar below ſtairs; and ſoon after a female voice begged him for heaven's ſake to come and prevent murder. Jones, who was never backward on any occaſion to help the diſtreſſed, immediately ran down ſtairs; when ſtepping into the dining-room, whence all the noiſe iſſued, he beheld the young gentleman of wiſdom and vertù juſt before mentioned, pinned cloſe to the wall by his footman, and a young woman ſtanding by, wringing her hands, and crying out, 'He 'will be murdered, he will be murdered;' and indeed the poor gentleman ſeemed in ſome danger of being choaked, when Jones flew haſtily to his aſſiſtance, and reſcued him juſt as he was breathing his laſt, from the unmerciful clutches of the enemy.

Though the fellow had received ſeveral kicks and cuffs from the little gentleman, who had more ſpirit than ſtrength, he had made it a kind of ſcruple of conſcience to ſtrike his maſter, and would have contented himſelf with only choaking him; but towards Jones he bore no ſuch reſpect: he no ſooner therefore found himſelf a little roughly handed by his new antagoniſt, than he gave him one of thoſe punches in the guts, which, though the ſpectators at Broughton's amphitheatre have ſuch exquiſite delight in ſeeing them, convey but very little pleaſure in the feeling.

The

The luſty youth had no ſooner received this blow, than he meditated a moſt grateful return; and now enſued a combat between Jones and the footman, which was very fierce, but ſhort; for this fellow was no more able to contend with Jones, than his maſter had before been to contend with him.

And now fortune, according to her uſual cuſtom, reverſed the face of affairs. The former victor lay breathleſs on the ground, and the vanquiſhed gentleman had recovered breath enough to thank Mr. Jones for his ſeaſonable aſſiſtance; he received likewiſe the hearty thanks of the young woman preſent, who was indeed no other than Miſs Nancy, the eldeſt daughter of the houſe.

The footman having now recovered his legs, ſhook his head at Jones, and with a ſagacious look, cry'd,—'O d——n me, I'll have nothing more to 'do with you; you have been upon the ſtage, or 'I am d—nably miſtaken:' And indeed we may forgive this his ſuſpicion; for ſuch was the agility and ſtrength of our hero, that he was perhaps a match for one of the firſt-rate boxers, and could, with great eaſe, have beaten all the muffled * graduates of Mr. Broughton's ſchool.

The maſter foaming with wrath, ordered his man immediately to ſtrip, to which the latter very readily

* Leſt poſterity ſhould be puzzled by this epithet, I think proper to explain it by an advertiſement which was publiſhed Feb. 1. 1747.

N. B. Mr. Broughton propoſes, with proper aſſiſtance, to open an academy at his houſe in the Hay-Market, for the inſtruction of thoſe who are willing to be initiated in the myſtery of boxing; where the whole theory and practice of that truly Britiſh art, with all the various ſtops, blows, croſs-buttocks, *&c.* incident to combatants, will be fully taught and explained; and that perſons of quality and diſtinction may not be deterred from entering into *A courſe of thoſe lectures*, they will be given with the utmoſt tenderneſs and regard to the delicacy of the frame and conſtitution of the pupil, for which reaſon muffles are provided, that will effectually ſecure them from the inconveniency of black eyes, broken jaws, and bloody noſes.

agreed,

agreed, on condition of receiving his wages. This condition was preſently complied with, and the fellow was diſcharged.

And now the young gentleman, whoſe name was Nightingale, very ſtrenuouſly inſiſted, that his deliverer ſhould take part of a bottle of wine with him; to which Jones, after much entreaty, conſented, though more out of complaiſance than inclination; for the uneaſineſs of his mind fitted him very little for converſation at this time. Miſs Nancy likewiſe, who was the only female then in the houſe, her mamma and ſiſter being both gone to the play, condeſcended to favour them with her company.

When the bottle and glaſſes were on the table, the gentleman began to relate the occaſion of the preceding diſturbance.

'I hope, Sir,' ſaid he to Jones, 'you will not 'from this accident conclude, that I make a cuſtom 'of ſtriking my ſervants, for I aſſure you this is 'the firſt time I have been guilty of it in my re-'membrance, and I have paſſed by many provoking 'faults in this very fellow, before he could provoke 'me to it; but when you hear what hath happened 'this evening, you will, I believe, think me excuſ-'able. I happened to come home ſeveral hours be-'fore my uſual time, when I found four gentlemen 'of the cloth at whiſk by my fire;—and my Hoyle, 'Sir,—my beſt Hoyle, which coſt me a guinea, 'lying open on the table, with a quantity of porter 'ſpilt on one of the moſt material leaves of the 'whole book. This, you will allow, was provoking; 'but I ſaid nothing till the reſt of the honeſt company 'were gone, and then gave the fellow a gentle re-'buke, who, inſtead of expreſſing any concern, made 'me a pert anſwer, "That ſervants muſt have their "diverſions as well as other people; that he was ſorry "for the accident which had happened to the book; "but that ſeveral of his acquaintance had bought "the ſame for a ſhilling; and that I might ſtop

"as

"as much in his wages if I pleaſed:" I now gave 'him a ſeverer reprimand than before, when the 'raſcal had the inſolence to—In ſhort, he imputed 'my early coming home to——In ſhort, he caſt a 'reflection——He mentioned the name of a young 'lady, in a manner—in ſuch a manner that incenſed 'me beyond all patience, and, in my paſſion, I 'ſtruck him.'

Jones anſwered, 'That he believed no perſon liv-'ing would blame him; for my part,' ſaid he, 'I 'confeſs I ſhould, on the laſt mentioned provoca-'tion, have done the ſame thing.'

Our company had not ſat long before they were joined by the mother and daughter, at their return from the play. And now they all ſpent a very cheerful evening together; for all but Jones were heartily merry, and even he put on as much conſtrained mirth as poſſible. Indeed, half his natural flow of animal ſpirits, joined to the ſweetneſs of his temper, was ſufficient to make a moſt amiable companion; and notwithſtanding the heavineſs of his heart, ſo agreeable did he make himſelf on the preſent occaſion, that, at their breaking up, the young gentleman earneſtly deſired his further acquaintance. Miſs Nancy was well pleaſed with him; and the widow, quite charmed with her new lodger, invited him with the other, next morning to breakfaſt.

Jones on his part was no leſs ſatisfied. As for Miſs Nancy, though a very little creature, ſhe was extremely pretty, and the widow had all the charms which can adorn a woman near fifty. As ſhe was one of the moſt innocent creatures in the world, ſo ſhe was one of the moſt cheerful. She never thought, nor ſpoke, nor wiſhed any ill, and had conſtantly that deſire of pleaſing, which may be called the happieſt of all deſires in this, that it ſcarce ever fails of attaining its ends, when not diſgraced by affectation. In ſhort, though her power was very ſmall, ſhe was in her heart one of the warmeſt friends. She had been a

moſt

moſt affectionate wife, and was a moſt fond and tender mother.

As our hiſtory doth not, like a news-paper, give great characters to people who never were heard of before, nor will ever be heard of again; the reader may hence conclude, that this excellent woman will hereafter appear to be of ſome importance in our hiſtory.

Nor was Jones a little pleaſed with the young gentleman himſelf, whoſe wine he had been drinking. He thought he diſcerned in him much good ſenſe, though a little too much tainted with town-foppery; but what recommended him moſt to Jones were ſome ſentiments of great generoſity and humanity, which occaſionally dropt from him; and particularly many expreſſions of the higheſt diſintereſtedneſs in the affair of love. On which ſubject the young gentleman delivered himſelf in a language which might have very well become an Arcadian ſhepherd of old, and which appeared very extraordinary when proceeding from the lips of a modern fine gentleman; but he was only one by imitation, and meant by nature for a much better character.

CHAP. VI.

What arrived while the company were at breakfaſt, with ſome hints concerning the government of daughters.

OUR company brought together in the morning the ſame good inclinations towards each other, with which they had ſeparated the evening before; but poor Jones was extreme diſconſolate; for he had juſt received information from Partridge, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick had left her lodging, and that he could not learn whither ſhe was gone. This news highly afflicted him, and his countenance, as well as his behaviour, in defiance of all his endeavours to the contrary,

contrary; betrayed manifeſt indications of a diſordered mind.

The diſcourſe turned at preſent, as before, on love; and Mr. Nightingale again expreſſed many of thoſe warm, generous, and diſintereſted ſentiments upon this ſubject, which wiſe and ſober men call romantic, but which wiſe and ſober women generally regard in a better light. Mrs. Miller (for ſo the miſtreſs of the houſe was called) greatly approved theſe ſentiments; but when the young gentleman appealed to Miſs Nancy, ſhe anſwered only, 'That ſhe believed 'the gentleman who had ſpoke the leaſt, was ca-'pable of feeling the moſt.'

This compliment was ſo apparently directed to Jones, that we ſhould have been ſorry had he paſſed it by unregarded. He made her indeed a very polite anſwer, and concluded with an oblique hint, that her own ſilence ſubjected her to a ſuſpicion of the ſame kind: for indeed ſhe had ſcarce opened her lips either now or the laſt evening.

'I am glad, Nanny,' ſays Mrs. Miller, 'the gen-'tleman hath made the obſervation; I proteſt I am 'almoſt of his opinion. What can be the matter 'with you, child? I never ſaw ſuch an alteration. 'What is become of all your gaiety? Would you 'think, Sir, I uſed to call her my little prattler. She 'hath not ſpoke twenty words this week.'

Here their converſation was interrupted by the entrance of a maid-ſervant, who brought a bundle in her hands, which, ſhe ſaid, 'was delivered by a 'porter for Mr. Jones.' She added, 'That the man 'immediately went away, ſaying, it required no an-'ſwer.'

Jones expreſſed ſome ſurprize on this occaſion, and declared it muſt be ſome miſtake; but the maid perſiſting that ſhe was certain of the name, all the women were deſirous of having the bundle immediately opened; which operation was at length performed by little Betſey, with the conſent of Mr. Jones; and

and the contents were found to be a domino, a maſk, and a maſquerade ticket.

Jones was now more poſitive than ever, in aſſerting, that theſe things muſt have been delivered by miſtake; and Mrs. Miller herſelf expreſſed ſome doubt, and ſaid, 'She knew not what to think.' But when Mr. Nightingale was aſked, he delivered a very different opinion. 'All I can conclude from it, Sir,' ſaid he, 'is that you are a very happy man; for I 'make no doubt but theſe were ſent you by ſome 'lady whom you will have the happineſs of meeting 'at the maſquerade.'

Jones had not a ſufficient degree of vanity to entertain any ſuch flattering imagination; nor did Mrs. Miller herſelf give much aſſent to what Mr. Nightingale had ſaid, 'till Miſs Nancy having lifted up the domino, a card dropt from the ſleeve, in which was written as follows:

To Mr. Jones.

The queen of the fairies ſends you this;
Uſe her favours not amiſs.

Mrs. Miller and Miſs Nancy now both agreed with Mr. Nightingale; nay, Jones himſelf was almoſt perſuaded to be of the ſame opinion. And as no other lady but Mrs. Fitzpatrick, he thought, knew his lodging, he began to flatter himſelf with ſome hopes, that it came from her, and that he might poſſibly ſee his Sophia. Theſe hopes had ſurely very little foundation; but as the conduct of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in not ſeeing him according to her promiſe, and in quitting her lodgings, had been very odd and unaccountable, he conceived ſome faint hopes, that ſhe (of whom he had formerly heard a very whimſical character) might poſſibly intend to do him that ſervice, in a ſtrange manner, which ſhe declined doing by more ordinary methods. To ſay the truth, as nothing

thing certain could be concluded from ſo odd and uncommon an incident, he had the greater latitude to draw what imaginary concluſions from it he pleaſed. As his temper therefore was naturally ſanguine, he indulged it on this occaſion, and his imagination worked up a thouſand conceits, to favour and ſupport his expectations of meeting his dear Sophia in the evening.

Reader, if thou haſt any good wiſhes towards me, I will fully repay them, by wiſhing thee to be poſſeſſed of this ſanguine diſpoſition of mind; ſince, after having read much, and conſidered long on that ſubject of happineſs which hath employed ſo many great pens, I am almoſt inclined to fix it in the poſſeſſion of this temper; which puts us, in a manner, out of the reach of fortune, and makes us happy without her aſſiſtance. Indeed, the ſenſations of pleaſure it gives are much more conſtant, as well as much keener than thoſe which that blind lady beſtows; nature having wiſely contrived, that ſome ſatiety and languor ſhould be annexed to all our real enjoyments, leſt we ſhould be ſo taken up by them, as to be ſtopt from further purſuits. I make no manner of doubt but that, in this light, we may ſee the imaginary future chancellor juſt called to the bar, the archbiſhop in crape, and the prime miniſter at the tail of an oppoſition, more truly happy than thoſe who are inveſted with all the power and profit of theſe reſpective offices.

Mr. Jones having now determined to go to the maſquerade that evening, Mr. Nightingale offered to conduct him thither. The young gentleman, at the ſame time, offered tickets to Miſs Nancy and her mother; but the good woman would not accept them. She ſaid, 'She did not conceive the harm 'which ſome people imagined in a maſquerade; 'but that ſuch extravagant diverſions were proper 'only for perſons of quality and fortune, and not 'for young women who were to get their living, and 'could,

'could, at beſt, hope to be married to a good tradeſ-
'man.' ——— 'A tradeſman!' cries Nightingale,
'you ſhan't undervalue my Nancy. There is not a
'nobleman upon earth above her merit.' 'O fie! Mr.
'Nightingale,' anſwered Mrs. Miller, 'you muſt not
'fill the girl's head with ſuch fancies: but if it was
'her good luck (ſays the mother with a ſimper) to
'find a gentleman of your generous way of think-
'ing, I hope ſhe would make a better return to his
'generoſity, than to give her mind up to extrava-
'gant pleaſures. Indeed, where young ladies bring
'great fortunes themſelves, they have ſome right to
'inſiſt on ſpending what is their own; and on that
'account, I have heard the gentlemen ſay, a man has
'ſometimes a better bargain with a poor wife, than
'with a rich one.——But let my daughters marry
'whom they will, I ſhall endeavour to make them
'bleſſings to their huſbands:——I beg, therefore,
'I may hear of no more maſquerades. Nancy is, I
'am certain, too good a girl to deſire to go; for ſhe
'muſt remember when you carried her thither laſt
'year, it almoſt turned her head; and ſhe did not
'return to herſelf, or to her needle, in a month
'afterwards.'

Though a gentle ſigh, which ſtole from the boſom of Nancy, ſeemed to argue ſome ſecret diſapprobation of theſe ſentiments, ſhe did not dare openly to oppoſe them. For as this good woman had all the tenderneſs, ſo ſhe had preſerved all the authority of a parent; and as her indulgence to the deſires of her children was reſtrained only by her fears for their ſafety and future welfare, ſo ſhe never ſuffered thoſe commands, which proceeded from ſuch fears, to be either diſobeyed or diſputed. And this the young gentleman who had lodged two years in the houſe, knew ſo well, that he preſently acquieſced in the refuſal.

Mr. Nightingale, who grew every minute fonder of Jones, was very deſirous of his company that day to

dinner at the tavern, where he offered to introduce him to ſome of his acquaintance; but Jones begged to be excuſed, 'as his clothes,' he ſaid, 'were not 'yet come to town.'

To confeſs the truth, Mr. Jones was now in a ſituation, which ſometimes happens to be the caſe of young gentlemen of much better figure than himſelf. In ſhort, he had not one penny in his pocket; a ſituation in much greater credit among the ancient philoſophers, than among the modern wiſe men who live in Lombard-ſtreet, or thoſe who frequent White's chocolate-houſe. And, perhaps, the great honours which thoſe philoſophers have aſcribed to an empty pocket, may be one of the reaſons of that high contempt in which they are held in the aforeſaid ſtreet and chocolate-houſe.

Now if the ancient opinion, that men might live very comfortably on virtue only, be, as the modern wiſe men juſt above-mentioned pretend to have diſcovered, a notorious error; no leſs falſe is, I apprehend, that poſition of ſome writers of romance, that a man can live altogether on love: for however delicious repaſts this may afford to ſome of our ſenſes or appetites, it is moſt certain it can afford none to others. Thoſe, therefore, who have placed too great a confidence in ſuch writers, have experienced their error when it was too late; and have found that love was no more capable of allaying hunger, than a roſe is capable of delighting the ear, or a violin of gratifying the ſmell.

Notwithſtanding, therefore, all the delicacies which love had ſet before him, namely, the hopes of ſeeing Sophia at the maſquerade; on which, however ill-founded his imagination might be, he had voluptuouſly feaſted during the whole day, the evening no ſooner came, than Mr. Jones began to languiſh for ſome food of a groſſer kind. Partridge diſcovered this by intuition, and took the occaſion to give ſome oblique hints concerning the Bank-bill, and when

theſe were rejected with diſdain, he collected courage enough once more to mention a return to Mr. Allworthy.

'Partridge,' cries Jones, 'you cannot ſee my fortune in a more deſperate light than I ſee it myſelf; and I begin heartily to repent, that I ſuffered you to leave a place, where you was ſettled, and to follow me. However, I inſiſt now on your returning home; and for the expence and trouble which you have ſo kindly put yourſelf to on my account, all the clothes I left behind in your care, I deſire you would take as your own. I am ſorry I can make you no other acknowledgment.'

He ſpoke theſe words with ſo pathetic an accent, that Partridge, among whoſe vices ill-nature or hardneſs of heart were not numbered, burſt into tears; and after ſwearing he would not quit him in his diſtreſs, he began with the moſt earneſt intreaties to urge his return home. 'For heaven's ſake, Sir,' ſays he, 'do but conſider; what can your honour do? How is it poſſible you can live in this town without money? Do what you will, Sir, or go wherever you pleaſe, I am reſolved not to deſert you.—But, pray, Sir, conſider, ——do pray, Sir, for your own ſake, take it into your conſideration: and I'm ſure,' ſays he, 'that your own good-ſenſe will bid you return home.'

'How often ſhall I tell thee,' anſwered Jones, 'that I have no home to return to? Had I any hopes that Mr. Allworthy's doors would be open to receive me, I want no diſtreſs to urge me: — nay, there is no other cauſe upon earth, which could detain me a moment from flying to his preſence; but, alas! that I am for ever baniſhed from. His laſt words were,— O Partridge, they ſtill ring in my ears.—— His laſt words were, when he gave me a ſum of money, what it was I know not, but conſiderable I'm ſure it was. — His laſt words were — "I am

"reſolved from this day forward, on no account, to "converſe with you any more."

Here paſſion ſtopt the mouth of Jones, as ſurprize, for a moment, did that of Partridge: but he ſoon recovered the uſe of ſpeech, and after a ſhort preface, in which he declared he had no inquiſitiveneſs in his temper, enquired, what Jones meant by a conſiderable ſum; he knew not how much; and what was become of the money.

In both theſe points he now received full ſatisfaction; on which he was proceeding to comment, when he was interrupted by a meſſage from Mr. Nightingale, who deſired his maſter's company in his apartment.

When the two gentlemen were both attired for the maſquerade, and Mr. Nightingale had given orders for chairs to be ſent for, a circumſtance of diſtreſs occurred to Jones, which will appear very ridiculous to many of my readers. This was how to procure a ſhilling; but if ſuch readers will reflect a little on what they have themſelves felt from the want of a thouſand pound, or, perhaps, of ten or twenty, to execute a favourite ſcheme, they will have a perfect idea of what Mr. Jones felt on this occaſion. For this ſum, therefore, he applied to Partridge, which was the firſt he had permitted him to advance, and was the laſt he intended that poor fellow ſhould advance in his ſervice. To ſay the truth, Partridge had lately made no offer of this kind; whether it was that he deſired to ſee the Bank-bill broke in upon, or that diſtreſs ſhould prevail on Jones to return home, or from what other motive it proceeded, I will not determine.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Containing the whole humours of a maſquerade.

OUR Cavaliers now arrived at that temple, where Heydegger, the great Arbiter Deliciarum, the great high-prieſt of pleaſure preſides; and, like other heathen prieſts, impoſes on his votaries by the pretended preſence of the deity, when in reality no ſuch deity is there.

Mr. Nightingale having taken a turn or two with his companion, ſoon left him, and walked off with a female, ſaying, 'Now you are here, Sir, you muſt 'beat about for your own game.'

Jones began to entertain ſtrong hopes that his Sophia was preſent; and theſe hopes gave him more ſpirits than the lights, the muſic, and the company; though theſe are pretty ſtrong antidotes againſt the ſpleen. He now accoſted every woman he ſaw, whoſe ſtature, ſhape, or air, bore any reſemblance to his angel. To all of whom he endeavoured to ſay ſomething ſmart, in order to engage an anſwer, by which he might diſcover that voice which he thought it impoſſible he ſhould miſtake. Some of theſe anſwered by a queſtion, in a ſqueaking voice, Do you know me? Much the greater number ſaid, I don't know you, Sir, and nothing more. Some called him an impertinent fellow; ſome made him no anſwer at all; ſome ſaid, Indeed I don't know your voice, and I ſhall have nothing to ſay to you; and many gave him as kind anſwers as he could wiſh, but not in the voice he deſired to hear.

Whilſt he was talking with one of theſe laſt (who was in the habit of a ſhepherdeſs) a lady in a domino came up to him, and ſlapping him on the ſhoulder, whiſpered him, at the ſame time, in the ear, 'If you 'talk any longer with that trollop, I will acquaint 'Miſs Weſtern.'

Jones no ſooner heard that name, than, immediately quitting his former companion, he applied to the Domino, begging and entreating her to ſhew him the lady ſhe had mentioned, if ſhe was then in the room.

The Maſk walked haſtily to the upper end of the innermoſt apartment before ſhe ſpoke; and then, inſtead of anſwering him, ſat down, and declared ſhe was tired. Jones ſat down by her, and ſtill perſiſted in his entreaties; at laſt the lady coldly anſwered, 'I imagined Mr. Jones had been a more diſcerning 'lover, than to ſuffer any diſguiſe to conceal his 'miſtreſs from him.' 'Is ſhe here then, Madam?' replied Jones, with ſome vehemence. Upon which the lady cried,—'Huſh, Sir, you will be obſerved. '— I promiſe you upon my honour, Miſs Weſtern 'is not here.'

Jones now taking the Maſk by the hand, fell to entreating her in the moſt earneſt manner, to acquaint him where he might find Sophia: and when he could obtain no direct anſwer, he began to upbraid her gently for having diſappointed him the day before; and concluded, ſaying, 'Indeed, my good Fairy 'Queen, I know your majeſty very well, notwith-'ſtanding the affected diſguiſe of your voice. In-'deed, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, it is a little cruel to divert 'yourſelf at the expence of my torments.'

The Maſk anſwered, 'Though you have ſo in-'geniouſly diſcovered me, I muſt ſtill ſpeak in the 'ſame voice, leſt I ſhould be known by others. And 'do you think, good Sir, that I have no greater re-'gard for my couſin, than to aſſiſt in carrying on an 'affair between you two, which muſt end in her ruin, 'as well as your own? Beſides, I promiſe you, my 'couſin is not mad enough to conſent to her own 'deſtruction, if you are ſo much her enemy as to 'tempt her to it.'

'Alas, Madam!' ſaid Jones, 'you little know my 'heart, when you call me an enemy of Sophia.'

'And yet to ruin any one,' cries the other, 'you 'will allow, is the act of an enemy; and when by 'the same act you must knowingly and certainly bring 'ruin on yourself, is it not folly or madness, as well 'as guilt? Now, Sir, my cousin hath very little more 'than her father will please to give her; very little 'for one of her fashion,—you know him, and you 'know your own situation.'

Jones vowed he had no such design on Sophia, 'That he would rather suffer the most violent of 'deaths than sacrifice her interest to his desires.' He said, 'he knew how unworthy he was of her every 'way; that he had long ago resolved to quit all such 'aspiring thoughts, but that some strange accidents 'had made him desirous to see her once more, when 'he promised he would take leave of her for ever. 'No, Madam,' concluded he, 'my love is not of that 'base kind which seeks its own satisfaction, at the 'expence of what is most dear to its object. I would 'sacrifice every thing to the possession of my Sophia, 'but Sophia herself.'

Though the reader may have already conceived no very sublime idea of the virtue of the lady in the mask; and though possibly she may hereafter appear not to deserve one of the first characters of her sex; yet, it is certain, these generous sentiments made a strong impression upon her, and greatly added to the affection she had before conceived for our young hero.

The lady now, after silence of a few moments, said, 'She did not see his pretensions to Sophia so much 'in the light of presumption, as of imprudence. 'Young fellows,' says she, 'can never have too 'aspiring thoughts. I love ambition in a young man, 'and I would have you cultivate it as much as possi- 'ble. Perhaps you may succeed with those who are 'infinitely superior in fortune; nay, I am convinced 'there are women,—— but don't you think me a 'strange creature, Mr. Jones, to be thus giving ad-

'vice to a man, with whom I am ſo little acquainted, 'and one with whoſe behaviour to me I have ſo little 'reaſon to be pleaſed?'

Here Jones began to apologize, and to hope he had not offended in any thing he had ſaid of her couſin. —To which the Maſk anſwered, 'And are you ſo 'little verſed in the ſex, to imagine you can well af-'front a lady more, than by entertaining her with 'your paſſion for another woman? If the Fairy 'Queen had conceived no better opinion of your gal-'lantry, ſhe would ſcarce have appointed you to 'meet her at a maſquerade.'

Jones had never leſs inclination to an amour than at preſent; but gallantry to the ladies was among his principles of honour; and he held it as much incumbent on him to accept a challenge to love, as if it had been a challenge to fight. Nay, his very love to Sophia made it neceſſary for him to keep well with the lady, as he made no doubt but ſhe was capable of bringing him into the preſence of the other.

He began therefore to make a very warm anſwer to her laſt ſpeech, when a Maſk, in the character of an old woman, joined them. This maſk was one of thoſe ladies who go to a maſquerade only to vent ill-nature, by telling people rude truths, and by endeavouring, as the phraſe is, to ſpoil as much ſport as they are able. This good lady therefore, having obſerved Jones, and his friend, whom ſhe well knew, in cloſe conſultation together in a corner of the room, concluded ſhe could no where ſatisfy her ſpleen better than by interrupting them. She attacked them therefore, and ſoon drove them from their retirement; nor was ſhe contented with this, but purſued them to every place which they ſhifted to avoid her; till Mr. Nightingale ſeeing the diſtreſs of his friend, at laſt relieved him, and engaged the old woman in another purſuit.

While Jones and his Maſk were walking together about the room, to rid themſelves of the teazer, he ob-

obſerved his lady ſpeak to ſeveral Maſks, with the ſame freedom of acquaintance as if they had been barefaced. He could not help expreſſing his ſurprize at this, ſaying, 'Sure, Madam, you muſt have in-'finite diſcernment to know people in all diſguiſes.' To which the lady anſwered, 'You cannot conceive 'any thing more inſipid and childiſh than a maſque-'rade to the people of faſhion, who in general know 'one another as well here, as when they meet in an 'aſſembly or a drawing-room; nor will any woman 'of condition converſe with a perſon with whom ſhe 'is not acquainted. In ſhort, the generality of per-'ſons whom you ſee here, may more properly be ſaid 'to kill time in this place, than in any other; and 'generally retire from hence more tired than from 'the longeſt ſermon. To ſay the truth, I begin to 'be in that ſituation myſelf; and if I have any 'faculty at gueſſing, you are not much better pleaſed: 'I proteſt it would be almoſt charity in me to go 'home for your ſake.' 'I know but one charity 'equal to it,' cries Jones, 'and that is to ſuffer me 'to wait on you home.' 'Sure,' anſwered the lady, 'you have a ſtrange opinion of me, to imagine, that 'upon ſuch an acquaintance, I would let you into 'my doors at this time o'night. I fancy you impute 'the friendſhip I have ſhewn my couſin to ſome 'other motive. Confeſs honeſtly; don't you con-'ſider this contrived interview as little better than a 'downright aſſignation? Are you uſed, Mr. Jones, 'to make theſe ſudden conqueſts?' I am not uſed, 'Madam,' ſaid Jones, 'to ſubmit to ſuch ſudden 'conqueſts; but as you have taken my heart by ſur-'prize, the reſt of my body hath a right to follow; 'ſo you muſt pardon me if I reſolve to attend you 'wherever you go.' He accompanied theſe words with ſome proper actions; upon which the lady, after a gentle rebuke, and ſaying their familiarity would be obſerved, told him, 'She was going to ſup with 'an acquaintance, whither ſhe hoped he would not

'follow

'follow her; for if you ſhould,' ſaid ſhe, 'I ſhall 'be thought an unaccountable creature, though my 'friend indeed is not cenſorious, yet I hope you 'won't follow me: I proteſt I ſhall not know what 'to ſay, if you do.'

The lady preſently after quitted the maſquerade, and Jones, notwithſtanding the ſevere prohibition he had received, preſumed to attend her. He was now reduced to the ſame dilemma we have mentioned before, namely, the want of a ſhilling, and could not relieve it by borrowing as before. He therefore walked boldly on after the chair in which his lady rode, purſued by a grand huzza, from all the chairmen preſent, who wiſely take the beſt care they can to diſcountenance all walking afoot by their betters. Luckily however the gentry who attend at the Opera-houſe were too buſy to quit their ſtations, and as the lateneſs of the hour prevented him from meeting many of their brethren in the ſtreet, he proceeded without moleſtation, in a dreſs, which, at another ſeaſon, would have certainly raiſed a mob at his heels.

The lady was ſet down in a ſtreet, not far from Hanover-ſquare, where the door being preſently opened, ſhe was carried in, and the gentleman, without any ceremony, walked in after her.

Jones and his companion were now together in a very well furniſhed and well warm'd room, when the female ſtill ſpeaking in her maſquerade voice, ſaid, ſhe was ſurprized at her friend, who muſt abſolutely have forgot her appointment; at which, after venting much reſentment, ſhe ſuddenly expreſt ſome apprehenſion from Jones, and aſked him what the world would think of their having been alone together in a houſe at that time of night? But inſtead of a direct anſwer to ſo important a queſtion, Jones began to be very importunate with the lady to unmaſk, and at length having prevailed, there appeared not Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but the lady Bellaſton herſelf.

It

It would be tedious to give the particular converſation, which conſiſted of very common and ordinary occurrences, and which laſted from two till ſix o'clock in the morning. It is ſufficient to mention all of it that is any wiſe material to this hiſtory. And this was a promiſe that the lady would endeavour to find out Sophia, and in a few days bring him to an interview with her, on condition that he would then take his leave of her. When this was thoroughly ſettled, and a ſecond meeting in the evening appointed at the ſame place, they ſeparated; the lady returned to her houſe, and Jones to his lodgings.

CHAP. VIII.

Containing a ſcene of diſtreſs, which will appear very extraordinary to moſt of our readers.

JONES having refreſhed himſelf with a few hours ſleep, ſummoned Partridge to his preſence; and delivering him a Bank-note of fifty pounds, ordered him to go and change it. Partridge received this with ſparkling eyes, though when he came to reflect farther, it raiſed in him ſome ſuſpicions not very advantageous to the honour of his maſter; to theſe the dreadful idea he had of the maſquerade, the diſguiſe in which his maſter had gone out and returned, and his having been abroad all night, contributed. In plain language, the only way he could poſſibly find to account for the poſſeſſion of this note, was by robbery: and, to confeſs the truth, the reader, unleſs he ſhould ſuſpect it was owing to the generoſity to lady Bellaſton, can hardly imagine any other.

To clear therefore the honour of Mr. Jones, and to do juſtice to the liberality of the lady, he had really received this preſent from her, who, though ſhe did not give much into the hackney charities of the age, ſuch as building hoſpitals, &c. was not, how-

however, entirely void of that chriſtian virtue; and conceived (very rightly I think) that a young fellow of merit, without a ſhilling in the world, was no improper object of this virtue.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale had been invited to dine this day with Mrs. Miller. At the appointed hour therefore, the two young gentlemen, with the two girls, attended in the parlour, where they waited from three till almoſt five before the good woman appeared. She had been out of town to viſit a relation, of whom, at her return, ſhe gave the following account.

'I hope, gentlemen, you will pardon my making 'you wait; I am ſure if you knew the occaſion.— 'I have been to ſee a couſin of mine, about ſix 'miles off, who now lies in.—It ſhould be a warning 'to all perſons (ſays ſhe, looking at her daughters) 'how they marry indiſcreetly. There is no happi-'neſs in this world without a competency. O Nan-'cy! how ſhall I deſcribe the wretched condition in 'which I found your poor couſin; ſhe hath ſcarce 'lain in a week, and there was ſhe, this dreadful 'weather, in a cold room, without any curtains to 'her bed, and not a buſhel of coals in her houſe 'to ſupply her with fire: her ſecond ſon, that ſweet 'little fellow, lies ill of a quinzy in the ſame bed 'with his mother; for there is no other bed in the 'houſe. Poor little Tommy! I believe, Nancy, 'you will never ſee your favourite any more; for he 'is really very ill. The reſt of the children are in 'pretty good health; but Molly, I am afraid, will 'do herſelf an injury: ſhe is but thirteen years old 'Mr. Nightingale, and yet, in my life, I never ſaw 'a better nurſe: ſhe tends both her mother and her 'brother; and what is wonderful in a creature ſo 'young, ſhe ſhews all the cheerfulneſs in the world 'to her mother; and yet I ſaw her—I ſaw the poor 'child, Mr. Nightingale, turn about, and privately 'wipe the tears from her eyes.' Here Mrs. Miller

was prevented, by her own tears, from going on, and there was not, I believe, a perſon preſent, who did not accompany her in them; at length ſhe a little recovered herſelf, and proceeded thus: 'In 'all this diſtreſs the mother ſupports her ſpirits in 'a ſurprizing manner. The danger of her ſon ſits 'heavieſt upon her, and yet ſhe endeavours as much 'as poſſible to conceal even this concern, on her 'huſband's account. Her grief, however, ſometimes 'gets the better of all her endeavours; for ſhe was 'always extravagantly fond of this boy, and a moſt 'ſenſible, ſweet-tempered creature it is. I proteſt I 'was never more affected in my life, than when I 'heard the little wretch, who is hardly yet ſeven 'years old, while his mother was wetting him with 'her tears, beg her to be comforted.——Indeed, 'mamma,' cry'd the child, 'I ſhan't die; God Al-'mighty, I'm ſure, won't take Tommy away; let 'heaven be ever ſo fine a place, I had rather ſtay 'here and ſtarve with you and my papa, than go to 'it.'—'Pardon me, gentlemen, I can't help it,' (ſays ſhe, wiping her eyes) 'ſuch ſenſibility and affection 'in a child——And yet, perhaps, he is leaſt the ob-'ject of pity; for a day or two will, moſt probably, 'place him beyond the reach of all human evils. 'The father is indeed moſt worthy of compaſſion. 'Poor man, his countenance is the very picture of 'horror, and he looks rather like one dead than alive. 'Oh heavens! what a ſcene did I behold at my firſt 'coming into the room! The good creature was 'lying behind the bolſter, ſupporting at once both 'his child and his wife. He had nothing on but a 'thin waiſtcoat; for his coat was ſpread over the bed, 'to ſupply the want of blankets.——When he roſe 'up at my entrance, I ſcarce knew him. As comely 'a man, Mr. Jones, within this fortnight, as you 'ever beheld; Mr. Nightingale hath ſeen him. His 'eyes ſunk, his face pale, with a long beard. His 'body ſhivering with cold, and worn with hunger

'too; for my couſin ſays, ſhe can hardly prevail upon him to eat.—He told me himſelf in a whiſper —he told me—I can't repeat it——he ſaid, he could not bear to eat the bread his children wanted. And yet, can you believe it, gentlemen? In all this miſery, his wife has as good cawdle as if ſhe lay in, in the midſt of the greateſt affluence; I taſted it, and I ſcarce ever taſted better—The means of procuring her this,' he ſaid, 'he believed was ſent him by an angel from heaven; I know not what he meant; for I had not ſpirits enough to aſk a ſingle queſtion.

'This was a love-match, as they call it, on both ſides; that is, a match between two beggars. I muſt indeed ſay I never ſaw a fonder couple; but what is their fondneſs good for, but to torment each other?' 'Indeed, mamma,' cries Nancy, 'I have always looked on my couſin Anderſon (for that was her name) as one of the happieſt of women.' 'I am ſure,' ſays Mrs. Miller, 'the caſe at preſent is much otherwiſe; for any one might have diſcerned that the tender conſideration of each others ſufferings, makes the moſt intolerable part of their calamity, both to the huſband and the wife. Compared to which, hunger and cold, as they affect their own perſons only, are ſcarce evils. Nay, the very children, the youngeſt, which is not two years old, excepted, feel in the ſame manner; for they are a moſt loving family; and if they had but a bare competency, would be the happieſt people in the world.' 'I never ſaw the leaſt ſign of miſery at her houſe,' replied Nancy; 'I am ſure my heart bleeds for what you now tell me.'—'O child,' anſwered the mother, 'ſhe hath always endeavoured to make the beſt of every thing. They have always been in great diſtreſs; but, indeed, this abſolute ruin hath been brought upon them by others. The poor man was bail for the villain his brother; and about a week ago, the very day be-

'fore

'fore her lying in, their goods were all carried away, 'and ſold by an execution. He ſent a letter to me 'of it by one of the bailiffs, which the villain never 'delivered.——What muſt he think of my ſuffer-'ing a week to paſs before he heard of me?'

It was not with dry eyes that Jones heard this narrative; when it was ended he took Mrs. Miller apart with him into another room, and delivering her his purſe, in which was the ſum of 50l. deſired her to ſend as much of it as ſhe thought proper to theſe poor people. The look which Mrs. Miller gave Jones, on this occaſion, is not eaſy to be deſcribed. She burſt into a kind of agony of tranſport, and cry'd out,——'Good heavens! is there ſuch a man in 'the world?'—But recollecting herſelf, ſhe ſaid, 'Indeed I know one ſuch; but can there be another?' 'I hope, Madam,' cries Jones, 'there are many 'who have common humanity: for to relieve ſuch 'diſtreſſes in our fellow-creatures, can hardly be 'called more.' Mrs. Miller then took ten guineas, which were the utmoſt he could prevail with her to accept, and ſaid, 'She would find ſome means of 'conveying them early the next morning;' adding, 'that ſhe had herſelf done ſome little matter for the 'poor people, and had not left them in quite ſo 'much miſery as ſhe found them.'

They then returned to the parlour, where Nightingale expreſs'd much concern at the dreadful ſituation of theſe wretches, whom indeed he knew; for he had ſeen them more than once at Mrs. Miller's. He inveighed againſt the folly of making one's ſelf liable for the debts of others; vented many bitter execrations againſt the brother; and concluded with wiſhing ſomething could be done for the unfortunate family. 'Suppoſe, Madam,' ſaid he, 'you ſhould recom-'mend them to Mr. Allworthy? Or what think you 'of a collection? I will give them a guinea with all 'my heart.'

Mrs.

Mrs. Miller made no anſwer; and Nancy, to whom her mother had whiſpered the generoſity of Jones, turned pale upon the occaſion; though if either of them was angry with Nightingale, it was ſurely without reaſon. For the liberality of Jones, if he had known it, was not an example which he had any obligation to follow; and there are thouſands who would not have contributed a ſingle halfpenny, as indeed he did not in effect, for he made no tender of any thing; and therefore as the others thought proper to make no demand, he kept his money in his pocket.

I have in truth obſerved, and ſhall never have a better opportunity than at preſent to communicate my obſervation, that the world are in general divided into two opinions concerning charity, which are the very reverſe of each other. One party ſeems to hold, that all acts of this kind are to be eſteemed as voluntary gifts, and however little you give (if indeed no more than your good wiſhes) you acquire a great degree of merit in ſo doing.—Others, on the contrary, appear to be as firmly perſuaded, that beneficence is a poſitive duty, and that whenever the rich fall greatly ſhort of their ability in relieving the diſtreſſes of the poor, their pitiful largeſſes are ſo far from being meritorious, that they have only performed their duty by halves, and are in ſome ſenſe more contemptible than thoſe who have entirely neglected it.

To reconcile theſe different opinions is not in my power. I ſhall only add, that the givers are generally of the former ſentiment, and the receivers are almoſt univerſally inclined to the latter.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Which treats of matters of a very different kind from thoſe in the preceding chapter.

IN the evening Jones met his lady again, and a long converſation again enſued between them; but as it conſiſted only of the ſame ordinary occurrences as before, we ſhall avoid mentioning particulars, which we deſpair of rendering agreeable to the reader; unleſs he is one whoſe devotion to the fair ſex, like that of the papiſts to their ſaints, wants to be raiſed by the help of pictures. But I am ſo far from deſiring to exhibit ſuch pictures to the public, that I would wiſh to draw a curtain over thoſe that have been lately ſet forth in certain French novels; very bungling copies of which have been preſented us here, under the name of tranſlations.

Jones grew ſtill more and more impatient to ſee Sophia; and finding after repeated interviews with lady Bellaſton, no likelihood of obtaining this by her means; (for, on the contrary, the lady began to treat even the mention of the name of Sophia with reſentment;) he reſolved to try ſome other method. He made no doubt but that lady Bellaſton knew where his angel was, ſo he thought it moſt likely, that ſome of her ſervants ſhould be acquainted with the ſame ſecret. Partridge therefore was employed to get acquainted with thoſe ſervants, in order to fiſh this ſecret out of them.

Few ſituations can be imagined more uneaſy than that to which his poor maſter was at preſent reduced; for beſides the difficulties he met with in diſcovering Sophia, beſides the fears he had of having diſobliged her, and the aſſurances he had received from lady Bellaſton of the reſolution which Sophia had taken againſt him, and of her having purpoſely concealed herſelf from him, which he had ſufficient reaſon to

believe might be true; he had ſtill a difficulty to combat, which it was not in the power of his miſtreſs to remove, however kind her inclination might have been. This was the expoſing of her to be diſinherited of all her father's eſtate, the almoſt inevitable conſequence of their coming together without a conſent, which he had no hopes of ever obtaining.

Add to all theſe the many obligations which lady Bellaſton, whoſe violent fondneſs we can no longer conceal, had heaped upon him; ſo that by her means he was now become one of the beſt dreſs'd men about town; and was not only relieved from thoſe ridiculous diſtreſſes we have before mentioned, but was actually raiſed to a ſtate of affluence, beyond what he had ever known.

Now though there are many gentlemen who very well reconcile it to their conſciences to poſſeſs themſelves of the whole fortune of a woman, without making her any kind of return; yet to a mind the proprietor of which doth not deſerve to be hang'd, nothing is, I believe, more irkſome than to ſupport love with gratitude only; eſpecially where inclination pulls the heart a contrary way. Such was the unhappy caſe of Jones; for though the virtuous love he bore to Sophia, and which left very little affection for any other woman, had been entirely out of the queſtion, he could never have been able to have made an adequate return to the generous paſſion of this lady, who had indeed been once an object of deſire; but was now entered at leaſt into the autumn of life; though ſhe wore all the gaiety of youth both in her dreſs and manner; nay, ſhe contrived ſtill to maintain the roſes in her cheeks; but theſe, like flowers forced out of ſeaſon by art, had none of that lively blooming freſhneſs with which nature, at the proper time, bedecks her own productions. She had, beſides, a certain imperfection, which renders ſome flowers, though very beautiful to the eye, very improper to be placed in a wilderneſs of ſweets, and

what

what above all others is moſt diſagreeable to the breath of love.

Though Jones ſaw all theſe diſcouragements on the one ſide, he felt his obligations full as ſtrongly on the other; nor did he leſs plainly diſcern the ardent paſſion whence thoſe obligations proceeded, the extreme violence of which if he failed to equal, he well knew the lady would think him ungrateful; and, what is worſe, he would have thought himſelf ſo. He knew the tacit conſideration upon which all her favours were conferred; and as his neceſſity obliged him to accept them, ſo his honour, he concluded, forced him to pay the price. This therefore he reſolved to do, whatever miſery it coſt him, and to devote himſelf to her, from that great principle of juſtice, by which the laws of ſome countries oblige a debtor, who is no otherwiſe capable of diſcharging his debt, to become the ſlave of his creditor.

While he was meditating on theſe matters, he received the following note from the lady:

'A very fooliſh, but a very perverſe accident hath 'happened ſince our laſt meeting, which makes it 'improper I ſhould ſee you any more at the uſual 'place. I will, if poſſible, contrive ſome other place 'by to-morrow. In the mean time, adieu.'

This diſappointment, perhaps, the reader may conclude was not very great; but if it was, he was quickly relieved; for in leſs than an hour afterwards another note was brought him from the ſame hand, which contained as follows:

'I have altered my mind ſince I wrote, a change, 'which if you are no ſtranger to the tendereſt of all 'paſſions, you will not wonder at. I am now re'ſolved to ſee you this evening, at my own houſe, 'whatever may be the conſequence. Come to me 'exactly at ſeven; I dine abroad, but will be at home

'by that time. A day, I find, to thoſe that ſincerely 'love ſeems longer than I imagined.

'If you ſhould accidentally be a few moments 'before me, bid them ſhew you into the drawing-'room.'

To confeſs the truth, Jones was leſs pleaſed with this laſt epiſtle, than he had been with the former, as he was prevented by it from complying with the earneſt entreaties of Mr. Nightingale, with whom he had now contracted much intimacy and friendſhip. Theſe entreaties were to go with that young gentleman and his company to a new play, which was to be acted that evening, and which a very large party had agreed to damn, from ſome diſlike they had taken to the author, who was a friend to one of Mr. Nightingale's acquaintance. And this ſort of fun, our hero, we are aſhamed to confeſs, would willingly have preferred to the above kind appointment; but his honour got the better of his inclination.

Before we attend him to this intended interview with the lady, we think proper to account for both the preceding notes, as the reader may poſſibly be not a little ſurprized at the imprudence of lady Bellaſton in bringing her lover to the very houſe where her rival was lodged.

Firſt then, the miſtreſs of the houſe where theſe lovers had hitherto met, and who had been for ſome years a penſioner to that lady, was now become a methodiſt, and had that very morning waited upon her ladyſhip, and after rebuking her very ſeverely for her paſt life, had poſitively declared, that ſhe would, on no account, be inſtrumental in carrying on any of her affairs for the future.

The hurry of ſpirits into which this accident threw the lady, made her deſpair of poſſibly finding any other convenience to meet Jones that evening; but

as

as ſhe began a little to recover from her uneaſineſs at the diſappointment, ſhe ſet her thoughts to work, when luckily it came into her head to propoſe to Sophia to go to the play, which was immediately conſented to, and a proper lady provided for her companion. Mrs. Honour was likewiſe diſpatched with Mrs. Etoff on the ſame errand of pleaſure; and thus her own houſe was left free for the ſafe reception of Mr. Jones, with whom ſhe promiſed herſelf two or three hours of uninterrupted converſation, after her return from the place where ſhe dined, which was at a friend's houſe in a pretty diſtant part of the town, near her old place of aſſignation, where ſhe had engaged herſelf before ſhe was well apprized of the revolution that had happened in the mind and morals of her late confidante.

CHAP. X.

A chapter which, though ſhort, may draw tears from ſome eyes.

MR. Jones was juſt dreſſed to wait on lady Bellaſton, when Mrs. Miller rapped at his door; and being admitted, very earneſtly deſired his company below ſtairs to drink tea in the parlour.

Upon his entrance into the room, ſhe preſently introduced a perſon to him, ſaying, 'This, Sir, is 'my couſin, who hath been ſo greatly beholden to 'your goodneſs, for which he begs to return you his 'ſincereſt thanks.'

The man had ſcarce entered upon that ſpeech, which Mrs. Miller had ſo kindly prefaced, when both Jones and he looking ſtedfaſtly at each other, ſhowed at once the utmoſt tokens of ſurprize. The voice of the latter began inſtantly to faulter; and, inſtead of finiſhing his ſpeech, he ſunk down into a chair, crying, 'It is ſo, I am convinced it is ſo!'

'Bleſs me, what's the meaning of this,' cries Mrs. Miller, 'you are not ill, I hope, couſin? Some water, 'a dram this inſtant.'

'Be not frighted, Madam,' cries Jones, 'I have 'almoſt as much need of a dram as your couſin. 'We are equally ſurprized at this unexpected meet-'ing. Your couſin is an acquaintance of mine, 'Mrs. Miller.'

'An acquaintance!' cries the man. —— 'Oh 'heaven!'

'Ay, an acquaintance,' repeated Jones, 'and an 'honoured acquaintance too. When I do not love 'and honour the man who dares venture every thing 'to preſerve his wife and children from inſtant de-'ſtruction, may I have a friend capable of diſown-'ing me in adverſity.'

'O you are an excellent young man,' cries Mrs. Miller,—'yes, indeed, poor creature! he hath ven-'tured every thing—If he had not had one of the 'beſt of conſtitutions, it muſt have killed him.'

Couſin,' cries the man, who had now pretty well recovered himſelf; 'this is the angel from hea-'ven whom I meant. This is he to whom before 'I ſaw you, I owed the preſervation of my Peggy. 'He it was to whoſe generoſity every comfort, every 'ſupport which I have procured for her, was owing. 'He is indeed the worthieſt, braveſt, nobleſt of all 'human beings. O couſin, I have obligations to this 'gentleman of ſuch a nature!'

'Mention nothing of obligations,' cries Jones eagerly, 'not a word, I inſiſt upon it, not a word,' (meaning, I ſuppoſe, that he would not have him betray the affair of the robbery to any perſon)—'If 'by the trifle you have received from me, I have 'preſerved a whole family, ſure pleaſure was never 'bought ſo cheap.'

'O, Sir!' cries the man, 'I wiſh you couldthis inſtant ſee my houſe. If any perſon had ever a 'right to the pleaſure you mention, I am convinced

'it

'it is yourſelf. My couſin tells me, ſhe acquainted 'you with the diſtreſs in which ſhe found us. That, 'Sir, is all greatly removed, and chiefly by your 'goodneſs. —— My children have now a bed to lie 'on, ——— and they have ——— they have ——— 'eternal bleſſings reward you for it ——— they have 'bread to eat. My little boy is recovered; my wife 'is out of danger, and I am happy. All, all owing 'to you, Sir, and to my couſin here, one of the beſt 'of women. Indeed, Sir, I muſt ſee you at my 'houſe. — Indeed my wife muſt ſee you, and thank 'you. — My children too muſt expreſs their grati-'tude. ——— Indeed, Sir, they are not without a 'ſenſe of their obligation; but what is my feeling 'when I reflect to whom I owe, that they are now 'capable of expreſſing their gratitude. ——— O, 'Sir! the little hearts which you have warmed had 'now been cold as ice without your aſſiſtance.'

Here Jones attempted to prevent the poor man from proceeding; but indeed the overflowing of his own heart would of itſelf have ſtopped his words. And now Mrs. Miller likewiſe began to pour forth thankſgivings, as well in her own name, as in that of her couſin, and concluded with ſaying, 'She 'doubted not but ſuch goodneſs would meet a glo-'rious reward.'

Jones anſwered, 'He had been ſufficiently re-'warded already. Your couſin's account, Madam,' ſaid he, 'hath given me a ſenſation more pleaſing 'than I have ever known. He muſt be a wretch 'who is unmoved at hearing ſuch a ſtory; how tran-'ſporting then muſt be the thought of having happily 'acted a part in this ſcene! If there are men who 'cannot feel the delight of giving happineſs to others, 'I ſincerely pity them, as they are incapable of taſting 'what is, in my opinion, a greater honour, a highe 'intereſt, and a ſweeter pleaſure, than the ambitious, 'the avaricious, or the voluptuous man can ever ob-'tain.'

The hour of appointment being now come, Jones was forced to take a haſty leave, but not before he had heartily ſhaken his friend by the hand, and deſired to ſee him again as ſoon as poſſible; promiſing, that he would himſelf take the firſt opportunity of viſiting him at his own houſe. He then ſtept into his chair, and proceeded to lady Bellaſton's, greatly exulting in the happineſs which he had procured to this poor family; nor could he forbear reflecting without horror on the dreadful conſequences which muſt have attended them, had he liſtened rather to the voice of ſtrict juſtice than to that of mercy, when he was attacked on the high road.

Mrs. Miller ſung forth the praiſes of Jones during the whole evening, in which Mr. Anderſon, while he ſtayed, ſo paſſionately accompanied her, that he was often on the very point of mentioning the circumſtances of the robbery. However, he luckily recollected himſelf, and avoided an indiſcretion which would have been ſo much the greater, as he knew Mrs. Miller to be extremely ſtrict and nice in her principles. He was likewiſe well apprized of the loquacity of this lady; and yet ſuch was his gratitude, that it had almoſt got the better both of diſcretion and ſhame, and made him publiſh that which would have defamed his own character, rather than omit any circumſtances which might do the fulleſt honour to his benefactor.

CHAP. XI.

In which the reader will be ſurprized.

MR. Jones was rather earlier than the time appointed, and earlier than the lady, whoſe arrival was hindered, not only by the diſtance of the place where ſhe dined, but by ſome other croſs accidents, very vexatious to one in her ſituation of mind. He was accordingly ſhewn in to the drawing-room,

room, where he had not been many minutes before the door opened, and in came —— no other than Sophia herſelf, who had left the play before the end of the firſt act; for this, as we have already ſaid, being a new play, at which two large parties met, the one to damn, and the other to applaud, a violent uproar, and an engagement between the two parties, had ſo terrified our heroine, that ſhe was glad to put herſelf under the protection of a young gentleman, who ſafely conveyed her to her chair.

As lady Bellaſton had acquainted her that ſhe ſhould not be at home till late, Sophia expecting to find no one in the room, came haſtily in, and went directly to a glaſs which almoſt fronted her, without once looking towards the upper end of the room, where the ſtatue of Jones now ſtood motionleſs.—— In this glaſs it was, after contemplating her own lovely face, that ſhe firſt diſcovered the ſaid ſtatue; when inſtantly turning about, ſhe perceived the reality of the viſion: upon which ſhe gave a violent ſcream, and ſcarce preſerved herſelf from fainting, till Jones was able to move to her and ſupport her in his arms.

To paint the looks or thoughts of either of theſe lovers is beyond my power. As their ſenſations, from their mutual ſilence, may be judged to have been too big for their own utterance, it cannot be ſuppoſed that I ſhould be able to expreſs them: and the misfortune is, that few of my readers have been enough in love, to feel by their own hearts what paſt at this time in theirs.

After a ſhort pauſe, Jones, with faultering accents, ſaid,—— 'I ſee, Madam, you are ſurprized' —— 'Surprized!' anſwered ſhe; 'Oh heavens! 'Indeed, I am ſurprized. I almoſt doubt whether 'you are the perſon you ſeem.' 'Indeed,' cries he, 'my Sophia, pardon me, Madam, for this once 'calling you ſo, I am that very wretched Jones, whom 'fortune, after ſo many diſappointments, hath, at laſt,

'kindly

'kindly conducted to you. Oh! my Sophia, did you 'know the thouſand torments I have ſuffered in this 'long, fruitleſs purſuit.' — 'Purſuit of whom?' ſaid Sophia, a little recollecting herſelf, and aſſuming a reſerved air. —— 'Can you be ſo cruel to aſk 'that queſtion?' cries Jones, 'Need I ſay of you?' 'Of me?' anſwered Sophia: 'Hath Mr. Jones 'then any ſuch important buſineſs with me?' 'To 'ſome, Madam,' cries Jones, 'this might ſeem an 'important buſineſs,' (giving her the pocket-book.) 'I hope, Madam, you will find it of the ſame value, 'as when it was loſt.' Sophia, took the pocket-book, and was going to ſpeak, when he interrupted her, thus; —— 'Let us not, I beſeech you, loſe one of 'theſe precious moments which fortune hath ſo kindly 'ſent us.—O my Sophia! I have buſineſs of a much 'ſuperior kind.——Thus, on my knees, let me aſk 'your pardon.'——'My pardon,' cries ſhe; —— 'Sure, Sir, after what is paſt, you cannot expect, 'after what I have heard—.' 'I ſcarce know what I 'ſay,' anſwered Jones. 'By heavens! I ſcarce wiſh 'you ſhould pardon me. O my Sophia! henceforth 'never caſt away a thought on ſuch a wretch as I 'am. If any remembrance of me ſhould ever in-'trude to give a moment's uneaſineſs to that tender 'boſom, think of my unworthineſs; and let the re-'membrance of what paſt at Upton blot me for ever 'from your mind.'——

Sophia ſtood trembling all this while. Her face was whiter than ſnow, and her heart was throbbing through her ſtays. But at the mention of Upton, a bluſh aroſe in her cheeks, and her eyes, which before ſhe had ſcarce lifted up, were turned upon Jones with a glance of diſdain. He underſtood this ſilent reproach, and replied to it thus: 'O my Sophia! my 'only love! you cannot hate or deſpiſe me more for 'what happened there, than I do myſelf: but yet do 'me the juſtice to think, that my heart was never 'unfaithful to you. That had no ſhare in the folly

'I was

'I was guilty of; it was even then unalterably 'yours. Though I deſpaired of poſſeſſing you, nay, 'almoſt of ever ſeeing you more, I doated ſtill on 'your charming idea, and could ſeriouſly love no 'other woman. But if my heart had not been en-'gaged, ſhe, into whoſe company I accidentally fell 'at that curſed place, was not an object of ſerious 'love. Believe me, my angel, I never have ſeen her 'from that day to this; and never intend, or deſire, 'to ſee her again.' Sophia, in her heart, was very glad to hear this; but forcing into her face an air of more coldneſs than ſhe had yet aſſumed; 'Why,' ſaid ſhe, 'Mr. Jones, do you take the trouble to 'make a defence, where you are not accuſed? If I 'thought it worth while to accuſe you, I have a 'charge of unpardonable nature indeed.' 'What is 'it, for heaven's ſake?' anſwered Jones, trembling and pale, expecting to hear of his amour with lady Bellaſton. 'Oh,' ſaid ſhe, 'how is it poſſible! can 'every thing noble, and every thing baſe, be lodged 'together in the ſame boſom?' Lady Bellaſton, and the ignominious circumſtance of having been kept, roſe again in his mind, and ſtopt his mouth from any reply. 'Could I have expected,' proceeded Sophia, 'ſuch treatment from you? Nay, from any gentle-'man, from any man of honour? To have my name 'traduced in public; in inns, among the meaneſt 'vulgar! to have any little favours that my unguarded 'heart may have too lightly betrayed me to grant, 'boaſted of there! nay, even to hear that you had 'been forced to fly from my love!'

Nothing could equal Jones's ſurprize at theſe words of Sophia; but yet, not being guilty, he was much leſs embarraſſed how to defend himſelf, than if ſhe had touched that tender ſtring, at which his conſcience had been alarmed. By ſome examination he preſently found, that her ſuppoſing him guilty of ſo ſhocking an outrage againſt his love, and her reputation, was entirely owing to Partridge's talk at the inns, be-

fore

fore landlords and ſervants; for Sophia confeſſed to him, it was from them that ſhe received her intelligence. He had no very great difficulty to make her believe that he was entirely innocent of an offence ſo foreign to his character: but ſhe had a great deal to hinder him from going inſtantly home, and putting Partridge to death, which he more than once ſwore he would do. This point being cleared up, they ſoon found themſelves ſo well pleaſed with each other, that Jones quite forgot he had begun the converſation with conjuring her to give up all thoughts of him; and ſhe was in a temper to have given ear to a petition of a very different nature: for before they were aware, they had both gone ſo far, that he let fall ſome words that ſounded like a propoſal of marriage. To which ſhe replied, 'That, did not her duty to her father 'forbid her to follow her own inclinations, ruin with 'him would be more welcome to her, than the moſt 'affluent fortune with another man.' At the mention of the word ruin he ſtarted, let drop her hand, which he held for ſome time, and ſtriking his breaſt with his own, cried out, 'Oh, Sophia! can I then 'ruin thee? No; by heavens, no! I never will act 'ſo baſe a part. Deareſt Sophia, whatever it coſts 'me, I will renounce you; I will give you up: I 'will tear all ſuch hopes from my heart, as are in-'conſiſtent with your real good. My love I will 'ever retain, but it ſhall be in ſilence; it ſhall be at a 'diſtance from you; it ſhall be in ſome foreign land; 'from whence no voice, no ſigh of my deſpair, ſhall 'ever reach and diſturb your ears. And when I am 'dead' — He would have gone on, but was ſtopt by a flood of tears which Sophia let fall in his boſom, upon which ſhe leaned, without being able to ſpeak one word. He kiſſed them off, which, for ſome moments, ſhe allowed him to do without any reſiſtance; but then recollecting herſelf, gently withdrew out of his arms; and, to turn the diſcourſe from a ſubject too tender, and which ſhe found ſhe could not

ſupport,

ſupport, bethought herſelf to aſk him a queſtion ſhe never had time to put to him before, 'How he came 'into that room?' He begun to ſtammer, and would, in all probability, have raiſed her ſuſpicions by the anſwer he was going to give, when, at once, the door opened, and in came lady Bellaſton.

Having advanced a few ſteps, and ſeeing Jones and Sophia together, ſhe ſuddenly ſtopt; when after a pauſe of a few moments, recollecting herſelf with admirable preſence of mind, ſhe ſaid,—though with ſufficient indications of ſurprize both in voice and countenance—'I thought Miſs Weſtern, you had 'been at the play?'

Though Sophia had no opportunity of learning of Jones by what means he had diſcovered her, yet as ſhe had not the leaſt ſuſpicion of the real truth, or that Jones and lady Bellaſton were acquainted, ſo ſhe was very little confounded: and the leſs, as the lady had, in all their converſations on the ſubject, entirely taken her ſide againſt her father. With very little heſitation, therefore, ſhe went through the whole ſtory of what had happened at the playhouſe, and the cauſe of her haſty return.

The length of this narrative gave lady Bellaſton an opportunity of rallying her ſpirits, and of conſidering in what manner to act. And as the behaviour of Sophia gave her hopes that Jones had not betrayed her, ſhe put on an air of good-humour, and ſaid, 'I ſhould not have broke in ſo abruptly upon you, 'Miſs Weſtern, if I had known you had company.'

Lady Bellaſton fixed her eyes on Sophia whilſt ſhe ſpoke theſe words. To which that poor young lady, having her face overſpread with bluſhes and confuſion, anſwered, in a ſtammering voice, 'I am ſure, Ma-'dam, I ſhall always think the honour of your lady-'ſhip's company——' 'I hope, at leaſt,' cries lady Bellaſton, 'I interrupt no buſineſs.'—'No Madam,' anſwered Sophia, 'our buſineſs was at an end. Your 'ladyſhip may be pleaſed to remember, I have often

'mentioned

'mentioned the loſs of my pocket-book, which this 'gentleman, having very luckily found, was ſo kind 'to return it to me with the bill in it.'

Jones, ever ſince the arrival of lady Bellaſton, had been ready to ſink with fear. He ſat kicking his heels, playing with his fingers, and looking more like a fool, if it be poſſible, than a young booby 'ſquire, when he is firſt introduced into a polite aſſembly. He began, however, now to recover himſelf; and taking a hint from the behaviour of lady Bellaſton, who, he ſaw, did not intend to claim any acquaintance with him, he reſolved as entirely to affect the ſtranger on his part. He ſaid, 'Ever ſince he had the pocket-'book in his poſſeſſion, he had uſed great diligence 'in enquiring out the lady whoſe name was writ in 'it; but never till that day could be ſo fortunate to 'diſcover her.'

Sophia had, indeed, mentioned the loſs of her pocket-book to lady Bellaſton; but as Jones, for ſome reaſon or other, had never once hinted to her that it was in his poſſeſſion, ſhe believed not one ſyllable of what Sophia now ſaid, and wonderfully admired the extreme quickneſs of the young lady, in inventing ſuch an excuſe. The reaſon of Sophia's leaving the playhouſe met with no better credit; and though ſhe could not account for the meeting between theſe two lovers, ſhe was firmly perſuaded it was not accidental.

With an affected ſmile, therefore, ſhe ſaid—'Indeed, Miſs Weſtern, you have had very good luck 'in recovering your money. Not only as it fell into 'the hands of a gentleman of honour, but as he happened to diſcover to whom it belonged. I think 'you would not conſent to have it advertiſed.——It 'was great good fortune, Sir, that you found out 'to whom the note belonged.'

'O Madam,' cries Jones, 'it was incloſed in a 'pocket-book, in which the young lady's name was 'written.'

'That was very fortunate indeed,' cries the lady: —'And it was no leſs ſo, that you heard Miſs Weſtern 'was at my houſe; for ſhe is very little known.'

Jones had at length perfectly recovered his ſpirits; and as he conceived he had now an opportunity of ſatisfying Sophia, as to the queſtion ſhe had aſked him juſt before lady Bellaſton came in, he proceeded thus: 'Why, Madam,' anſwered he, 'it was by the 'luckieſt chance imaginable I made this diſcovery. 'I was mentioning what I had found, and the name 'of the owner, the other night, to a lady at the maſ- 'querade, who told me, ſhe believed ſhe knew where 'I might ſee Miſs Weſtern; and if I would come to 'her houſe the next morning, ſhe would inform me. 'I went according to her appointment, but ſhe was 'not at home; nor could I ever meet with her till 'this morning, when ſhe directed me to your lady- 'ſhip's houſe. I came accordingly, and did myſelf 'the honour to aſk for your ladyſhip; and upon my 'ſaying that I had very particular buſineſs, a ſervant 'ſhewed me into this room; where I had not been 'long before the young lady returned from the 'play.'

Upon his mentioning the maſquerade, he looked very ſlily at lady Bellaſton, without any fear of being remarked by Sophia; for ſhe was viſibly too much confounded to make any obſervations. This hint a little alarmed the lady, and ſhe was ſilent; when Jones, who ſaw the agitations of Sophia's mind, reſolved to take the only method of relieving her, which was by retiring: but before he did this, he ſaid, 'I believe, Madam, it is cuſtomary to give 'ſome reward on theſe occaſions;—I muſt inſiſt on 'a very high one for my honeſty;——it is, Madam, 'no leſs than the honour of being permitted to pay 'another viſit here.'

'Sir,' replied the lady, 'I make no doubt that 'you are a gentleman, and my doors are never ſhut 'to people of faſhion.'

Jones

Jones then, after proper ceremonials, departed, highly to his own ſatisfaction, and no leſs to that of Sophia; who was terribly alarmed leſt lady Bellaſton ſhould diſcover what ſhe knew already but too well.

Upon the ſtairs Jones met his old acquaintance Mrs. Honour, who, notwithſtanding all ſhe had ſaid againſt him, was now ſo well-bred to behave with great civility. This meeting proved indeed a lucky circumſtance, as he communicated to her the houſe where he lodged, with which Sophia was acquainted.

CHAP. XII.

In which the thirteenth Book is concluded.

THE elegant lord Shaftſbury ſomewhere objects to telling too much truth: by which it may be fairly inferred, that, in ſome caſes, to lie, is not only excuſable but commendable.

And ſurely there are no perſons who may ſo properly challenge a right to this commendable deviation from truth, as young women in the affair of love; for which they may plead precept, education, and above all, the ſanction, nay, I may ſay the neceſſity of cuſtom, by which they are reſtrained, not from ſubmitting to the honeſt impulſes of nature (for that would be a fooliſh prohibition) but from owning them.

We are not, therefore, aſhamed to ſay, that our heroine now purſued the dictates of the abovementioned right honourable philoſopher. As ſhe was perfectly ſatisfied then, that lady Bellaſton was ignorant of the perſon of Jones, ſo ſhe determined to keep her in that ignorance, though at the expence of a little fibbing.

Jones had not been long gone, before lady Bellaſton cry'd, 'Upon my word, a good pretty young 'fellow; I wonder who he is; for I don't remember 'ever to have ſeen his face before.'

'Nor

'Nor I neither, Madam,' cries Sophia, 'I muſt 'ſay he behaved very handſomely in relation to my 'note.'

'Yes; and he is a very handſome fellow,' ſaid the lady; 'don't you think ſo?'

'I did not take much notice of him,' anſwered Sophia, 'but I thought he ſeemed rather aukward 'and ungenteel than otherwiſe.'

'You are extremely right,' cries lady Bellaſton: 'you may ſee, by his manner, that he hath not kept 'good company. Nay, notwithſtanding his return-'ing your note, and refuſing the reward, I almoſt 'queſtion whether he is a gentleman. —— I have 'always obſerved there is a ſomething in perſons well-'born, which others can never acquire. —— I think 'I will give orders not to be at home to him.'

'Nay ſure, Madam,' anſwered Sophia, 'one can't 'ſuſpect after what he hath done; — beſides, if your 'ladyſhip obſerved him, there was an elegance in his 'diſcourſe, a delicacy, a prettineſs of expreſſion that, 'that ——'

'I confeſs,' ſaid lady Bellaſton, 'the fellow hath 'words —— And indeed, Sophia, you muſt forgive 'me, indeed you muſt.'

'I forgive your ladyſhip!' ſaid Sophia.

'Yes, indeed you muſt,' anſwered ſhe laughing; 'for I had a horrible ſuſpicion when I firſt came 'into the room —— I vow you muſt forgive it; but 'I ſuſpected it was Mr. Jones himſelf.'

'Did your ladyſhip indeed?' cries Sophia, bluſhing, and affecting a laugh.

'Yes, I vow I did,' anſwered ſhe, 'I can't imagine what put it into my head: for give the fel-'low his due, he was genteelly dreſt; which, I 'think, dear Sophy, is not commonly the caſe with 'your friend.'

'This raillery,' cries Sophia, 'is a little cruel, 'lady Bellaſton, after my promiſe to your ladyſhip.'

'Not at all, child,' ſaid the lady! —— 'It would 'have been cruel before; but after you promiſed me 'never to marry without your father's conſent, in 'which you know is implied your giving up Jones, 'ſure you can bear a little raillery on a paſſion which 'was pardonable enough in a young girl in the 'country, and of which you tell me you have ſo 'entirely got the better. What muſt I think, my 'dear Sophy, if you cannot bear a little ridicule 'even on his dreſs? I ſhall begin to fear you are very 'far gone indeed; and almoſt queſtion whether you 'have dealt ingenuouſly with me.'

'Indeed, Madam,' cries Sophia, 'your ladyſhip 'miſtakes me, if you imagine I had any concern on 'his account.'

'On his account?' anſwered the lady: 'You muſt 'have miſtaken me; I went no farther than his 'dreſs;——for I would not injure your taſte by any 'other compariſon—I don't imagine, my dear Sophy, 'if your Mr. Jones had been ſuch a fellow as 'this—'

'I thought,' ſays Sophia, 'your ladyſhip had al-'lowed him to be handſome.'——

'Whom, pray?' cried the lady, haſtily.

'Mr. Jones,' anſwered Sophia;—and immediately recollecting herſelf, 'Mr. Jones!——no, no; I aſk 'your pardon;—I mean the gentleman who was juſt 'now here.'

'O Sophy! Sophy!' cries the lady; 'this Mr. 'Jones, I am afraid, ſtill runs in your head.'

'Then upon my honour, Madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'Mr. Jones is as entirely indifferent to me, as the 'gentleman who juſt now left us.'

'Upon my honour,' ſaid lady Bellaſton, 'I believe 'it. Forgive me, therefore, a little innocent rail-'lery; but I promiſe you I will never mention his 'name any more.'

And now the two ladies ſeparated, infinitely more to the delight of Sophia than of lady Bellaſton, who would

would willingly have tormented her rival a little longer, had not buſineſs of more importance called her away. As for Sophia, her mind was not perfectly eaſy under this firſt practice of deceit: upon which, when ſhe retired to her chamber, ſhe reflected with the higheſt uneaſineſs and conſcious ſhame. Nor could the peculiar hardſhip of her ſituation, and the neceſſity of the caſe, at all reconcile her mind to her conduct; for the frame of her mind was too delicate to bear the thought of having been guilty of a falſehood, however qualified by circumſtances. Nor did this thought once ſuffer her to cloſe her eyes during the whole ſucceeding night.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XIV.

Containing two days.

CHAP. I.

An Eſſay to prove that an Author will write the better, for having ſome knowledge of the ſubject on which he writes.

AS ſeveral gentlemen in theſe times, by the wonderful force of genius only, without the leaſt aſſiſtance of learning, perhaps, without being well able to read, have made a conſiderable figure in the republic of letters; the modern critics, I am told, have lately begun to aſſert, that all kind of learning is entirely uſeleſs to a writer; and, indeed, no other than a kind of fetters on the natural ſpritelineſs and activity of the imagination, which is thus weighed down, and prevented from ſoaring to thoſe high flights which otherwiſe it would be able to reach.

This doctrine, I am afraid, is, at preſent, carried much too far: for why ſhould writing differ ſo much from all other arts? The nimbleneſs of a dancing-maſter is not at all prejudiced by being taught to move; nor doth any mechanic, I believe, exerciſe his tools the worſe by having learnt to uſe them. For my own part, I cannot conceive that Homer or Virgil would have writ with more fire, if, inſtead of being maſters of all the learning of their times, they had been as ignorant as moſt of the Authors of the preſent age. Nor do I believe that all the imagination, fire, and judgment of Pitt, could have produced thoſe orations that have made the ſenate of England in theſe our times a rival in eloquence to Greece and Rome, if he had not been ſo well read in the writings of Demoſthenes and Cicero, as to have transferred their whole ſpirit into his ſpeeches, and with their ſpirit, their knowledge too.

I would not here be underſtood to inſiſt on the ſame fund of learning in any of my brethren, as Cicero perſuades us is neceſſary to the compoſition of an orator. On the contrary, very little reading is, I conceive, neceſſary to the poet, leſs to the critic, and the leaſt of all to the politician. For the firſt, perhaps, Byſhe's Art of Poetry, and a few of our modern poets, may ſuffice; for the ſecond, a moderate heap of plays; and for the laſt, an indifferent collection of political journals.

To ſay the truth, I require no more than that a man ſhould have ſome little knowledge of the ſubject on which he treats, according to the old maxim of law, *Quam quiſque norit artem in eâ ſe exerceat.* With this alone a writer may ſometimes do tolerably well; and indeed without this, all the other learning in the world will ſtand him in little ſtead.

For inſtance, let us ſuppoſe that Homer and Virgil, Ariſtotle and Cicero, Thucydides and Livy, could have met all together, and have clubbed their ſeveral talents to have compoſed a treatiſe on the art of danc-

ing; I believe it will be readily agreed they could not have equalled the excellent treatiſe which Mr. Eſſex hath given us on that ſubject, entitled, The Rudiments of genteel Education. And, indeed, ſhould the excellent Mr. Broughton be prevailed on to ſet fiſt to paper, and to complete the aboveſaid rudiments, by delivering down the true principles of Athletics, I queſtion whether the world will have any cauſe to lament, that none of the great writers, either ancient or modern, have ever treated about that noble and uſeful art.

To avoid a multiplicity of examples in ſo plain a caſe, and to come at once to my point, I am apt to conceive, that one reaſon why many Engliſh writers have totally failed in deſcribing the manners of upper life, may poſſibly be, that in reality they know nothing of it.

This is a knowledge unhappily not in the power of many Authors to arrive at. Books will give us a very imperfect idea of it; nor will the ſtage a much better: the fine gentleman formed upon reading the former will almoſt always turn out a pedant, and he who forms himſelf upon the latter, a coxcomb.

Nor are the characters drawn from theſe models better ſupported. Vanbrugh and Congreve copied nature; but they who copy them draw as unlike the preſent age, as Hogarth would do if he was to paint a rout or a drum in the dreſſes of Titian and of Vandyke. In ſhort, imitation here will not do the buſineſs. The picture muſt be after nature herſelf. A true knowledge of the world is gained only by converſation, and the manners of every rank muſt be ſeen in order to be known.

Now it happens that this higher order of mortals is not to be ſeen, like all the reſt of the human ſpecies, for nothing, in the ſtreets, ſhops, and coffeehouſes: nor are they ſhewn like the upper rank of animals, for ſo much a-piece. In ſhort, this is a ſight to which no perſons are admitted, without one or other

of

of theſe qualifications, viz. either birth or fortune, or what is equivalent to both, the honourable profeſſion of a gameſter. And, very unluckily for the world, perſons ſo qualified very ſeldom care to take upon themſelves the bad trade of writing; which is generally entered upon by the lower and poorer ſort, as it is a trade which many think requires no kind of ſtock to ſet up with.

Hence thoſe ſtrange monſters in lace and embroidery, in ſilks and brocades, with vaſt wigs and hoops; which, under the name of lords and ladies, ſtrut the ſtage, to the great delight of attornies and their clerks in the pit, and of the citizens and their apprentices in the galleries; and which are no more to be found in real life, than the centaur, the chimera, or any other creature of mere fiction. But to let my reader into a ſecret, this knowledge of upper life, though very neceſſary for preventing miſtakes, is no very great reſource to a writer whoſe province is comedy, or that kind of novels, which, like this I am writing, is of the comic claſs.

What Mr. Pope ſays of women is very applicable to moſt in this ſtation, who are indeed ſo entirely made up of form and affectation, that they have no character at all, at leaſt, none which appears. I will venture to ſay the higheſt life is much the dulleſt, and affords very little humour or entertainment. The various callings in lower ſpheres produce the great variety of humorous characters; whereas here, except among the few who are engaged in the purſuit of ambition, and the fewer ſtill who have a reliſh for pleaſure, all is vanity and ſervile imitation. Dreſſing and cards, eating and drinking, bowing and courteyſing, make up the buſineſs of their lives.

Some there are however of this rank, upon whom paſſion exerciſes its tyranny, and hurries them far beyond the bounds which decorum preſcribes; of theſe, the ladies are as much diſtinguiſhed by their noble intrepidity, and a certain ſuperior contempt of

reputation, from the frail ones of meaner degree, as a virtuous woman of quality is by the elegance and delicacy of her ſentiments from the honeſt wife of a yeoman or ſhopkeeper. Lady Bellaſton was of this intrepid character; but let not my country readers conclude from her, that this is the general conduct of women of faſhion, or that we mean to repreſent them as ſuch. They might as well ſuppoſe, that every clergyman was repreſented by Thwackum, or every ſoldier by enſign Northerton.

There is not indeed a greater error than that which univerſally prevails among the vulgar, who borrowing their opinion from ſome ignorant ſatiriſt, have affixed the character of lewdneſs to theſe times. On the contrary, I am convinced there never was leſs of love intrigue carried on among perſons of condition, than now. Our preſent women have been taught by their mothers to fix their thoughts only on ambition and vanity, and to deſpiſe the pleaſures of love as unworthy their regard; and being afterwards, by the care of ſuch mothers, married without having huſbands, they ſeem pretty well confirmed in the juſtneſs of thoſe ſentiments; whence they content themſelves, for the dull remainder of life, with the purſuit of more innocent, but I am afraid more childiſh amuſements, the bare mention of which would ill ſuit with the dignity of this hiſtory. In my humble opinion, the true characteriſtic of the preſent Beau Monde, is rather folly than vice, and the only epithet which it deſerves is that of frivolous.

CHAP. II.

Containing letters and other matters which attend amours.

JONES had not long been at home, before he received the following letter:

'I was

'I was never more ſurprized than when I found 'you was gone. When you left the room, I little 'imagined you intended to have left the houſe without 'ſeeing me again. Your behaviour is all of a-piece, 'and convinces me how much I ought to deſpiſe a 'heart which can doat upon an idiot; though I know 'not whether I ſhould not admire her cunning more 'than her ſimplicity: wonderful both! For though 'ſhe underſtood not a word of what paſſed between 'us, ſhe yet had the ſkill, the aſſurance, the—— 'what ſhall I call it? to deny to my face, that ſhe 'knows you, or ever ſaw you before.—— Was this 'a ſcheme laid between you, and have you been baſe 'enough to betray me?——O how I deſpiſe her, 'you, and all the world, but chiefly myſelf! for—— 'I dare not write what I ſhould afterwards run mad 'to read; but remember, I can deteſt as violently as 'I have loved.'

Jones had but little time given him to reflect on this letter, before a ſecond was brought him from the ſame hand; and this, likewiſe, we ſhall ſet down in the preciſe words.

'When you conſider the hurry of ſpirits in which 'I muſt have writ, you cannot be ſurprized at any 'expreſſions in my former note.——Yet, perhaps, 'on reflection, they were rather too warm. At leaſt 'I would, if poſſible, think all owing to the odious 'playhouſe, and to the impertinence of a fool, which 'detained me beyond my appointment.——How 'eaſy is it to think well of thoſe we love?——Per-'haps you deſire I ſhould think ſo. I have reſolved 'to ſee you to-night; ſo come to me immediately.

'*P. S.* I have ordered to be at home to none 'but yourſelf.

'*P. S.*

'*P. S.* Mr. Jones will imagine I ſhall aſſiſt him
'in his defence; for I believe he cannot de-
'ſire to impoſe on me more than I deſire to
'impoſe on myſelf.

'*P. S.* Come immediately.'

To the men of intrigue I refer the determination, whether the angry or the tender letter gave the greateſt uneaſineſs to Jones. Certain it is, he had no violent inclination to pay any more viſits that evening, unleſs to one ſingle perſon. However he thought his honour engaged, and had not this been motive ſufficient, he would not have ventured to blow the temper of lady Bellaſton into that flame of which he had reaſon to think it ſuſceptible, and of which he feared the conſequence might be a diſcovery to Sophia, which he dreaded. After ſome diſcontented walks therefore about the room, he was preparing to depart, when the lady kindly prevented him, not by another letter, but by her own preſence. She entered the room very diſordered in her dreſs, and very diſcompoſed in her looks, and threw herſelf into a chair, where having recovered her breath, ſhe ſaid, ——'You ſee, Sir, when women have gone one 'length too far, they will ſtop at none. If any 'perſon would have ſworn this to me a week ago, 'I would not have believed it of myſelf.' 'I hope, 'Madam,' ſaid Jones, 'my charming lady Bellaſton 'will be as difficult to believe any thing againſt one 'who is ſo ſenſible of the many obligations ſhe 'hath conferred upon him.' 'Indeed!' ſays ſhe, 'ſenſible of obligations! Did I expect to hear ſuch 'cold language from Mr. Jones?' 'Pardon me, 'my dear angel,' ſaid he, 'if after the letters I 'have received, the terrors of your anger, though I 'know not how I have deſerved it.'——'And 'have I then,' ſays ſhe with a ſmile, 'ſo angry a 'counte-

'countenance?—Have I really brought a chiding 'face with me?'—'If there be honour in man,' ſaid he, 'I have done nothing to merit your anger. '—You remember the appointment you ſent me, '—I went in purſuance.'——'I beſeech you,' cried ſhe, 'do not run through the odious recital.—— 'Anſwer me but one queſtion, and I ſhall be eaſy. '—Have you not betrayed my honour to her?'— 'Jones fell upon his knees, and began to utter the 'moſt violent proteſtations, when Partridge came 'dancing and capering into the room, like one drunk 'with joy, crying out, She's found! She's found!— 'Here, Sir, here, ſhe's here,—Mrs. Honour is upon 'the ſtairs.' 'Stop her a moment,' cries Jones,— 'Here, Madam, ſtep behind the bed, I have no 'other room nor cloſet, nor place on earth to hide 'you in; ſure never was ſo damn'd an accident.'— 'D—n'd indeed!' ſaid the lady, as ſhe went to her place of concealment; and preſently afterwards in came Mrs. Honour. 'Hey day!' ſays ſhe, 'Mr. 'Jones, what's the matter?—That impudent raſcal 'your ſervant, would ſcarce let me come up ſtairs. 'I hope he hath not the ſame reaſon to keep me 'from you as he had at Upton.—I ſuppoſe you hard-'ly expected to ſee me; but you have certainly be-'witched my lady. Poor dear young lady! To be 'ſure, I loves her as tenderly as if ſhe was my own 'ſiſter. Lord have mercy upon you, if you don't 'make her a good huſband; and to be ſure if you 'do not, nothing can be bad enough for you.' 'Jones begged her only to whiſper, for that there 'was a lady dying in the next room.' 'A lady!' cries ſhe; 'ay, I ſuppoſe one of your ladies.—O 'Mr. Jones, there are too many of them in the 'world; I believe we are got into the houſe of one, 'for my lady Bellaſton I darſt to ſay is no bet-'ter than ſhe ſhould be.'—'Huſh! huſh!' cries Jones, 'every word is overheard in the next room.' 'I don't care a farthing,' cries Honour, 'I ſpeaks

'no

'no ſcandal of any one; but to be ſure the ſervants 'make no ſcruple of ſaying as how her ladyſhip 'meets men at another place—where the houſe goes 'under the name of a poor gentlewoman, but her 'ladyſhip pays the rent, and many's the good thing 'beſides, they ſay, ſhe hath of her.'——Here Jones, after expreſſing the utmoſt uneaſineſs, offered to ſtop her mouth,—'Hey day! why ſure Mr. Jones you 'will let me ſpeak, I ſpeaks no ſcandal, for I only 'ſays what I heard from others,—and thinks I to 'myſelf, much good may it do the gentlewoman 'with her riches, if ſhe comes by it in ſuch a wicked 'manner. To be ſure it is better to be poor and 'honeſt.' 'The ſervants are villains,' cries Jones, 'and abuſe their lady unjuſtly.'—'Ay, to be ſure, 'ſervants are always villains, and ſo my lady ſays, 'and won't hear a word of it.'——'No, I am con-'vinced,' ſays Jones, 'my Sophia is above liſtening 'to ſuch baſe ſcandal.' 'Nay, I believe it is no 'ſcandal neither,' cries Honour, 'for why ſhould ſhe 'meet men at another houſe?—It can never be for 'any good: for if ſhe had a lawful deſign of being 'courted, as to be ſure any lady may lawfully give her 'company to men upon that account; why where 'can be the ſenſe.'——'I proteſt,' cries Jones, 'I 'can't hear all this of a lady of ſuch honour, and a 'relation of Sophia; beſides, you will diſtract the 'poor lady in the next room.—Let me intreat you 'to walk with me down ſtairs.'——'Nay, Sir, if 'you won't let me ſpeak, I have done.'—Here, 'Sir, is a letter from my young lady,—what would 'ſome men give to have this? But, Mr. Jones, I 'think you are not over and above generous, and yet 'I have heard ſome ſervants ſay——but I am ſure 'you will do me the juſtice to own I never ſaw the 'colour of your money.' Here Jones haſtily took the letter, and preſently after ſlipped five pieces into her hand. He then returned a thouſand thanks to his dear Sophia in a whiſper, and begged her to leave

leave him to read her letter: ſhe preſently departed, not without expreſſing much grateful ſenſe of his generoſity.

Lady Bellaſton now came from behind the curtain. How ſhall I deſcribe her rage? Her tongue was at firſt incapable of utterance; but ſtreams of fire darted from her eyes, and well indeed they might, for her heart was all in a flame. And now as ſoon as her voice found way, inſtead of expreſſing any indignation againſt Honour or her own ſervants, ſhe began to attack poor Jones. 'You ſee,' ſaid ſhe, 'what I have ſacrificed to you, my reputation, my 'honour,—gone for ever! And what return have 'I found? Neglected, ſlighted for a country girl, 'for an idiot.'—'What neglect, Madam, or what 'ſlight,' cries Jones, 'have I been guilty of?'—'Mr. Jones,' ſaid ſhe, 'it is in vain to diſſemble, 'if you will make me eaſy, you muſt entirely give 'her up; and as a proof of your intention, ſhew 'me the letter.'———'What letter, Madam?' ſaid Jones. 'Nay, ſurely,' ſaid ſhe, 'you cannot have 'the confidence to deny your having received a 'letter by the hands of that trollop.' 'And can 'your ladyſhip,' cries he, 'aſk of me what I muſt 'part with my honour before I grant? Have I 'acted in ſuch a manner by your ladyſhip? Could 'I be guilty of betraying this poor innocent girl to 'you, what ſecurity could you have, that I ſhould 'not act the ſame part by yourſelf? A moment's re-'flection will, I am ſure, convince you, that a man 'with whom the ſecrets of a lady are not ſafe, muſt 'be the moſt contemptible of wretches.' 'Very 'well,' ſaid ſhe,—'I need not inſiſt on your be-'coming this contemptible wretch in your own opi-'nion; for the inſide of the letter could inform me 'of nothing more than I know already. I ſee the 'footing you are upon.'——Here enſued a long converſation, which the reader, who is not too curious, will thank me for not inſerting at length. It

ſhall

ſhall ſuffice therefore to inform him, that lady Bellaſton grew more and more pacified, and at length believed, or affected to believe, his proteſtations, that his meeting with Sophia that evening was merely accidental, and every other matter which the reader already knows, and which as Jones ſet before her in the ſtrongeſt light, it is plain that ſhe had in reality no reaſon to be angry with him.

She was not however in her heart perfectly ſatisfied with his refuſal to ſhew her the letter; ſo deaf are we to the cleareſt reaſon, when it argues againſt our prevailing paſſions. She was indeed well convinced that Sophia poſſeſſed the firſt place in Jones's affections; and yet, haughty and amorous as this lady was, ſhe ſubmitted at laſt to bear the ſecond place; or to expreſs it more properly in a legal phraſe, was contented with the poſſeſſion of that of which another woman had the reverſion.

It was at length agreed, that Jones ſhould for the future viſit at the houſe: for that Sophia, her maid, and all the ſervants would place theſe viſits to the account of Sophia; and that ſhe herſelf would be conſidered as the perſon impoſed upon.

This ſcheme was contrived by the lady, and highly reliſhed by Jones, who was indeed glad to have a proſpect of ſeeing his Sophia at any rate; and the lady herſelf was not a little pleaſed with the impoſition on Sophia, which Jones, ſhe thought, could not poſſibly diſcover to her for his own ſake.

The next day was appointed for the firſt viſit, and then, after proper ceremonials, the lady Bellaſton returned home.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Containing various matters.

JONES was no ſooner alone, than he eagerly broke open his letter, and read as follows:

'Sir, it is impoſſible to expreſs what I have ſuffered ſince you left this houſe; and as I have reaſon to think you intend coming here again, I have ſent Honour, though ſo late at night, as ſhe tells me ſhe knows your lodgings, to prevent you. I charge you, by all the regard you have for me, not to think of viſiting here; for it will certainly be diſcovered; nay, I almoſt doubt from ſome things which have dropt from her ladyſhip, that ſhe is not already without ſome ſuſpicion. Something favourable perhaps may happen; we muſt wait with patience; but I once more entreat you, if you have any concern for my eaſe, do not think of returning hither.'

This letter adminiſtered the ſame kind of conſolation to poor Jones, which Job formerly received from his friends. Beſides diſappointing all the hopes which he promiſed to himſelf from ſeeing Sophia, he was reduced to an unhappy dilemma, with regard to lady Bellaſton; for there are ſome certain engagements, which, as he well knew, do very difficultly admit of any excuſe for the failure; and to go, after the ſtrict prohibition from Sophia, he was not to be forced by any human power. At length, after much deliberation, which during that night ſupplied the place of ſleep, he determined to feign himſelf ſick: for this ſuggeſted itſelf as the only means of failing the appointed viſit, without incenſing lady Bellaſton, which he had more than one reaſon of deſiring to avoid.

The firſt thing however which he did in the morning was, to write an anſwer to Sophia, which he incloſed in one to Honour. He then diſpatched another to lady Bellaſton, containing the above-mentioned excuſe; and to this he ſoon received the following anſwer:

'I am vexed that I cannot ſee you here this afternoon, but more concerned for the occaſion; take great care of yourſelf, and have the beſt advice, and I hope there will be no danger.—I am ſo tormented all this morning with fools, that I have ſcarce a moment's time to write to you. Adieu.

'*P. S.* I will endeavour to call on you this evening at nine.—Be ſure to be alone.'

Mr. Jones now received a viſit from Mrs. Miller, who, after ſome formal introduction, began the following ſpeech: 'I am very ſorry, Sir, to wait upon you on ſuch an occaſion; but I hope you will conſider the ill conſequence which it muſt be to the reputation of my poor girls, if my houſe ſhould once be talked of as a houſe of ill fame. I hope you won't think me therefore guilty of impertinence, if I beg you not to bring any more ladies in at that time of night. The clock had ſtruck two before one of them went away.' 'I do aſſure you, Madam,' ſaid Jones, 'the lady who was here laſt night, and who ſtaid the lateſt (for the other only brought me a letter) is a woman of very great faſhion, and my near relation.' 'I don't know what faſhion ſhe is of,' anſwered Mrs. Miller, 'but I am ſure no woman of virtue, unleſs a very near relation indeed, would viſit a young gentleman at ten at night, and ſtay four hours in his room with him alone; beſides, Sir, the behaviour of her chairmen ſhews what ſhe was; for they did nothing but make jeſts all the evening in the entry, and aſked Mr. Partridge in the hearing of my own maid,

'maid, if Madam intended to ſtay with his maſter all 'night; with a great deal of ſtuff not proper to be 'repeated. I have really a great reſpect for you, 'Mr. Jones, upon your own account, nay I have a 'very high obligation to you for your generoſity to 'my couſin. Indeed, I did not know how very good 'you had been till lately. Little did I imagine to 'what dreadful courſes the poor man's diſtreſs had 'driven him. Little did I think when you gave me 'the ten guineas, that you had given them to a 'highwayman! O heavens! What goodneſs have 'you ſhewn? How have you preſerved this family. '—— The character which Mr. Allworthy hath for-'merly given me of you, was, I find ſtrictly true.— 'And indeed, if I had no obligation to you, my 'obligations to him are ſuch, that, on his account, 'I ſhould ſhew you the utmoſt reſpect in my power, '—Nay, believe me, dear Mr. Jones, if my daugh-'ters and my own reputation were out of the caſe, I 'ſhould, for your own ſake, be ſorry that ſo pretty 'a young gentleman ſhould converſe with theſe wo-'men; but if you are reſolved to do it, I muſt beg 'you to take another lodging; for I do not myſelf 'like to have ſuch things carried on under my roof; 'but more eſpecially upon the account of my girls, 'who have little, heaven knows, beſides their cha-'racters, to recommend them.' Jones ſtarted and changed colour at the name of Allworthy. 'In-'deed, Mrs. Miller,' anſwered he a little warmly, "I 'do not take this at all kind. I will never bring 'any ſlander on your houſe; but I muſt inſiſt on 'ſeeing what company I pleaſe in my own room; 'and if that gives you any offence, I ſhall, as ſoon 'as I am able, look for another lodging.' 'I am 'ſorry we muſt part then, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'but I 'am convinced Mr. Allworthy himſelf would never 'come within my doors, if he had the leaſt ſuſpi-'cion of my keeping an ill houſe.' —— 'Very well, 'Madam,' ſaid Jones. —— 'I hope, Sir,' ſaid ſhe,

'you are not angry; for I would not for the 'world offend any of Mr. Allworthy's family. I 'have not ſlept a wink all night about this matter.' ——'I am ſorry, I have diſturbed your reſt, Ma- 'dam,' ſaid Jones, 'but I beg you will ſend Par- 'tridge up to me immediately;' which ſhe promiſed to do, and then with a very low courteſy retired.

As ſoon as Partridge arrived, Jones fell upon him in the moſt outrageous manner. —— 'How often,' ſaid he, 'am I to ſuffer for your folly, or rather for 'my own in keeping you? Is that tongue of yours 'reſolved upon my deſtruction?' —— 'What have 'I done, Sir?' anſwered affrighted Partridge. 'Who 'was it gave you authority to mention the ſtory 'of the robbery, or that the man you ſaw here was 'the perſon?' —— 'I, Sir'? cries Partridge. 'Now 'don't be guilty of a falſehood in denying it,' ſaid Jones.——'If I did mention ſuch a matter,' anſwers Partridge, 'I am ſure, I thought no harm: for I 'ſhould not have opened my lips, if it had not been 'to his own friends and relations, who, I imagined, 'would have let it go no farther.' 'But I have a 'much heavier charge againſt you,' cries Jones, 'than 'this. How durſt you, after all the precautions I 'gave you, mention the name of Mr. Allworthy in 'this houſe?' Partridge denied that he ever had, 'with many oaths. 'How elſe,' ſaid Jones, 'ſhould 'Mrs. Miller be acquainted that there was any con- 'nection between him and me? And it is but this 'moment ſhe told me, ſhe reſpected me on his ac- 'count.'——'O Lord, Sir,' ſaid Partridge, 'I deſire 'only to be heard out; and to be ſure, never was 'any thing ſo unfortunate; hear me but out, and 'you will own how wrongfully you have accuſed me. 'When Mrs. Honour came down ſtairs laſt night, 'ſhe met me in the entry, and aſked me when my 'maſter had heard from Mr. Allworthy; and to be 'ſure Mrs. Miller heard the very words; and the 'moment Madam Honour was gone, ſhe called me

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'into the parlour to her.' 'Mr. Partridge,' ſays ſhe, 'What Mr. Allworthy is that the gentlewoman 'mentioned? Is it the great Mr. Allworthy of Somer-'ſetſhire?' 'Upon my word, Madam,' ſays I, 'I 'know nothing of the matter.'——'Sure,' ſays ſhe, 'your maſter is not the Mr. Jones I have heard Mr. 'Allworthy talk of?' 'Upon my word, Madam,' ſays I, 'I know nothing of the matter.'——'Then,' ſays ſhe, 'turning to her daughter Nancy,' ſays ſhe, 'as ſure as ten-pence this is the very young gentle-'man, and he agrees exactly with the 'ſquire's de-'ſcription.' 'The Lord above knows who it was 'told her; for I am the arranteſt villain that ever 'walked upon two legs, if ever it came out of my 'mouth.——I promiſe you, Sir, I can keep a ſecret 'when I am deſired.——Nay, Sir, ſo far was I from 'telling her any thing about Mr. Allworthy, that I 'told her the very direct contrary: for though I 'did not contradict it at that moment, yet, as ſecond 'thoughts, they ſay, are beſt; ſo when I came to 'conſider that ſome body muſt have informed her, 'thinks I to myſelf, I will put an end to the ſtory; 'and ſo I went back again into the parlour ſome time 'afterwards, and ſays I, upon my word, ſays I, 'whoever, ſays I, told you that this gentleman was 'Mr. Jones; that is, ſays I, that this Mr. Jones was 'that Mr. Jones, told you a confounded lie: and I 'beg, ſays I, you will never mention any ſuch mat-'ter, ſays I; for my maſter, ſays I, will think I 'muſt have told you ſo; and I defy any body in 'the houſe, ever to ſay, I mentioned any ſuch word. 'To be certain, Sir, it is a wonderful thing, and I 'have been thinking with myſelf ever ſince, how it 'was ſhe came to know it; not but I ſaw an old 'woman here t'other day a begging at the door, who 'looked as like her we ſaw in Warwickſhire, that 'cauſed all that miſchief to us. To be ſure it is 'never good to paſs by an old woman without giv-'ing her ſomething, eſpecially if ſhe looks at you;

'for all the world ſhall never perſuade me but that 'they have a great power to do miſchief, and to be 'ſure I ſhall never ſee an old woman again, but I 'ſhall think to myſelf, *Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare 'Dolorem.*'

The ſimplicity of Partridge ſet Jones a laughing, and put a final end to his anger, which had indeed ſeldom any long duration in his mind; and inſtead of commenting on his defence, he told him 'he intended preſently to leave thoſe lodgings, and ordered him to go and endeavour to get him others.

CHAP. IV.

Which we hope will be very attentively peruſed by young people of both ſexes.

PARTRIDGE had no ſooner left Mr. Jones, than Mr. Nightingale, with whom he had now contracted a great intimacy, came to him, and after a ſhort ſalutation, ſaid, 'So, Tom, I hear you had 'company very late laſt night. Upon my ſoul, you 'are a happy fellow, who have not been in town 'above a fortnight, and can keep chairs waiting at 'your door till two in the morning.' He then ran on with much common-place raillery of the ſame kind, till Jones at laſt interrupted him, ſaying, 'I 'ſuppoſe you have received all this information from 'Mrs. Miller, who hath been up here a little while 'ago to give me warning. The good woman is 'afraid it ſeems of the reputation of her daughters.' 'O! ſhe is wonderfully nice,' ſays Nightingale, 'upon 'that account; if you remember, ſhe would not let 'Nancy go with us to the maſquerade.' 'Nay, 'upon my honour, I think ſhe's in the right of it,' ſays Jones; 'however, I have taken her at her word, 'and have ſent Partridge to look for another lodg-'ing.' 'If you will,' ſays Nightingale, 'we may, 'I believe, be again together; for to tell you a 'ſecret,

'ſecret, which I deſire you won't mention in the 'family, I intend to quit the houſe to-day.'—— 'What, hath Mrs. Miller given you warning too, 'my friend?' cries Jones. 'No,' anſwered the other; 'but the rooms are not convenient enough. '—— Beſides, I am grown weary of this part of 'the town. I want to be nearer the places of diver- 'ſion; ſo I am going to Pall-mall.'—'And do you 'intend to make a ſecret of your going away?' ſaid Jones. 'I promiſe you,' anſwered Nightingale, 'I 'don't intend to bilk my lodgings; but I have a 'private reaſon for not taking a formal leave.' 'Not 'ſo private,' anſwered Jones; 'I promiſe you, I 'have ſeen it ever ſince the ſecond day of my coming 'to the houſe. — Here will be ſome wet eyes on your 'departure.—Poor Nancy, I pity her, faith!—In- 'deed, Jack, you have played the fool with that 'girl.—You have given her a longing, which I am 'afraid, nothing will ever cure her of.'——Nightin- gale anſwered, 'What the devil would you have me 'do? Would you have me marry her to cure her?' —'No,' anſwered Jones, 'I would not have had 'you make love to her, as you have often done in 'my preſence. I have been aſtoniſhed at the blind- 'neſs of her mother in never ſeeing it.' 'Pugh, 'ſee it!' cries Nightingale, 'What the devil ſhould 'ſhe ſee?' 'Why ſee,' ſaid Jones, 'that you have 'made her daughter diſtractedly in love with you. 'The poor girl cannot conceal it a moment, her 'eyes are never off from you, and ſhe always colours 'every time you come into the room. Indeed, I 'pity her heartily; for ſhe ſeems to be one of the 'beſt natured and honeſteſt of human creatures.' 'And ſo,' anſwered Nightingale, 'according to your 'doctrine, one muſt not amuſe one's ſelf by any com- 'mon gallantries with women, for fear they ſhould 'fall in love with us.' 'Indeed, Jack,' ſaid Jones, 'you wilfully miſunderſtand me; I do not fancy 'women are ſo apt to fall in love; but you have

'gone far beyond common gallantries.' — 'What, 'do you ſuppoſe, ſays Nightingale, 'that we have 'been a-bed together?' 'No, upon my honour,' anſwered Jones very ſeriouſly, 'I do not ſuppoſe ſo ill 'of you; nay, I will go farther, I do not imagine 'you have laid a regular premeditated ſcheme for 'the deſtruction of the quiet of a poor little creature, 'or have even foreſeen the conſequence: for I am 'ſure thou art a very good-natured fellow; and ſuch 'a one can never be guilty of a cruelty of that kind; 'but at the ſame time you have pleaſed your own 'vanity, without conſidering that this poor girl was 'made a ſacrifice to it; and while you have had no 'deſign but of amuſing an idle hour, you have actu-'ally given her reaſon to flatter herſelf, that you had 'the moſt ſerious deſigns in her favour. Prithee, 'Jack, anſwer me honeſtly; to what have tended 'all thoſe elegant and luſcious deſcriptions of hap-'pineſs ariſing from violent and mutual fondneſs; 'all thoſe warm profeſſions of tenderneſs, and gene-'rous, diſintereſted love? Did you imagine ſhe 'would not apply them? Or, ſpeak ingenuouſly, did 'not you intend ſhe ſhould?' 'Upon my ſoul, Tom,' cries Nightingale, 'I did not think this was in thee. 'Thou wilt make an admirable parſon.—So, I ſup-'poſe, you would not go to bed to Nancy now, if 'ſhe would let you?' —— 'No,' cries Jones, 'may 'I be d—n'd if I would.' 'Tom', Tom,' anſwered Nightingale, 'laſt night; remember laſt night.'

'—When ev'ry eye was clos'd, and the pale moon,
'And ſilent ſtars ſhone conſcious of the theft.'

'Lookee, Mr. Nightingale,' ſaid Jones, 'I am 'no canting hypocrite, nor do I pretend to the gift 'of chaſtity, more than my neighbours. I have 'been guilty with women, I own it; but am not 'conſcious that I have ever injured any.—Nor would

'I, to procure pleaſure to myſelf, be knowingly the 'cauſe of miſery to any human being.'

'Well, well,' ſaid Nightingale, 'I believe you, 'and I am convinced you acquit me of any ſuch 'thing.'

'I do, from my heart,' anſwered Jones, 'of hav-'ing debauched the girl, but not from having gained 'her affections.'

'If I have,' ſaid Nightingale, 'I am ſorry for it; 'but time and abſence will ſoon wear off ſuch im-'preſſions. It is a receipt I muſt take myſelf; for 'to confeſs the truth to you,—I never liked any girl 'half ſo much in my whole life; but I muſt let you 'into the whole ſecret, Tom. My father hath pro-'vided a match for me, with a woman I never ſaw; 'and ſhe is now coming to town, in order for me to 'make my addreſſes to her.'

At theſe words Jones burſt into a loud fit of laughter; when Nightingale cried,—'Nay, prithee 'don't turn me into ridicule. The devil take me if I 'am not half mad about this matter! my poor Nan-'cy! Oh! Jones, Jones, I wiſh I had a fortune in 'my own poſſeſſion.'

'I heartily wiſh you had,' cries Jones; 'for, if this 'be the caſe, I ſincerely pity you both: but ſurely 'you don't intend to go away without taking your 'leave of her?'

'I would not,' anſwered Nightingale, 'undergo 'the pain of taking leave for ten thouſand pound; 'beſides, I am convinced, inſtead of anſwering any 'good purpoſe, it would only ſerve to inflame my 'poor Nancy the more. I beg therefore, you would 'not mention a word of it to-day, and in the even-'ing, or to-morrow morning, I intend to depart.'

Jones promiſed he would not; and ſaid, upon reflection he thought, as he had determined and was obliged to leave her, he took the moſt prudent method. He then told Nightingale, he ſhould be very glad to lodge in the ſame houſe with him; and it

was accordingly agreed between them, that Nightingale ſhould procure him either the ground floor, or the two pair of ſtairs; for the young gentleman himſelf was to occupy that which was between them.

This Nightingale, of whom we ſhall be preſently obliged to ſay a little more, was in the ordinary tranſactions of life a man of ſtrict honour, and what is more rare among young gentlemen of the town, one of ſtrict honeſty too; yet in affairs of love he was ſomewhat looſe in his morals; not that he was even here as void of principle as gentlemen ſometimes are, and oftener affect to be; but it is certain he had been guilty of ſome indefenſible treachery to women, and had, in a certain myſtery, called Making Love, practiſed many deceits, which, if he had uſed in trade, he would have been counted the greateſt villain upon earth.

But as the world, I know not well for what reaſon, agree to ſee this treachery in a better light, he was ſo far from being aſhamed of his iniquities of this kind, that he gloried in them, and would often boaſt of his ſkill in gaining of women, and his triumphs over their hearts, for which he had before this time received ſome rebukes from Jones, who always expreſt great bitterneſs againſt any miſbehaviour to the fair part of the ſpecies, who, if conſidered, he ſaid, as they ought to be, in the light of the deareſt friends, were to be cultivated, honoured, and careſſed with the utmoſt love and tenderneſs; but, if regarded as enemies, were a conqueſt of which a man ought rather to be aſhamed than to value himſelf upon it.

CHAP. V.

A ſhort account of the hiſtory of Mrs. Miller.

JONES this day eat a pretty good dinner for a ſick man, that is to ſay, the larger half of a ſhoulder of mutton. In the afternoon he received an invi-

invitation from Mrs. Miller to drink tea; for that good woman having learnt, either by means of Partridge, or by ſome other means natural or ſupernatural, that he had a connection with Mr. Allworthy, could not endure the thoughts of parting with him in an angry manner.

Jones accepted the invitation; and no ſooner was the tea-kettle removed, and the girls ſent out of the room, than the widow, without much preface, began as follows: 'Well, there are very ſurprizing things 'happen in this world; but certainly it is a wonderful buſineſs, that I ſhould have a relation of 'Mr. Allworthy in my houſe, and never know any 'thing of the matter. Alas! Sir, you little imagine 'what a friend that beſt of gentlemen hath been to 'me and mine. Yes, Sir, I am not aſhamed to own 'it; it is owing to his goodneſs, that I did not long 'ſince periſh for want, and leave my poor little 'wretches, two deſtitute, helpleſs, friendleſs orphans, 'to the care, or rather to the cruelty of the world.

'You muſt know, Sir, though I am now reduced 'to get my living by letting lodgings, I was born 'and bred a gentlewoman. My father was an officer 'of the army, and died in a conſiderable rank: but 'he lived up to his pay; and as that expired with 'him, his family, at his death, became beggars. We 'were three ſiſters. One of us had the good luck to 'die ſoon after of the ſmall-pox; a lady was ſo kind 'as to take the ſecond out of charity, as ſhe ſaid, to 'wait upon her. The mother of this lady had been 'a ſervant to my grandmother; and having inherited 'a vaſt fortune from her father, which he had got 'by pawnbroking, was married to a gentleman of 'great eſtate and faſhion. She uſed my ſiſter ſo barbarouſly, often upbraiding her with her birth and 'poverty, calling her in deriſion a gentlewoman, 'that I believe ſhe at length broke the heart of the 'poor girl. In ſhort, ſhe likewiſe died within a twelve-'month after my father. Fortune thought proper

'to provide better for me, and within a month from 'his deceaſe I was married to a clergyman, who had 'been my lover a long time before, and who had 'been very ill-uſed by my father on that account: 'for though my poor father could not give any of 'us a ſhilling, yet he bred us up as delicately, con-'ſidered us, and would have had us conſider our-'ſelves as highly, as if we had been the richeſt heir-'eſſes. But my dear huſband forgot all this uſage, 'and the moment we were become fatherleſs, he 'immediately renewed his addreſſes to me ſo warmly, 'that I, who always liked, and now more than ever 'eſteemed him, ſoon complied. Five years did I live 'in a ſtate of perfect happineſs with that beſt of 'men, till at laſt—Oh! cruel, cruel fortune, that 'ever ſeparated us, that deprived me of the kindeſt 'of huſbands, and my poor girls of the tendereſt 'parent.—O my poor girls! you never knew the 'bleſſing which ye loſt.—I am aſhamed, Mr. Jones, 'of this womaniſh weakneſs; but I ſhall never men-'tion him without tears.'—'I ought rather, Ma-'dam,' ſaid Jones, 'to be aſhamed that I do not ac-'company you.'—'Well, Sir,' continued ſhe, 'I was 'now left a ſecond time in a much worſe condition 'than before; beſides the terrible affliction I was 'to encounter, I had now two children to provide 'for; and was, if poſſible, more pennyleſs than ever, 'when that great, that good, that glorious man, Mr. 'Allworthy, who had ſome little acquaintance with 'my huſband, accidentally heard of my diſtreſs, and 'immediately writ this letter to me. Here, Sir,— 'here it is; I put it into my pocket to ſhew it you. 'This is the letter, Sir; I muſt and will read it 'to you.

"MADAM,

"I Heartily condole with you on your late grievous "loſs, which your own good ſenſe, and the ex-"cellent leſſons you muſt have learnt from the wor-

"thieſt

" thieſt of men, will better enable you to bear, than " any advice which I am capable of giving. Nor " have I any doubt that you, whom I have heard to " be the tendereſt of mothers, will ſuffer any immo- " derate indulgence of grief to prevent you from diſ- " charging your duty to thoſe poor infants, who now " alone ſtand in need of your tenderneſs.

" However, as you muſt be ſuppoſed at preſent " to be incapable of much worldly conſideration, " you will pardon my having ordered a perſon to " wait on you, and to pay you twenty guineas, " which I beg you will accept till I have the plea- " ſure of ſeeing you, and believe me to be, Ma- " dam, &c.

' This letter, Sir, I received within a fortnight after ' the irreparable loſs I have mentioned, and within a ' fortnight afterwards, Mr. Allworthy,—the bleſſed ' Mr. Allworthy, came to pay me a viſit, when he ' placed me in the houſe where you now ſee me, gave ' me a large ſum of money to furniſh it, and ſettled ' an annuity of 50l. a year upon me, which I have ' conſtantly received ever ſince. Judge then, Mr. ' Jones, in what regard I muſt hold a benefactor, to ' whom I owe the preſervation of my life, and of ' thoſe dear children, for whoſe ſake alone my life is ' valuable.—Do not, therefore, think me impertı- ' nent, Mr. Jones, (ſince I muſt eſteem one for whom ' I know Mr. Allworthy hath ſo much value) if I ' beg you not to converſe with theſe wicked women. ' You are a young gentleman, and do not know half ' their artful wiles. Do not be angry with me, Sir, ' for what I ſaid upon account of my houſe; you ' muſt be ſenſible it would be the ruin of my poor ' dear girls. Beſides, Sir, you cannot but be ac- ' quainted, that Mr. Allworthy himſelf would never ' forgive my conniving at ſuch matters, and particu- ' larly with you.'

' Upon

'Upon my word, Madam,' ſaid Jones, 'you 'need make no farther apology; nor do I in the leaſt 'take any thing ill you have ſaid; but give me leave, 'as no one can have more value than myſelf for Mr. 'Allworthy, to deliver you from one miſtake, which, 'perhaps, would not be altogether for his honour: I 'do aſſure you, I am no relation of his.'

'Alas! Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'I know you are not. 'I know very well who you are; for Mr. Allworthy 'hath told me all: but I do aſſure you, had you 'been twenty times his ſon, he could not have ex-'preſſed more regard for you, than he hath often 'expreſſed in my preſence. You need not be aſhamed, 'Sir, of what you are; I promiſe you no good per-'ſon will eſteem you the leſs on that account. No, 'Mr. Jones; the words, "diſhonourable birth," are 'nonſenſe, as my dear dear huſband uſed to ſay, un-'leſs the word, "diſhonourable" be applied to the 'parents; for the children can derive no real diſ-'honour from an act of which they are intirely in-'nocent.'

Here Jones heaved a deep ſigh, and then ſaid, 'Since I perceive, Madam, you really do know me, 'and Mr. Allworthy hath thought proper to mention 'my name to you; and ſince you have been ſo ex-'plicit with me as to your own affairs, I will ac-'quaint you with ſome more circumſtances concern-'ing myſelf.' And theſe Mrs. Miller having expreſſed great deſire and curioſity to hear, he began and related to her his whole hiſtory, without once mentioning the name of Sophia.

There is a kind of ſympathy in honeſt minds, by means of which they give an eaſy credit to each other. Mrs. Miller believed all which Jones told her to be true, and expreſt much pity and concern for him. She was beginning to comment on the ſtory, but Jones interrupted her; for as the hour of aſſignation now drew nigh, he began to ſtipulate for a ſecond interview with the lady that evening, which he promiſed ſhould

be

be the laſt at her houſe; ſwearing, at the ſame time, that ſhe was one of great diſtinction, and that nothing but what was intirely innocent was to paſs between them; and I do firmly believe he intended to keep his word.

Mrs. Miller was at length prevailed on, and Jones departed to his chamber, where he ſat alone till twelve o'clock, but no lady Bellaſton appeared.

As we have ſaid that this lady had a great affection for Jones, and as it muſt have appeared that ſhe really had ſo, the reader may perhaps wonder at the firſt failure of her appointment, as ſhe apprehended him to be confined by ſickneſs, a ſeaſon when friendſhip ſeems moſt to require ſuch viſits. This behaviour, therefore, in the lady, may, by ſome, be condemned as unnatural; but that is not our fault; for our buſineſs is only to record truth.

CHAP. VI.

Containing a ſcene which we doubt not will affect all our readers.

MR. Jones cloſed not his eyes during all the former part of the night; not owing it to any uneaſineſs which he conceived at being diſappointed by lady Bellaſton; nor was Sophia herſelf, though moſt of his waking hours were juſtly to be charged to her account, the preſent cauſe of diſpelling his ſlumbers. In fact, poor Jones was one of the beſt-natured fellows alive, and had all that weakneſs which is called compaſſion, and which diſtinguiſhes this imperfect character from that noble firmneſs of mind, which rolls a man, as it were, within himſelf, and, like a poliſhed bowl, enables him to run through the world, without being once ſtopped by the calamities which happen to others. He could not help, therefore, compaſſionating the ſituation of poor Nancy, whoſe love for Mr. Nightingale ſeemed to him ſo appa-

apparent, that he was aſtoniſhed at the blindneſs of her mother, who had more than once, the preceding evening, remarked to him the great change in the temper of her daughter, 'who from being,' ſhe ſaid, 'one of the livelieſt, merrieſt girls in the world, was, 'on a ſudden, become all gloom and melancholy.'

Sleep, however, at length got the better of all reſiſtance; and now, as if he had already been a deity, as the ancients imagined, and an offended one too, he ſeemed to enjoy his dear-bought conqueſt.—To ſpeak ſimply, and without any metaphor, Mr. Jones ſlept 'till eleven the next morning, and would, perhaps, have continued in the ſame quiet ſituation much longer, had not a violent uproar awakened him.

Partridge was now ſummoned, who, being aſked what was the matter, anſwered, 'That there was a 'dreadful hurricane below ſtairs; that Miſs Nancy 'was in fits; and that the other ſiſter, and the mo-'ther, were both crying and lamenting over her.' Jones expreſſed much concern at this news, which Partridge endeavoured to relieve, by ſaying, with a ſmile, 'he fancied the young lady was in no danger 'of death; for that Suſan (which was the name of 'the maid) had given him to underſtand, it was 'nothing more than a common affair. In ſhort,' ſaid he, 'Miſs Nancy hath had a mind to be as wiſe 'as her mother; that's all, ſhe was a little hungry, 'it ſeems, and ſo ſat down to dinner before grace 'was ſaid; and ſo there is a child coming for the 'Foundling Hoſpital.'—'Prithee leave thy ſtupid 'jeſting,' cries Jones, 'Is the miſery of theſe poor 'wretches a ſubject of mirth? Go immediately to 'Mrs. Miller, and tell her, I beg leave—Stay, you 'will make ſome blunder; I will go myſelf; for ſhe 'deſired me to breakfaſt with her.' He then roſe, and dreſſed himſelf as faſt as he could: and while he was dreſſing, Partridge, notwithſtanding many ſevere rebukes, could not avoid throwing forth certain pieces of brutality, commonly called jeſts, on this occaſion.

Jones

Jones was no ſooner dreſſed than he walked down ſtairs, and knocking at the door, was preſently admitted, by the maid, into the outward parlour, which was as empty of company as it was of any apparatus for eating. Mrs. Miller was in the inner room with her daughter, whence the maid preſently brought a meſſage to Mr. Jones, 'That her miſtreſs hoped he 'would excuſe the diſappointment, but an accident 'had happened, which made it impoſſible for her to 'have the pleaſure of his company at breakfaſt that 'day; and begged his pardon for not ſending him 'up notice ſooner.' Jones deſired 'ſhe would give 'herſelf no trouble about any thing ſo trifling as his 'diſappointment; that he was heartily ſorry for the 'occaſion; and that if he could be of any ſervice to 'her, ſhe might command him.'

He had ſcarce ſpoke theſe words, when Mrs. Miller, who heard them all, ſuddenly threw open the door, and coming out to him, in a flood of tears, ſaid, 'O Mr. Jones! you are certainly one of the beſt 'young men alive. I give you a thouſand thanks 'for your kind offer of your ſervice; but, alas! Sir, 'it is out of your power to preſerve my poor girl.— 'O my child, my child! ſhe is undone, ſhe is ruined 'for ever!' 'I hope, Madam,' ſaid Jones, 'no 'villain,'—'O Mr. Jones!' ſaid ſhe, 'that villain 'who yeſterday left my lodgings, hath betrayed my 'poor girl; hath deſtroyed her.—I know you are a 'man of honour. You have a good—a noble heart, 'Mr. Jones. The actions to which I have been 'myſelf a witneſs, could proceed from no other. I 'will tell you all: nay, indeed, it is impoſſible, after 'what hath happened, to keep it a ſecret. That 'Nightingale, that barbarous villain hath undone 'my daughter. She is—ſhe is—oh! Mr. Jones, my 'girl is with child by him; and in that condition he 'hath deſerted her. Here! here, Sir, is his cruel 'letter: read it Mr. Jones, and tell me if ſuch ano-'ther monſter lives.'

The letter was as follows: 'Dear

'Dear Nancy,

'AS I found it impoſſible to mention to you 'what, I am afraid, will be no leſs ſhocking 'to you, than it is to me, I have taken this method 'to inform you, that my father inſiſts upon my 'immediately paying my addreſſes to a young lady 'of fortune, whom he hath provided for my—I 'need not write the deteſted word. Your own good 'underſtanding will make you ſenſible, how entirely 'I am obliged to an obedience, by which I ſhall be 'for ever excluded from your dear arms. The 'fondneſs of your mother may encourage you to 'truſt her with the unhappy conſequence of our 'love, which may be eaſily kept a ſecret from the 'world, and for which I will take care to provide, 'as I will for you. I wiſh you may feel leſs on this 'account than I have ſuffered; but ſummon all 'your fortitude to your aſſiſtance, and forgive and 'forget the man, whom nothing but the proſpect 'of certain ruin could have forced to write this let-'ter. I bid you forget me, I mean only as a lover; 'but the beſt of friends you ſhall ever find in

'Your faithful, though unhappy,

'J. N.'

When Jones had read this letter, they both ſtood ſilent during a minute, looking at each other; at laſt he began thus: 'I cannot expreſs, Madam, how 'much I am ſhocked at what I have read; yet let me 'beg you, in one particular, to take the writer's 'advice. Conſider the reputation of your daughter,' ——'It is gone, it is loſt, Mr. Jones,' cry'd ſhe, 'as well as her innocence. She received the letter 'in a room full of company, and immediately ſwoon-'ing away upon opening it, the contents were known 'to every one preſent. But the loſs of her repu-

'tation,

'tation, bad as it is, is not the worſt; I ſhall loſe 'my child; ſhe hath attempted twice to deſtroy her-'ſelf already: and though ſhe hath been hitherto pre-'vented, vows ſhe will not outlive it; nor could I 'myſelf outlive any accident of that nature.—What 'then will become of my little Betſy, a helpleſs in-'fant orphan; and the poor little wretch will, I be-'lieve, break her heart at the miſeries with which 'ſhe ſees her ſiſter and myſelf diſtracted, while ſhe 'is ignorant of the cauſe.—O 'tis the moſt ſenſible, 'and beſt natured little thing! The barbarous cruel '——hath deſtroyed us all. O my poor children! 'Is this the reward of all my cares? Is this the fruit 'of all my proſpects? Have I ſo cheerfully under-'gone all the labours and duties of a mother? Have 'I been ſo tender of their infancy, ſo careful of their 'education? Have I been toiling ſo many years, 'denying myſelf even the conveniencies of life, to 'provide ſome little ſuſtenance for them, to loſe one 'or both in ſuch a manner?' 'Indeed, Madam,' ſaid Jones, with tears in his eyes, 'I pity you from 'my ſoul.'——'O! Mr. Jones,' anſwered ſhe, 'even 'you, though I know the goodneſs of your heart, 'can have no idea of what I feel. The beſt, the 'kindeſt, the moſt dutiful of children! O my poor 'Nancy, the darling of my ſoul! the delight of my 'eyes! the pride of my heart! too much, indeed, 'my pride; for to thoſe fooliſh, ambitious hopes, 'ariſing from her beauty, I owe her ruin. Alas! I 'ſaw with pleaſure the liking which this young man 'had for her. I thought it an honourable affection; 'and flattered my fooliſh vanity with the thoughts of 'ſeeing her married to one ſo much her ſuperior. 'And a thouſand times in my preſence, nay, often 'in yours, he hath endeavoured to ſooth and en-'courage theſe hopes by the moſt generous expreſſions 'of diſintereſted love, which he hath always directed 'to my poor girl, and which I, as well as ſhe, be-'lieved to be real. Could I have believed that theſe

'were only ſnares laid to betray the innocence of my 'child, and for the ruin of us all?'—At theſe words little Betſy came running into the room; crying, 'Dear Mamma, for heaven's ſake come to my ſiſter; 'for ſhe is in another fit, and my couſin can't hold 'her.' Mrs. Miller immediately obeyed the ſummons; but firſt ordered Betſy to ſtay with Mr. Jones, and begged him to entertain her a few minutes, ſaying, in the moſt pathetic voice, 'Good heaven! 'let me preſerve one of my children at leaſt.'

Jones in compliance with this requeſt, did all he could to comfort the little girl, though he was, in reality, himſelf very highly affected with Mrs. Miller's ſtory. He told her, 'Her ſiſter would be ſoon very 'well again; that by taking on in that manner, ſhe 'would not only make her ſiſter worſe, but make her 'mother ill too.' Indeed, Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'I would 'not do any thing to hurt them for the world. I 'would burſt my heart rather than they ſhould ſee 'me cry.—But my poor ſiſter can't ſee me cry.—I 'am afraid ſhe will never be able to ſee me cry any 'more. Indeed, I can't part with her; indeed I 'can't.—And then poor Mamma too, what will be-'come of her?—She ſays, ſhe will die too, and leave 'me: but I am reſolved I won't be left behind.' 'And are you not afraid to die, my little Betſy?' ſaid Jones. 'Yes,' anſwered ſhe, 'I was always afraid 'to die; becauſe I muſt have left my Mamma, and 'my ſiſter; but I am not afraid of going any where 'with thoſe I love.'

Jones was ſo pleaſed with this anſwer, that he eagerly kiſſed the child; and ſoon after Mrs. Miller returned, ſaying, 'She thanked heaven, Nancy was 'now come to herſelf. And now, Betſy,' ſays ſhe, 'you may go in; for your ſiſter is better, and longs 'to ſee you.' She then turned to Jones, and began to renew her apologies for having diſappointed him of his breakfaſt.

'I hope, Madam,' ſaid Jones, 'I ſhall have a 'more exquiſite repaſt than any you could have pro-'vided for me. This, I aſſure you, will be the caſe, 'if I can do any ſervice to this little family of love. 'But whatever ſucceſs may attend my endeavours, I 'am reſolved to attempt it. I am very much de-'ceived in Mr. Nightingale, if, notwithſtanding what 'hath happened, he hath not much goodneſs of heart 'at the bottom, as well as a very violent affection for 'your daughter. If this be the caſe, I think the 'picture which I ſhall lay before him, will affect him. 'Endeavour, Madam, to comfort yourſelf, and Miſs 'Nancy, as well as you can. I will go inſtantly in 'queſt of Mr. Nightingale; and I hope to bring you 'good news.'

Mrs. Miller fell upon her knees, and invoked all the bleſſings of heaven upon Mr. Jones; to which ſhe afterwards added the moſt paſſionate expreſſions of gratitude. He then departed to find Mr. Nightingale, and the good woman returned to comfort her daughter, who was ſomewhat cheered at what her mother told her; and both joined in reſounding the praiſes of Mr. Jones.

CHAP. VII.

The interview between Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale.

THE good or evil we confer on others, very often, I believe, recoils on ourſelves. For as men of a benign diſpoſition enjoy their own acts of beneficence, equally with thoſe to whom they are done, ſo there are ſcarce any natures ſo entirely diabolical, as to be capable of doing injuries, without paying themſelves ſome pangs, for the ruin which they bring on their fellow-creatures.

Mr. Nightingale, at leaſt, was not ſuch a perſon. On the contrary, Jones found him in his new lodgings, ſitting melancholy by the fire, and ſilently lamenting

the unhappy ſituation in which he had placed poor Nancy. He no ſooner ſaw his friend appear, than he aroſe haſtily to meet him; and after much congratulation ſaid, 'Nothing could be more opportune 'than this kind viſit; for I was never more in the 'ſpleen in my life.'

'I am ſorry,' anſwered Jones, 'that I bring news 'very unlikely to relieve you; nay, what I am con-'vinced muſt, of all other, ſhock you the moſt. 'However, it is neceſſary you ſhould know it. 'Without further preface then, I come to you, 'Mr. Nightingale, from a worthy family, which you 'have involved in miſery and ruin.' Mr. Nightingale changed colour at theſe words; but Jones, without regarding it, proceeded, in the livelieſt manner, to paint the tragical ſtory, with which the reader was acquainted in the laſt chapter.

Nightingale never once interrupted the narration, though he diſcovered violent emotions at many parts of it. But when it was concluded, after fetching a deep ſigh, he ſaid, 'What you tell me, my friend, 'affects me in the tendereſt manner. Sure there never 'was ſo curſed an accident as the poor girl's betraying 'my letter. Her reputation might otherwiſe have 'been ſafe, and the affair might have remained a 'profound ſecret; and then the girl might have gone 'off never the worſe; for many ſuch things hap-'pen in this town: and if the huſband ſhould ſuſpect 'a little, when it is too late, it will be his wiſer con-'duct to conceal his ſuſpicion both from his wife and 'the world.'

'Indeed, my friend,' anſwered Jones, 'this could 'not have been the caſe with your poor Nancy. You 'have ſo entirely gained her affections, that it is the 'loſs of you, and not of her reputation, which afflicts 'her, and will end in the deſtruction of her and her 'family.' 'Nay, for that matter, I promiſe you,' cries Nightingale, 'ſhe hath my affection ſo abſolutely, 'that my wife, whoever ſhe is to be, will have very

'little

'little ſhare in them.' 'And it is poſſible then,' ſaid Jones, 'you can think of deſerting her?' 'Why 'what can I do?' anſwered the other. 'Aſk Miſs 'Nancy,' replied Jones warmly. 'In the condition 'to which you have reduced her, I ſincerely think 'ſhe ought to determine what reparation you ſhall 'make her. Her intereſt alone, and not yours, 'ought to be your ſole conſideration. But if you 'aſk me what you ſhall do? What can you do leſs,' cries Jones, 'than fulfil the expectations of her 'family, and her own. Nay, I ſincerely tell you, 'they were mine too, ever ſince I firſt ſaw you to-'gether. You will pardon me, if I preſume on the 'friendſhip you have favoured me with, moved as 'I am with compaſſion for thoſe poor creatures. 'But your own heart will beſt ſuggeſt to you, whether 'you have never intended, by your conduct, to per-'ſuade the mother, as well as the daughter, into an 'opinion, that you deſigned honourably: and if ſo, 'though there may have been no direct promiſe of 'marriage in the caſe, I will leave to your own good 'underſtanding, how far you are bound to proceed.'

'Nay, I muſt not only confeſs what you have 'hinted,' ſaid Nightingale; 'but, I am afraid, even 'that very promiſe you mention I have given.' 'And 'can you, after owning that,' ſaid Jones, 'heſitate 'a moment?' 'Conſider, my friend,' anſwered the other; 'I know you are a man of honour, and would 'adviſe no one to act contrary to its rules; if there 'were no other objection, can I, after this publication 'of her diſgrace, think of ſuch an alliance with 'honour?' 'Undoubtedly,' replied Jones, 'and the 'very beſt and trueſt honour, which is goodneſs, re-'quires it of you. As you mention a ſcruple of this 'kind, you will give me leave to examine it. Can 'you, with honour, be guilty of having, under falſe 'pretences, deceived a young woman and her family, 'and of having, by theſe means, treacherouſly robbed 'her of her innocence? Can you, with honour, be

'the knowing, the wilful occaſion, nay, the artful 'contriver of the ruin of a human being? Can you, 'with honour, deſtroy the fame, the peace, nay, pro-'bably, both the life and ſoul too of this creature? 'Can honour bear the thought, that this creature is 'a tender, helpleſs, defenceleſs, young woman? A 'young woman who loves, who doats on you, who 'dies for you; who hath placed the utmoſt confidence 'in your promiſes; and to that confidence hath ſa-'crificed every thing which is dear to her? Can 'honour ſupport ſuch contemplations as theſe a mo-'ment?'

'Common ſenſe, indeed,' ſaid Nightingale, 'war-'rants all you ſay; but yet you well know the opi-'nion of the world is ſo contrary to it, that was I to 'marry a whore, though my own, I ſhould be 'aſhamed of ever ſhowing my face again.'

'Fie upon it, Mr. Nightingale,' ſaid Jones, 'do 'not call her by ſo ungenerous a name: when you 'promiſed to marry her, ſhe became your wife; and 'ſhe hath ſinned more againſt prudence than virtue. 'And what is this world, which you would be aſhamed 'to face, but the vile, the fooliſh, and the profligate? 'Forgive me, if I ſay, ſuch a ſhame muſt proceed 'from falſe modeſty, which always attends falſe honour 'as its ſhadow.—But I am well aſſured there is not a 'man of real ſenſe and goodneſs in the world, who 'would not honour and applaud the action. But 'admit no other would, would not your own heart, 'my friend, applaud it? And do not the warm, 'rapturous ſenſations, which we feel from the con-'ſciouſneſs of an honeſt, noble, generous, benevo-'lent action, convey more delight to the mind, than 'the undeſerved praiſe of millions? Set the alterna-'tive fairly before your eyes. On the one ſide, ſee 'this poor, unhappy, tender, believing girl, in the 'arms of her wretched mother, breathing her laſt. 'Hear her breaking heart in agonies, ſighing out 'your name; and lamenting, rather than accuſing,

'the

'the cruelty which weighs her down to deſtruction. 'Paint to your imagination the circumſtances of her 'fond deſpairing parent, driven to madneſs, or, per-'haps, to death, by the loſs of her lovely daughter. 'View the poor, helpleſs, orphan infant; and when 'your mind hath dwelt a moment only on ſuch ideas, 'conſider yourſelf as the cauſe of all the ruin of 'this poor, little, worthy, defenceleſs family. On 'the other ſide, conſider yourſelf as relieving them 'from their temporary ſufferings. Think with what 'joy, with what tranſports, that lovely creature will 'fly to your arms. See her blood returning to her 'pale cheeks, her fire to her languid eyes, and rap-'tures to her tortured breaſt. Conſider the exulta-'tions of her mother, the happineſs of all. Think 'of this little family made, by one act of yours, 'completely happy. Think of this alternative, and 'ſure I am miſtaken in my friend, if it requires any 'long deliberation, whether he will ſink theſe wretches 'down for ever, or, by one generous, noble reſolution, 'raiſe them all from the brink of miſery and de-'ſpair, to the higheſt pitch of human happineſs. 'Add to this but one conſideration more; the con-'ſideration that it is your duty ſo to do—That the 'miſery from which you will relieve theſe poor peo-'ple, is the miſery which you yourſelf have wilfully 'brought upon them.'

'O my dear friend!' cries Nightingale, 'I wanted 'not your eloquence to rouſe me. I pity poor Nancy 'from my ſoul, and would willingly give any thing 'in my power, that no familiarities had ever paſſed 'between us. Nay, believe me, I had many ſtruggles 'with my paſſion before I could prevail with myſelf 'to write that cruel letter, which hath cauſed all the 'miſery in that unhappy family. If I had no incli-'nations to conſult but my own, I would marry her 'to-morrow morning: I would by heaven! but you 'will eaſily imagine how impoſſible it would be to 'prevail on my father to conſent to ſuch a match;

'beſides, he hath provided another for me; and to-'morrow, by his expreſs command, I am to wait on 'the lady.'

'I have not the honour to know your father,' ſaid Jones; 'but ſuppoſe he could be perſuaded, 'would you yourſelf conſent to the only means of 'preſerving theſe poor people?' 'As eagerly as I 'would purſue my happineſs,' anſwered Night-ingale; 'for I never ſhall find it in any other wo-'man.—O my dear friend! could you imagine what 'I have felt within theſe twelve hours for my poor 'girl, I am convinced ſhe would not engroſs all your 'pity. Paſſion leads me only to her; and if I had 'any fooliſh ſcruples of honour, you have fully ſa-'tisfied them: could my father be induced to com-'ply with my deſires, nothing would be wanting 'to complete my own happineſs, or that of my 'Nancy.'

'Then I am reſolved to undertake it,' ſaid Jones. 'You muſt not be angry with me, in whatever light 'it may be neceſſary to ſet this affair, which, you 'may depend on it, could not otherwiſe be long hid 'from him: for things of this nature make a quick 'progreſs, when once they get abroad, as this un-'happily hath already. Beſides, ſhould any fatal ac-'cident follow, as upon my ſoul I am afraid will, 'unleſs immediately prevented, the public would 'ring of your name in a manner which, if your fa-'ther hath common humanity, muſt offend him. 'If you will therefore tell me where I may find the 'old gentleman, I will not loſe a moment in the bu-'ſineſs; which, while I purſue, you cannot do a more 'generous action than by paying a viſit to the poor 'girl. You will find I have not exaggerated in the 'account I have given of the wretchedneſs of the 'family.'

Nightingale immediately conſented to the propo-ſal; and now having acquainted Jones with his fa-ther's lodging, and the coffeehouſe where he would

moſt

moſt probably find him, he heſitated a moment, and then ſaid, 'My dear Tom, you are going to undertake an impoſſibility. If you knew my father, you would never think of obtaining his conſent.—— Stay, there is one way—ſuppoſe you told him I was already married, it might be eaſier to reconcile him to the fact after it was done; and, upon my honour, I am ſo affected with what you have ſaid, and I love my Nancy ſo paſſionately, I almoſt wiſh it was done, whatever might be the conſequence.'

Jones greatly approved the hint, and promiſed to purſue it. They then ſeparated, Nightingale to viſit his Nancy, and Jones in queſt of the old gentleman.

CHAP. VIII.

What paſſed between Jones and old Mr. Nightingale; with the arrival of a perſon not yet mentioned in this hiſtory.

NOtwithſtanding the ſentiment of the Roman ſatiriſt, which denies the divinity of fortune, and the opinion of Seneca to the ſame purpoſe; Cicero, who was, I believe, a wiſer man than either of them, expreſsly holds the contrary; and certain it is, there are ſome incidents in life ſo very ſtrange and unaccountable, that it ſeems to require more than human ſkill and foreſight in producing them.

Of this kind was what now happened to Jones, who found Mr. Nightingale the elder in ſo critical a minute, that Fortune, if ſhe was really worthy all the worſhip ſhe received at Rome, could not have contrived ſuch another. In ſhort, the old gentleman and the father of the young lady whom he intended for his ſon, had been hard at it for many hours; and the latter was juſt now gone, and had left the former delighted with the thoughts that he had ſucceeded in a long contention, which had been between the two fathers of the future bride and bridegroom; in which both

both endeavoured to overreach the other, and, as it not rarely happens in ſuch caſes, both had retreated fully ſatisfied of having obtained the victory.

This gentleman whom Mr. Jones now viſited, was what they call a man of the world; that is to ſay, a man who directs his conduct in this world, as one who, being fully perſuaded there is no other, is reſolved to make the moſt of this. In his early years he had been bred to trade; but having acquired a very good fortune, he had lately declined his buſineſs; or, to ſpeak more properly, had changed it from dealing in goods, to dealing only in money, of which he had always a plentiful fund at command, and of which he knew very well how to make a very plentiful advantage, ſometimes of the neceſſities of private men, and ſometimes of thoſe of the public. He had indeed converſed ſo entirely with money, that it may be almoſt doubted, whether he imagined there was any other thing really exiſting in the world; this at leaſt may be certainly averred, that he firmly believed nothing elſe to have any real value.

The reader will, I fancy, allow, that fortune could not have culled out a more improper perſon for Mr. Jones to attack with any probability of ſucceſs; nor could the whimſical lady have directed this attack at a more unſeaſonable time.

As money then was always uppermoſt in this gentleman's thoughts; ſo the moment he ſaw a ſtranger within his doors, it immediately occurred to his imagination, that ſuch ſtranger was either come to bring him money, or to fetch it from him. And according as one or other of theſe thoughts prevailed, he conceived a favourable or unfavourable idea of the perſon who approached him.

Unluckily for Jones, the latter of theſe was the aſcendant at preſent; for as a young gentleman had viſited him the day before, with a bill from his ſon for a play debt, he apprehended, at the firſt ſight of Jones, that he was come on ſuch another errand.

Jones

Jones therefore had no ſooner told him, that he was come on his ſon's account, than the old gentleman, being confirmed in his ſuſpicion, burſt forth into an exclamation, 'That he would loſe his labour.' 'Is it 'then poſſible, Sir,' anſwered Jones, 'that you can 'gueſs my buſineſs?' 'If I do gueſs it,' replied the other, 'I repeat again to you, you will loſe your 'labour. What, I ſuppoſe, you are one of thoſe 'ſparks who lead my ſon into all thoſe ſcenes of riot 'and debauchery, which will be his deſtruction; 'but I ſhall pay no more of his bills I promiſe you. 'I expect he will quit all ſuch company for the fu-'ture. If I had imagined otherwiſe, I ſhould not 'have provided a wife for him; for I would be in-'ſtrumental in the ruin of no body.' 'How, Sir,' ſaid Jones, 'and was this lady of your providing?' 'Pray, Sir,' anſwered the old gentleman,' 'how 'comes it to be any concern of yours?'—'Nay, dear 'Sir,' replied Jones, 'be not offended that I in-'tereſt myſelf in what regards your ſon's happineſs, 'for whom I have ſo great an honour and value. 'It was upon that very account I came to wait upon 'you. I can't expreſs the ſatisfaction you have given 'me by what you ſay; for I do aſſure you your ſon 'is a perſon for whom I have the higheſt honour.— 'Nay, Sir, it is not eaſy to expreſs the eſteem I have 'for you, who could be ſo generous, ſo good, ſo 'kind, ſo indulgent to provide ſuch a match for your 'ſon; a woman, who, I dare ſwear, will make him 'one of the happieſt men upon earth.'

There is ſcarce any thing which ſo happily introduces men to our good liking, as having conceived ſome alarm at their firſt appearance; when once thoſe apprehenſions begin to vaniſh, we ſoon forget the fears which they occaſioned, and look on ourſelves as indebted for our preſent eaſe, to thoſe very perſons who at firſt raiſed our fears.

Thus it happened to Nightingale, who no ſooner found that Jones had no demand on him, as he ſuſpected,

ſuſpected, than he began to be pleaſed with his preſence. 'Pray, good Sir,' ſaid he, 'be pleaſed to ſit 'down. I do not remember to have ever had the 'pleaſure of ſeeing you before; but if you are a 'friend of my ſon, and have any thing to ſay con-'cerning this young lady, I ſhall be glad to hear 'you. As to her making him happy, it will be his 'own fault if ſhe doth not. I have diſcharged my 'duty, in taking care of the main article. She will 'bring him a fortune capable of making any reaſon-'able, prudent, ſober man happy.' 'Undoubt-'edly,' cries Jones, 'for ſhe is in herſelf a for-'tune; ſo beautiful, ſo genteel, ſo ſweet-tempered, 'and ſo well educated; ſhe is indeed a moſt accom-'pliſhed young lady; ſings admirably well, and hath 'a moſt delicate hand at the harpſichord.' 'I did 'not know any of theſe matters,' anſwered the old gentleman, 'for I never ſaw the lady: but I do not 'like her the worſe for what you tell me; and I am 'the better pleaſed with her father for not laying 'any ſtreſs on theſe qualifications in our bargain. 'I ſhall always think it a proof of his underſtanding. 'A ſilly fellow would have brought in theſe articles 'as an addition to her fortune; but to give him his 'due, he never mentioned any ſuch matter; though 'to be ſure they are no diſparagements to a woman.' 'I do aſſure you, Sir,' cries Jones, 'ſhe hath them 'all in the moſt eminent degree: for my part I own 'I was afraid you might have been a little back-'ward, a little leſs inclined to the match: for your 'ſon told me, you had never ſeen the lady; therefore 'I came, Sir, in that caſe, to entreat you, to conjure 'you, as you value the happineſs of your ſon, not to 'be averſe to his match with a woman who hath not 'only all the good qualities I have mentioned, but 'many more.'——'If that was your buſineſs, Sir,' ſaid the old gentleman, 'we are both obliged to 'you; and you may be perfectly eaſy; for I give you 'my word I was very well ſatisfied with her fortune.'

'Sir,'

'Sir,' anſwered Jones, 'I honour you every mo-
'ment more and more. To be ſo eaſily ſatisfied, ſo
'very moderate on that account, is a proof of the
'ſoundneſs of your underſtanding, as well as the
'nobleneſs of your mind.'——'Not ſo very mode-
'rate, young gentleman, not ſo very moderate,' an-
ſwered the father.—'Still more and more noble,' re-
plied Jones, 'and give me leave to add, ſenſible:
'for ſure it is little leſs than madneſs to conſider
'money as the ſole foundation of happineſs. Such
'a woman as this with her little, her nothing of a
'fortune.'—'I find,' cries the old gentleman, 'you
'have a pretty juſt opinion of money, my friend, or
'elſe you are better acquainted with the perſon of
'the lady, than with her circumſtances. Why pray,
'what fortune do you imagine this lady to have?'—
'What fortune?' cries Jones, 'why too contemp-
'tible a one to be named for your ſon.' 'Well, well,
'well,' ſaid the other, 'perhaps he might have done
'better.'—'That I deny,' ſaid Jones, 'for ſhe is one
'of the beſt of women.' 'Ay, ay, but in point of
'fortune I mean,'—anſwered the other.—'And yet
'as to that now, how much do you imagine your
'friend is to have?'——'How much,' cries Jones,
'how much!—Why at the utmoſt, perhaps 200 l.'
'Do you mean to banter me, young gentleman?'
ſaid the father a little angry.—'No, upon my ſoul,'
anſwered Jones, 'I am in earneſt; nay, I believe I
'have gone to the utmoſt farthing. If I do the lady
'an injury, I aſk her pardon.' 'Indeed, you do,'
cries the father. 'I am certain ſhe hath fifty times
'that ſum, and ſhe ſhall produce fifty to that, before
'I conſent that ſhe ſhall marry my ſon.' 'Nay,'
ſaid Jones, 'it is too late to talk of conſent now—
'If ſhe had not fifty farthings your ſon is married.'
——'My ſon married!' anſwered the old gentleman
with ſurprize. 'Nay,' ſaid Jones, 'I thought you
'was unacquainted with it.'——'My ſon married to
'Miſs Harris!' anſwered he again.—'To Miſs Har-
'ris!'

'ris!' ſaid Jones; 'No, Sir, to Miſs Nancy Miller, 'the daughter of Mrs. Miller, at whoſe houſe he 'lodged; a young lady, who, though her mother 'is reduced to let lodgings'——'Are you bantering, 'or are you in earneſt?' cries the father with a moſt ſolemn voice. 'Indeed, Sir,' anſwered Jones, 'I 'ſcorn the character of a banterer. I came to you 'in moſt ſerious earneſt, imagining, as I find true, 'that your ſon had never dared acquaint you with a 'match ſo much inferior to him in point of fortune, 'though the reputation of the lady will ſuffer it no 'longer to remain a ſecret.'

While the father ſtood like one ſtruck ſuddenly dumb at this news, a gentleman came into the room, and ſaluted him by the name of brother.

But though theſe two were in conſanguinity ſo nearly related, they were in their diſpoſitions almoſt the oppoſites to each other. The brother who now arrived had likewiſe been bred to trade, in which he no ſooner ſaw himſelf worth 6000l. than he purchaſed a ſmall eſtate with the greateſt part of it, and retired into the country; where he married the daughter of an unbeneficed clergyman; a young lady, who, though ſhe had neither beauty nor fortune, had recommended herſelf to his choice, entirely by her good humour, of which ſhe poſſeſſed a very large ſhare.

With this woman he had, during twenty-five years, lived a life more reſembling the model which certain poets aſcribe to the golden age, than any of thoſe patterns which are furniſhed by the preſent times. By her he had four children, but none of them arrived at maturity except only one daughter, whom in vulgar language he and his wife had ſpoiled; that is, had educated with the utmoſt tenderneſs and fondneſs, which ſhe returned to ſuch a degree, that ſhe had actually refuſed a very extraordinary match with a gentleman a little turned of forty, becauſe ſhe could not bring herſelf to part with her parents.

The

The young lady whom Mr. Nightingale had intended for his ſon, was a near neighbour of his brother, and an acquaintance of his niece; and in reality it was upon the account of his projected match, that he was now come to town; not indeed to forward, but to diſſuade his brother from a purpoſe which he conceived would inevitably ruin his nephew; for he foreſaw no other event from a union with Miſs Harris, notwithſtanding the largeneſs of her fortune, as neither her perſon nor mind ſeemed to him to promiſe any kind of matrimonial felicity; for ſhe was very tall, very thin, very ugly, very affected, very ſilly, and very ill-natured.

His brother therefore no ſooner mentioned the marriage of his nephew with Miſs Miller, than he expreſt the utmoſt ſatisfaction; and when the father had very bitterly reviled his ſon, and pronounced ſentence of beggary upon him, the uncle began in the following manner:

'If you was a little cooler, brother, I would aſk 'you whether you love your ſon for his ſake, or for 'your own. You would anſwer, I ſuppoſe, and ſo I 'ſuppoſe you think, for his ſake; and doubtleſs it is 'his happineſs which you intended in the marriage 'you propoſed for him.

'Now, brother, to preſcribe rules of happineſs to 'others, hath always appeared to me very abſurd, 'and to inſiſt on doing this, very tyrannical. It is a 'vulgar error I know; but it is nevertheleſs an error. 'And if this be abſurd in other things, it is moſtly 'ſo in the affair of marriage, the happineſs of which 'depends entirely on the affection which ſubſiſts be-'tween the parties.

'I have therefore always thought it unreaſonable 'in parents to deſire to chuſe for their children on 'this occaſion; ſince to force affection is an im-'poſſible attempt; nay, ſo much doth love abhor 'force, that I know not whether, through an unfor-

'tunate

'tunate but uncurable perverſeneſs in our natures, it 'may not be even impatient of perſuaſion.

'It is, however, true, that though a parent will 'not, I think, wiſely preſcribe, he ought to be con-'ſulted on this occaſion; and in ſtrictneſs perhaps 'ſhould at leaſt have a negative voice. My nephew 'therefore, I own, in marrying without aſking your 'advice, hath been guilty of a fault. But honeſtly 'ſpeaking, brother, have you not a little promoted 'this fault? Have not your frequent declarations on 'this ſubject, given him a moral certainty of your 'refuſal, where there was any deficiency in point of 'fortune? nay, doth not your preſent anger ariſe 'ſolely from that deficiency? And if he hath failed 'in his duty here, did you not as much exceed that 'authority, when you abſolutely bargained with him 'for a woman without his knowledge, whom you 'yourſelf never ſaw, and whom if you had ſeen and 'known as well as I, it muſt have been madneſs in 'you, to have ever thought of bringing her into your 'family.

'Still I own my nephew in a fault; but ſurely it 'is not an unpardonable fault. He hath acted in-'deed without your conſent, in a matter in which 'he ought to have aſked it; but it is in a matter 'in which his intereſt is principally concerned; you 'yourſelf muſt and will acknowledge, that you con-'ſulted his intereſt only, and if he unfortunately 'differed from you, and have been miſtaken in his 'notion of happineſs, will you, brother, if you love 'your ſon, carry him ſtill wider from the point? Will 'you increaſe the ill conſequences of his ſimple 'choice? Will you endeavour to make an event cer-'tain miſery to him, which may accidentally prove 'ſo? In a word, brother, becauſe he hath put it out 'of your power to make his circumſtances as affluent 'as you would, will you diſtreſs them as much as 'you can?'

By

By the force of the true catholic faith St. Antony won upon the fiſhes. Orpheus and Amphion went a little farther, and by the charms of muſic enchanted things merely inanimate. Wonderful both! but neither hiſtory nor fable have ever yet ventured to record an inſtance of any one, who, by force of argument and reaſon, hath triumphed over habitual avarice.

Mr. Nightingale, the father, inſtead of attempting to anſwer his brother, contented himſelf with only obſerving, that they had always differed in their ſentiments concerning the education of their children. 'I wiſh,' ſaid he, 'brother, you would have confined 'your care to your own daughter, and never have 'troubled yourſelf with my ſon, who hath, I believe, 'as little profited by your precepts, as by your ex-'ample:' For young Nightingale was his uncle's godſon, and had lived more with him than with his father. So that the uncle had often declared, he loved his nephew almoſt equally with his own child.

Jones fell into raptures with this good gentleman; and when after much perſuaſion, they found the father grew ſtill more and more irritated, inſtead of appeaſed, Jones conducted the uncle to his nephew at the houſe of Mrs. Miller.

CHAP. IX.

Containing ſtrange matters.

AT his return to his lodgings, Jones found the ſituation of affairs greatly altered from what they had been in at his departure. The mother, the two daughters, and young Mr. Nightingale, were now ſat down to ſupper together, when the uncle was, at his own deſire, introduced without any ceremony into the company, to all of whom he was well known; for he had ſeveral times viſited his mother at that houſe.

The old gentleman immediately walked up to Miſs Nancy, ſaluted and wiſhed her joy, as he did afterwards the nephew and the other ſiſter; and laſtly, he paid the proper compliments to his nephew, with the ſame good humour and courteſy, as if his nephew had married his equal or ſuperior in fortune, with all the previous requiſites firſt performed.

Miſs Nancy and her ſuppoſed huſband both turned pale, and looked rather fooliſh than otherwiſe upon the occaſion; but Mrs. Miller took the firſt opportunity of withdrawing; and having ſent for Jones into the dining-room, ſhe threw herſelf at his feet, and in a moſt paſſionate flood of tears, called him her good angel, the preſerver of her poor little family, with many other reſpectful and endearing appellations, and made him every acknowledgment which the higheſt benefit can extract from the moſt grateful heart.

After the firſt guſt of her paſſion was a little over, which ſhe declared, if ſhe had not vented, would have burſt her, ſhe proceeded to inform Mr. Jones, that all matters were ſettled between Mr. Nightingale and her daughter, and that they were to be married the next morning; at which Mr. Jones having expreſſed much pleaſure, the poor woman fell again into a fit of joy and thankſgiving, which he at length with difficulty ſilenced, and prevailed on her to return with him back to the company, whom they found in the ſame good humour in which they had left them.

This little ſociety now paſſed two or three very agreeable hours together, in which the uncle, who was a very great lover of his bottle, had ſo well plyed his nephew, that this latter, though not drunk, began to be ſomewhat fluſtered; and now Mr. Nightingale taking the old gentleman with him up ſtairs into the apartment he had lately occupied, unboſomed himſelf as follows:

'As

'As you have been always the beſt and kindeſt of 'uncles to me, and as you have ſhewn ſuch unparallel-'led goodneſs in forgiving this match, which to be 'ſure may be thought a little improvident; I ſhould 'never forgive myſelf if I attempted to deceive you 'in any thing.' He then confeſſed the truth, and opened the whole affair.

'How, Jack!' ſaid the old gentleman, 'and are 'you really then not married to this young woman?' 'No, upon my honour,' anſwered Nightingale, 'I 'have told you the ſimple truth.' 'My dear boy,' cries the uncle, kiſſing him, 'I am heartily glad to 'hear it. I never was better pleaſed in my life. If 'you had been married I ſhould have aſſiſted you 'as much as was in my power, to have made the 'beſt of a bad matter; but there is a great difference 'between conſidering a thing which is already done 'and irrecoverable, and that which is yet to do. 'Let your reaſon have fair play, Jack, and you will 'ſee this match in ſo fooliſh and prepoſterous a light, 'that there will be no need of any diſſuaſive argu-'ments.' 'How, Sir!' replies young Nightingale, 'is there this difference between having already done 'an act, and being in honour engaged to do it? 'Pugh,' ſaid the uncle, 'honour is a creature of the 'world's making, and the world hath the power of 'a creator over it, and may govern and direct it as 'they pleaſe. Now you well know how trivial theſe 'breaches of contract are thought; even the groſſeſt 'make but the wonder and converſation of a day. 'Is there a man who afterwards will be more back-'ward in giving you his ſiſter or daughter? or is 'there any ſiſter or daughter who would be more 'backward to receive you? Honour is not concern-'ed in theſe engagements.' 'Pardon me, dear Sir,' cries Nightingale, 'I can never think ſo; and 'not only honour, but conſcience and humanity 'are concerned. I am well ſatisfied, that, was I now 'to diſappoint the young creature, her death would

'be the conſequence, and I ſhould look upon myſelf 'as her murderer; nay, as her murderer by the cru-'elleſt of all methods, by breaking her heart.' 'Break her heart, indeed! no, no, Jack,' cries the uncle, 'the hearts of women are not ſo ſoon broke; 'they are tough, boy, they are tough.' 'But, 'Sir,' anſwered Nightingale, 'my own affections 'are engaged, and I never could be happy with 'any other woman. How often have I heard you 'ſay, that children ſhould be always ſuffered to 'chuſe for themſelves, and that you would let my 'couſin Harriet do ſo!' 'Why ay,' replied the old gentleman, 'ſo I would have them; but then I 'would have them chuſe wiſely.——Indeed, Jack, 'you muſt and ſhall leave this girl.'——'Indeed, 'uncle,' cries the other, 'I muſt and will have her.' 'You will, young gentleman?' ſaid the uncle; 'I 'did not expect ſuch a word from you. I ſhould not 'wonder if you had uſed ſuch language to your fa-'ther, who hath always treated you like a dog, and 'kept you at the diſtance which a tyrant preſerves 'over his ſubjects; but I, who have lived with you 'upon an equal footing, might ſurely expect better 'uſage: but I know how to account for it all! it is 'all owing to your prepoſterous education, in which 'I have had too little ſhare. There is my daughter 'now, whom I have brought up as my friend, never 'doth any thing without my advice, nor ever refuſes 'to take it when I give it her.' 'You have never 'yet given her advice in an affair of this kind,' ſaid Nightingale, 'for I am greatly miſtaken in my 'couſin, if ſhe would be very ready to obey even 'your moſt poſitive commands in abandoning her in-'clinations.' 'Don't abuſe my girl,' anſwered the old gentleman with ſome emotion; 'don't abuſe 'my Harriet. I have brought her up to have no in-'clinations contrary to my own. By ſuffering her to 'do whatever ſhe pleaſes, I have enured her to a 'habit of being pleaſed to do whatever I like.'

'Pardon

'Pardon me, Sir,' ſaid Nightingale, 'I have not 'the leaſt deſign to reflect on my couſin, for whom 'I have the greateſt eſteem; and indeed I am con-'vinced you will never put her to ſo ſevere a trial, 'or lay ſuch hard commands on her as you would 'do on me.—But, dear Sir, let us return to the com-'pany; for they will begin to be uneaſy at our long 'abſence. I muſt beg one favour of my dear uncle, 'which is, that he would not ſay any thing to ſhock 'the poor girl or her mother.' 'O you need not 'fear me,' anſwered he, 'I underſtand myſelf too 'well to affront women; ſo I will readily grant you 'that favour; and in return I muſt expect another 'of you.' 'There are but few of your commands, 'Sir,' ſaid Nightingale, 'which I ſhall not very 'cheerfully obey.' 'Nay, Sir, I aſk nothing,' ſaid the uncle; 'but the honour of your company home 'to my lodging, that I may reaſon the caſe a little 'more fully with you; for I would, if poſſible, 'have the ſatisfaction of preſerving my family, not-'withſtanding the headſtrong folly of my brother, 'who, in his own opinion, is the wiſeſt man in the 'world.'

Nightingale, who well knew his uncle to be as headſtrong as his father, ſubmitted to attend him home, and then they both returned back into the room, where the old gentleman promiſed to carry himſelf with the ſame decorum which he had before maintained.

CHAP. X.

A ſhort chapter which concludes the book.

THE long abſence of the uncle and nephew had occaſioned ſome diſquiet in the minds of all whom they had left behind them; and the more, as during the preceding dialogue, the uncle had more than once elevated his voice, ſo as to be heard

down ſtairs; which, though they could not diſtinguiſh what he ſaid, had cauſed ſome evil foreboding in Nancy and her mother, and indeed even in Jones himſelf.

When the good company therefore again aſſembled, there was a viſible alteration in all their faces; and the good humour which, at their laſt meeting, univerſally ſhone forth in every countenance, was now changed into a much leſs agreeable aſpect. It was a change indeed common enough to the weather in this climate, from ſunſhine to clouds, from June to December.

This alteration was not however greatly remarked by any preſent; for as they were all now endeavouring to conceal their own thoughts, and to act a part, they became all too buſily engaged in the ſcene to be ſpectators of it. Thus neither the uncle nor nephew ſaw any ſymptoms of ſuſpicion in the mother or daughter; nor did the mother or daughter remark the overacted complaiſance of the old man, nor the counterfeit ſatisfaction which grinned in the features of the young one.

Something like this, I believe, frequently happens, where the whole attention of two friends being engaged in the part which each is to act, in order to impoſe on the other, neither ſees nor ſuſpects the art practiſed againſt himſelf; and thus the thruſt of both (to borrow no improper metaphor on the occaſion) alike takes place.

From the ſame reaſon it is no unuſual thing for both parties to be overreached in a bargain, though the one muſt be always the greater loſer; as was he who ſold a blind horſe, and received a bad note in payment.

Our company in about half an hour broke up, and the uncle carried off his nephew; but not before the latter had aſſured Miſs Nancy, in a whiſper, that he would attend her early in the morning, and fulfil all his engagements.

Jones,

Jones, who was the leaſt concerned in this ſcene, ſaw the moſt. He did indeed ſuſpect the very fact; for beſides obſerving the great alteration in the behaviour of the uncle, the diſtance he aſſumed, and his overſtrained civility to Miſs Nancy; the carrying off a bridegroom from his bride at that time of night, was ſo extraordinary a proceeding, that it could be accounted for, only by imagining that young Nightingale had revealed the whole truth, which the apparent openneſs of his temper, and his being fluſtered with liquor, made too probable.

While he was reaſoning with himſelf, whether he ſhould acquaint theſe poor people with his ſuſpicion, the maid of the houſe informed him, that a gentlewoman deſired to ſpeak with him.———He went immediately out, and taking the candle from the maid, uſhered his viſitant up ſtairs, who, in the perſon of Mrs. Honour, acquainted him with ſuch dreadful news concerning his Sophia, that he immediately loſt all conſideration for every other perſon; and his whole ſtock of compaſſion was entirely ſwallowed up in reflections on his own miſery, and on that of his unfortunate angel.

What this dreadful matter was, the reader will be informed, after we have firſt related the many preceding ſteps which produced it, and thoſe will be the ſubject of the following book.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XV.

In which the hiſtory advances about two days.

CHAP. I.

Too ſhort to need a preface.

THERE are a ſet of religious, or rather moral writers, who teach that virtue is the certain road to happineſs, and vice to miſery, in this world. A very wholeſome and comfortable doctrine, and to which we have but one objection, namely, that it is not true.

Indeed, if by virtue theſe writers mean the exerciſe of thoſe cardinal virtues, which like good houſewives ſtay at home, and mind only the buſineſs of their own family, I ſhall very readily concede the point; for ſo ſurely do all theſe contribute and lead to happineſs, that I could almoſt wiſh, in violation of all the ancient and modern ſages, to call them rather by the name of wiſdom, than by that of virtue; for

for with regard to this life, no ſyſtem, I conceive, was ever wiſer than that of the ancient Epicureans, who held this wiſdom to conſtitute the chief good; nor fooliſher than that of their oppoſites, thoſe modern epicures, who place all felicity in the abundant gratification of every ſenſual appetite.

But if by virtue is meant (as I almoſt think it ought) a certain relative quality, which is always buſying itſelf without doors, and ſeems as much intereſted in purſuing the good of others as its own; I cannot ſo eaſily agree that this is the ſureſt way to human happineſs; becauſe I am afraid we muſt then include poverty and contempt, with all the miſchiefs which backbiting, envy, and ingratitude, can bring on mankind, in our idea of happineſs; nay, ſometimes perhaps we ſhall be obliged to wait upon the ſaid happineſs to a gaol; ſince many by the above virtue have brought themſelves thither.

I have not now leiſure to enter upon ſo large a field of ſpeculation, as here ſeems opening upon me; my deſign was to wipe off a doctrine that lay in my way; ſince while Mr. Jones was acting the moſt virtuous part imaginable in labouring to preſerve his fellow-creatures from deſtruction, the devil, or ſome other evil ſpirit, one perhaps clothed in human fleſh, was hard at work to make him completely miſerable in the ruin of his Sophia.

This therefore would ſeem an exception to the above rule, if indeed it was a rule; but as we have in our voyage through life ſeen ſo many other exceptions to it, we chuſe to diſpute the doctrine on which it is founded, which we don't apprehend to be chriſtian, which we are convinced is not true, and which is indeed deſtructive of one of the nobleſt arguments that reaſon alone can furniſh for the belief of immortality.

But as the reader's curioſity (if he hath any) muſt be now awake, and hungry, we ſhall provide to feed it as faſt as we can.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

In which is opened a very black deſign againſt Sophia.

I Remember a wiſe old gentleman, who uſed to ſay, 'When children are doing nothing, they are 'doing miſchief.' I will not enlarge this quaint ſaying to the moſt beautiful part of the creation in general; but ſo far I may be allowed, that when the effects of female jealouſy do not appear openly in their proper colours of rage and fury, we may ſuſpect that miſchievous paſſion to be at work privately, and attempting to undermine, what it doth not attack above ground.

This was exemplified in the conduct of lady Bellaſton, who, under all the ſmiles which ſhe wore in her countenance, concealed much indignation againſt Sophia; and as ſhe plainly ſaw, that this young lady ſtood between her and the full indulgence of her deſires, ſhe reſolved to get rid of her by ſome means or other; nor was it long before a very favourable opportunity of accompliſhing this preſented itſelf to her.

The reader may be pleaſed to remember, that when Sophia was thrown into that conſternation at the playhouſe, by the wit and humour of a ſet of young gentlemen who call themſelves the town, we informed him, that ſhe had put herſelf under the protection of a young nobleman, who had very ſafely conducted her to her chair.

This nobleman, who frequently viſited lady Bellaſton, had more than once ſeen Sophia there, ſince her arrival in town, and had conceived a very great liking to her; which liking, as beauty never looks more amiable than in diſtreſs, Sophia had in this fright ſo inncreaſed, that he might now, without any great impropriety, be ſaid to be actually in love with her.

It may eaſily be believed, that he would not ſuffer ſo handſome an occaſion of improving his acquaintance with the beloved object as now offered itſelf, to elapſe, when even good-breeding alone might have prompted him to pay her a viſit.

The next morning therefore, after this accident, he waited on Sophia, with the uſual compliments, and hopes that ſhe had received no harm from her laſt night's adventure.

As love, like fire, when once thoroughly kindled, is ſoon blown into a flame; Sophia in a very ſhort time completed her conqueſt. Time now flew away unperceived, and the noble lord had been two hours in company with the lady, before it entered into his head that he had made too long a viſit. Though this circumſtance alone would have alarmed Sophia, who was ſomewhat more a miſtreſs of computation at preſent; ſhe had indeed much more pregnant evidence from the eyes of her lover of what paſt within his boſom; nay, though he did not make any open declaration of his paſſion, yet many of his expreſſions were rather too warm, and too tender, to have been imputed to complaiſance, even in the age when ſuch complaiſance was in faſhion; the very reverſe of which is well known to be the reigning mode at preſent.

Lady Bellaſton had been appriſed of his lordſhip's viſit at his firſt arrival; and the length of it very well ſatisfied her, that things went, as ſhe wiſhed, and as indeed ſhe had ſuſpected the ſecond time ſhe ſaw this young couple together. This buſineſs ſhe rightly, I think, concluded, that ſhe ſhould by no means forward by mixing in the company while they were together; ſhe therefore ordered her ſervants, that when my lord was going, they ſhould tell him, ſhe deſired to ſpeak with him; and employed the intermediate time in meditating how beſt to accompliſh a ſcheme which ſhe made no doubt but his lordſhip would very readily embrace the execution of.

Lord

Lord Fellamar (for that was the title of this young nobleman) was no ſooner introduced to her ladyſhip, than ſhe attacked him in the following ſtrain: 'Bleſs 'me, my lord, are you here yet? I thought my ſer- 'vants had made a miſtake, and let you go away; 'and I wanted to ſee you about an affair of ſome im- 'portance.'——'Indeed, lady Bellaſton,' ſaid he, 'I 'don't wonder you are aſtoniſhed at the length of 'my viſit: for I have ſtaid above two hours, and I 'did not think I had ſtaid above half a one.'—— 'What am I to conclude from thence, my lord?' ſaid ſhe, 'The company muſt be very agreeable 'which can make time ſlide away ſo very deceitful- 'ly.'——'Upon my honour,' ſaid he, 'the moſt 'agreeable I ever ſaw. Pray tell me, lady Bellaſton, 'who is this blazing ſtar which you have produced 'among us all of a ſudden?'——'What blazing 'ſtar, my lord?' ſaid ſhe, affecting a ſurprize. 'I 'mean,' ſaid he, 'the lady I ſaw here the other 'day, whom I had laſt night in my arms at the play- 'houſe, and to whom I have been making that un- 'reaſonable viſit.'——'O my couſin Weſtern!' ſaid ſhe; 'why that blazing ſtar, my lord, is the 'daughter of a country booby 'ſquire, and hath been 'in town about a fortnight, for the firſt time.'—— 'Upon my ſoul,' ſaid he, 'I ſhould ſwear ſhe had 'been bred up in a court; for beſides her beauty, I 'never ſaw any thing ſo genteel, ſo ſenſible, ſo po- 'lite.'——O brave!' cries the lady, 'my couſin hath 'you, I find.'——'Upon my honour,' anſwered he, 'I wiſh ſhe had; for I am in love with her to 'diſtraction.'——'Nay, my lord,' ſaid ſhe, 'it is 'not wiſhing yourſelf very ill neither, for ſhe is a 'very great fortune: I aſſure you ſhe is an only child, 'and her father's eſtate is a good 3000l. a year.' 'Then I can aſſure you, Madam,' anſwered the lord, 'I think her the beſt match in England.' 'Indeed, 'my lord,' replied ſhe, 'if you like her, I heartily 'wiſh you had her.' 'If you think ſo kindly of

'me,

'me, Madam,' ſaid he, 'as ſhe is a relation of 'yours, will you do me the honour to propoſe it to 'her father?' 'And are you really then in earneſt?' cries the lady, with an affected gravity. 'I hope, 'Madam,' anſwered he, 'you have a better opi-'nion of me, than to imagine I would jeſt with your 'ladyſhip in an affair of this kind.' 'Indeed then,' ſaid the lady, 'I will moſt readily propoſe your 'lordſhip to her father; and I can, I believe, aſſure 'you of his joyful acceptance of the propoſal; but 'there is a bar, which I am almoſt aſhamed to men-'tion; and yet it is one you will never be able to 'conquer. You have a rival, my lord, and a rival 'who, though I bluſh to name him, neither you, 'nor all the world, will ever be able to conquer.' 'Upon my word, lady Bellaſton,' cries he, 'you 'have ſtruck a damp to my heart, which hath almoſt 'deprived me of being.' 'Fie! my lord,' ſaid ſhe, 'I ſhould rather hope I had ſtruck fire into you. A 'lover, and talk of damps in your heart! I rather 'imagined you would have aſked your rival's name, 'that you might have immediately entered the liſts 'with him.' 'I promiſe you, Madam,' anſwered he, 'there are very few things I would not undertake 'for your charming couſin: but pray, who is this 'happy man?'—'Why he is,' ſaid ſhe, 'what I 'am ſorry to ſay moſt happy men with us are, one of 'the loweſt fellows in the world. He is a beggar, 'a baſtard, a foundling, a fellow in meaner circum-'ſtances than one of your lordſhip's footmen.' 'And is it poſſible,' cried he, 'that a young crea-'ture with ſuch perfections ſhould think of beſtow-'ing herſelf ſo unworthily?' 'Alas! my lord,' anſwered ſhe, 'conſider the country—the bane of all 'young women is the country. There they learn a 'ſet of romantic notions of love, and I know not 'what folly, which this town and good company can 'ſcarce eradicate in a whole winter.' 'Indeed, 'Madam,' replied my lord, 'your couſin is of too

'immenſe a value to be thrown away: ſuch ruin as 'this muſt be prevented.' 'Alas!' cries ſhe, 'my 'lord, how can it be prevented? The family have 'already done all in their power; but the girl is, 'I think, intoxicated, and nothing leſs than ruin will 'content her. And to deal more openly with you, 'I expect every day to hear ſhe is run away with 'him.' 'What you tell me, lady Bellaſton,' anſwered his lordſhip, 'affects me moſt tenderly, and 'only raiſes my compaſſion, inſtead of leſſening my 'adoration of your couſin. Some means muſt be 'found to preſerve ſo ineſtimable a jewel. Hath 'your ladyſhip endeavoured to reaſon with her?' Here the lady affected a laugh, and cried, 'My dear 'lord, ſure you know us better than to talk of rea'ſoning a young woman out of her inclinations? 'Theſe ineſtimable jewels are as deaf as the jewels 'they wear: time, my lord, time is the only medi'cine to cure their folly; but this is a medicine, 'which I am certain ſhe will not take; nay, I live 'in hourly horrors on her account. In ſhort, no'thing but violent methods will do.' 'What is to 'be done?' cries my lord, 'What methods are to 'be taken?—Is there any method upon earth?— 'Oh! lady Bellaſton! there is nothing which I would 'not undertake for ſuch a reward.'——'I really 'know not,' anſwered the lady, after a pauſe; and then pauſing again, ſhe cried out,—'Upon my 'ſoul, I am at my wit's end on this girl's account. '—If ſhe can be preſerved, ſomething muſt be done 'immediately; and as I ſay, nothing but violent 'methods will do.—— If your lordſhip hath really 'this attachment to my couſin, (and to do her juſ'tice, except in this ſilly inclination, of which ſhe 'will ſoon ſee her folly, ſhe is every way deſerving) 'I think there may be one way, indeed it is a very 'diſagreeable one, and what I am almoſt afraid to 'think of.—— It requires a great ſpirit, I promiſe 'you.' 'I am not conſcious, Madam,' ſaid he, 'of 'any

'any defect there; nor am I, I hope, ſuſpected of 'any ſuch. It muſt be an egregious defect indeed, 'which could make me backward on this occaſion.' 'Nay, my lord,' anſwered ſhe, 'I am ſo far from 'doubting you. I am much more inclined to doubt 'my own courage; for I muſt run a monſtrous 'riſque. In ſhort, I muſt place ſuch a confidence in 'your honour as a wiſe woman will ſcarce ever place 'in a man on any conſideration.' In this point likewiſe my lord very well ſatisfied her; for his reputation was extremely clear, and common fame did him no more than juſtice, in ſpeaking well of him. 'Well then,' ſaid ſhe, 'my lord,—I—I vow, I 'can't bear the apprehenſion of it.—No, it muſt 'not be.——At leaſt every other method ſhall be 'tried. Can you get rid of your engagements, and 'dine here to-day? Your lordſhip will have an op-'portunity of ſeeing a little more of Miſs Weſtern. —'I promiſe you we have no time to loſe. Here 'will be no body but lady Betty, and Miſs Eagle, 'and colonel Hampſtead, and Tom Edwards; they 'will all go ſoon,—and I ſhall be at home to no 'body. Then your lordſhip may be a little more 'explicit. Nay, I will contrive ſome method to 'convince you of her attachment to this fellow.' My lord made proper compliments, accepted the invitation, and then they parted to dreſs, it being now paſt three in the morning, or to reckon by the old ſtyle, in the afternoon.

CHAP. III.

A further explanation of the foregoing deſign.

THOUGH the reader may have long ſince concluded lady Bellaſton to be a member (and no inconſiderable one) of the great world, ſhe was in reality a very conſiderable member of the little world; by which appellation was diſtinguiſhed a very worthy

worthy and honourable ſociety which not long ſince flouriſhed in this kingdom.

Among other good principles upon which this ſociety was founded, there was one very remarkable: for as it was a rule of an honourable club of heroes, who aſſembled at the cloſe of the late war, that all the members ſhould every day fight once at leaſt; ſo 'twas in this, that every member ſhould, within the twenty-four hours, tell at leaſt one merry fib, which was to be propagated by all the brethren and ſiſterhood.

Many idle ſtories were told about this ſociety, which from a certain quality may be, perhaps, not unjuſtly, ſuppoſed to have come from the ſociety themſelves. As, that the devil was the preſident; and that he ſat in perſon in an elbow chair at the upper end of the table; but, upon very ſtrict enquiry, I find there is not the leaſt truth in any of thoſe tales, and that the aſſembly conſiſted in reality of a ſet of very good ſort of people, and the fibs which they propagated were of a harmleſs kind, and tended only to produce mirth and good humour.

Edwards was likewiſe a member of this comical ſociety. To him therefore lady Bellaſton applied as a proper inſtrument for her purpoſe, and furniſhed him with a fib, which he was to vent whenever the lady gave him her cue; and this was not to be till the evening, when all the company but lord Fellamar and himſelf were gone, and while they were engaged in a rubbers at whiſt.

To this time then, which was between ſeven and eight in the evening, we will convey our reader; when lady Bellaſton, lord Fellamar, Miſs Weſtern, and Tom being engaged at whiſt, and in the laſt game of their rubbers, Tom received his cue from lady Bellaſton, which was, 'I proteſt, Tom, you 'are grown intolerable lately; you uſed to tell us 'all the news of the town, and now you know no 'more of the world than if you lived out of it.'

Mr.

Mr. Edwards then began as follows: 'The fault 'is not mine, Madam; it lies in the dulneſs of the 'age, that doth nothing worth talking of.——O la! 'though now I think on't there hath a terrible ac- 'cident befallen poor colonel Wilcox.——Poor Ned. '——You know him, my lord, every body knows 'him; faith! I am very much concerned for him.'

'What is it, pray?' ſays lady Bellaſton.

'Why, he hath killed a man this morning in a 'duel, that's all.'

His lordſhip, who was not in the ſecret, aſked gravely, whom he had killed? To which Edwards anſwered, 'A young fellow we none of us know; a 'Somerſetſhire lad juſt come to town, one Jones his 'name is; a near relation of one Mr. Allworthy, of 'whom your lordſhip I believe hath heard. I ſaw 'the lad lie dead in a coffeehouſe.—Upon my ſoul 'he is one of the fineſt corpſes I ever ſaw in my 'life.'

Sophia, who had juſt began to deal as Tom had mentioned that a man was killed, ſtopt her hand, and liſtened with attention, (for all ſtories of that kind affected her) but no ſooner had he arrived at the latter part of the ſtory, than ſhe began to deal again; and having dealt three cards to one, and ſeven to another, and ten to a third, at laſt dropt the reſt from her hand, and fell back in her chair.

The company behaved as uſually on theſe occaſions. The uſual diſturbance enſued, the uſual aſſiſtance was ſummoned, and Sophia at laſt, as it is uſual, returned again to life, and was ſoon after, at her earneſt deſire, led to her own apartment; where, at my lord's requeſt, lady Bellaſton acquainted her with the truth, attempted to carry it off as a jeſt of her own, and comforted her with repeated aſſurances, that neither his lordſhip, nor Tom, though ſhe had taught him the ſtory, were in the true ſecret of the affair.

There was no farther evidence neceſſary to convince lord Fellamar how juſtly the caſe had been repre-

ſented to him by lady Bellaſton; and now at her return into the room, a ſcheme was laid between theſe two noble perſons, which, though it appeared in no very heinous light to his lordſhip, (as he faithfully promiſed, and faithfully reſolved too, to make the lady all the ſubſequent amends in his power by marriage;) yet many of our readers, we doubt not, will ſee with juſt deteſtation.

The next evening at ſeven was appointed for the fatal purpoſe, when lady Bellaſton undertook that Sophia ſhould be alone, and his lordſhip ſhould be introduced to her. The whole family were to be regulated for the purpoſe, moſt of the ſervants diſpatched out of the houſe; and for Mrs. Honour, who, to prevent ſuſpicion, was to be left with her miſtreſs till his lordſhip's arrival, lady Bellaſton herſelf was to engage her in an apartment as diſtant as poſſible from the ſcene of the intended miſchief, and out of the hearing of Sophia.

Matters being thus agreed on, his lordſhip took his leave, and her ladyſhip retired to reſt, highly pleaſed with a project, of which ſhe had no reaſon to doubt the ſucceſs, and which promiſed ſo effectually to remove Sophia from being any future obſtruction to her amour with Jones, by a means of which ſhe ſhould never appear to be guilty, even if the fact appeared to the world; but this ſhe made no doubt of preventing by huddling up a marriage, to which ſhe thought the raviſhed Sophia would eaſily be brought to conſent, and at which all the reſt of her family would rejoice.

But affairs were not in ſo quiet a ſituation in the boſom of the other conſpirator; his mind was toſt in all the diſtracting anxiety ſo nobly deſcribed by Shakeſpear,

> Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
> And the firſt motion, all the interim is
>
> Like

Like a phantaſma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal inſtruments
Are then in council; and the ſtate of man,
Like to a little kingdom, ſuffers then
The nature of an inſurrection.——

Though the violence of his paſſion had made him eagerly embrace the firſt hint of this deſign, eſpecially as it came from a relation of the lady, yet when that friend to reflection, a pillow, had placed the action itſelf in all its natural black colours before his eyes, with all the conſequences which muſt, and thoſe which might, probably attend it; his reſolution began to abate, or rather indeed to go over to the other ſide; and after a long conflict, which laſted a whole night between honour and appetite, the former at length prevailed, and he determined to wait on lady Bellaſton, and to relinquiſh the deſign.

Lady Bellaſton was in bed, though very late in the morning, and Sophia ſitting by her bedſide, when the ſervant acquainted her that lord Fellamar was below in the parlour; upon which her ladyſhip deſired him to ſtay, and that ſhe would ſee him preſently; but the ſervant was no ſooner departed than poor Sophia began to intreat her couſin not to encourage the viſits of that odious lord (ſo ſhe called him, though a little unjuſtly) upon her account. 'I ſee 'his deſign,' ſaid ſhe; 'for he made downright 'love to me yeſterday morning; but as I am re-'ſolved never to admit it, I beg your ladyſhip not 'to leave us alone together any more, and to order 'the ſervants that, if he enquires for me, I may be 'always denied to him.'

'La! child,' ſays lady Bellaſton, 'you country 'girls have nothing but ſweethearts in your head; 'you fancy every man who is civil to you is making 'love. He is one of the moſt gallant young fellows 'about town, and I am convinced means no more 'than a little gallantry. Make love to you indeed!

'I wiſh with all my heart he would, and you muſt 'be an arrant mad woman to refuſe him.'

'But as I ſhall certainly be that mad woman,' cries Sophia, 'I hope his viſits ſhall not be intruded 'upon me.'

'O child!' ſaid lady Bellaſton, 'you need not be 'ſo fearful; if you reſolve to run away with that 'Jones, I know no perſon who can hinder you.'

'Upon my honour, Madam,' cries Sophia, 'your 'ladyſhip injures me. I will never run away with 'any man; nor will I ever marry contrary to my fa-'ther's inclinations.'

'Well, Miſs Weſtern,' ſaid the lady, 'if you are 'not in a humour to ſee company this morning, 'you may retire to your own apartment; for I am 'not frightened at his lordſhip, and muſt ſend for 'him up into my dreſſing-room.

Sophia thanked her ladyſhip, and withdrew; and preſently afterwards Fellamar was admitted up ſtairs.

CHAP. IV.

By which it will appear how dangerous an advocate a lady is, when ſhe applies her eloquence to an ill purpoſe.

WHEN lady Bellaſton heard the young lord's ſcruples, ſhe treated them with the ſame diſdain with which one of thoſe ſages of the law, called Newgate ſolicitors, treats the qualms of conſcience in a young witneſs. 'My dear lord,' ſaid ſhe, 'you certainly want a cordial. I muſt ſend to 'lady Edgely for one of her beſt drams. Fie upon 'it! have more reſolution. Are you frightened by 'the word rape? Or are you apprehenſive——? 'Well! if the ſtory of Helen was modern, I ſhould 'think it unnatural. I mean the behaviour of Paris, 'not the fondneſs of the lady; for all women love 'a man of ſpirit. There is another ſtory of the

'Sabine

'Sabine ladies,——and that too, I thank heaven, is 'very ancient. Your lordſhip, perhaps, will ad-'mire my reading; but I think Mr. Hook tells 'us, they made tolerable good wives afterwards. 'I fancy few of my married acquaintance were ra-'viſhed by their huſbands.' 'Nay, dear lady Bel-'laſton,' cried he, 'don't ridicule me in this man-'ner.' 'Why, my good lord,' anſwered ſhe, 'do 'you think any woman in England would not laugh 'at you in her heart, whatever prudery ſhe might 'wear in her countenance?——You force me to uſe 'a ſtrange kind of language, and to betray my ſex 'moſt abominably; but I am contented with know-'ing my intentions are good, and that I am endea-'vouring to ſerve my couſin; for I think you will 'make her a huſband notwithſtanding this; or, up-'on my ſoul, I would not even perſuade her to fling 'herſelf away upon an empty title. She ſhould not 'upbraid me hereafter with having loſt a man of 'ſpirit; for that his enemies allow this poor young 'fellow to be.'

Let thoſe who have had the ſatisfaction of hearing reflections of this kind from a wife or a miſtreſs, declare whether they are at all ſweetened by coming from a female tongue. Certain it is, they ſunk deeper into his lordſhip than any thing which Demoſthenes or Cicero could have ſaid on the occaſion.

Lady Bellaſton perceiving ſhe had fired the young lord's pride, began now, like a true orator, to rouſe other paſſions to its aſſiſtance. 'My lord,' ſays ſhe, in a graver voice, 'you will be pleaſed to remem-'ber, you mentioned this matter to me firſt; for I 'would not appear to you in the light of one who 'is endeavouring to put off my couſin upon you. 'Fourſcore thouſand pounds do not ſtand in need of 'an advocate to recommend them.' 'Nor doth Miſs 'Weſtern,' ſaid he, 'require any recommendation 'from her fortune; for, in my opinion, no woman 'ever had half her charms.' 'Yes, yes, my lord;'

replied the lady, looking in the glaſs, 'there have 'been women with more than half her charms, I aſ- 'ſure you; not that I need leſſen her on that ac- 'count: ſhe is a moſt delicious girl, that's certain; 'and within theſe few hours ſhe will be in the arms 'of one, who ſurely doth not deſerve her, though I 'will give him his due, I believe he is truly a man 'of ſpirit.'

'I hope ſo, Madam,' ſaid my lord; 'though I 'muſt own he doth not deſerve her; for unleſs hea- 'ven, or your ladyſhip diſappoint me, ſhe ſhall within 'that time be in mine.'

'Well ſpoken, my lord,' anſwered the lady, 'I 'promiſe you no diſappointment ſhall happen from 'my ſide; and within this week I am convinced I 'ſhall call your lordſhip my couſin in public.'

The remainder of this ſcene conſiſted entirely of raptures, excuſes, and compliments, very pleaſant to have heard from the parties; but rather dull when related at ſecond hand. Here, therefore, we ſhall put an end to this dialogue, and haſten to the fatal hour, when every thing was prepared for the deſtruction of poor Sophia.

But this being the moſt tragical matter in our whole hiſtory, we ſhall treat it in a chapter by itſelf.

CHAP. V.

Containing ſome matters which may affect, and others which may ſurprize the reader.

THE clock had now ſtruck ſeven, and poor Sophia, alone and melancholy, ſat reading a tragedy. It was the Fatal Marriage; and ſhe was now come to that part where the poor diſtreſt Iſabella diſpoſes of her wedding-ring.

Here the book dropt from her hand, and a ſhower of tears ran down into her boſom. In this ſituation ſhe had continued a minute, when the door opened

and'

and in came lord Fellamar. Sophia, ſtarted from her chair at his entrance; and his lordſhip advancing forwards, and making a low bow, ſaid, 'I am afraid, 'Miſs Weſtern, I break in upon you abruptly.' 'Indeed, my lord,' ſays ſhe, 'I muſt own myſelf a 'little ſurprized at this unexpected viſit.' 'If this 'viſit be unexpected, Madam,' anſwered lord Fellamar,' 'my eyes muſt have been very faithleſs interpreters of my heart, when laſt I had the honour 'of ſeeing you; for ſurely you could not otherwiſe 'have hoped to detain my heart in your poſſeſſion, 'without receiving a viſit from its owner.' Sophia confuſed as ſhe was, anſwered this bombaſt (and very properly I think) with a look of inconceivable diſdain. My lord then made another and a longer ſpeech of the ſame ſort. Upon which Sophia, trembling, ſaid, 'Am I really to conceive your lordſhip to be out of 'your ſenſes? Sure, my lord, there is no other excuſe for ſuch behaviour.'——'I am, indeed, Ma'dam, in the ſituation you ſuppoſe,' cries his lordſhip; 'and ſure you will pardon the effects of a 'frenzy which you yourſelf have occaſioned; for 'love hath ſo totally deprived me of reaſon, that I 'am ſcarce accountable for any of my actions.' 'Upon my word, my lord,' ſaid Sophia, 'I neither 'underſtand your words nor your behaviour.'—— 'Suffer me then, Madam,' cries he, 'at your feet to 'explain both, by laying open my ſoul to you, and 'declaring that I doat on you to the higheſt degree 'of diſtraction. O moſt adorable, moſt divine creature! what language can expreſs the ſentiments of 'my heart?' 'I do aſſure you, my lord,' ſaid Sophia, 'I ſhall not ſtay to hear any more of this.' 'Do 'not,' cries he, 'think of leaving me thus cruelly; 'could you know half the torments which I feel, that 'tender boſom muſt pity what thoſe eyes have 'cauſed.' Then fetching a deep ſigh, and laying hold of her hand, he ran on for ſome minutes in a ſtrain which would be little more pleaſing to the

reader than it was to the lady; and at laſt concluded with a declaration, 'That if he was maſter of the 'world, he would lay it at her feet.' Sophia then forcibly pulling away her hand from his, anſwered with much ſpirit, 'I promiſe you, Sir, your world 'and its maſter, I ſhould ſpurn from me with equal 'contempt.' She then offered to go, and lord Fellamar again laying hold of her hand, ſaid, 'Pardon 'me, my beloved angel, freedoms which nothing 'but deſpair could have tempted me to take.——Be-'lieve me, could I have had any hope that my title 'and fortune, neither of them inconſiderable, unleſs 'when compared with your worth, would have been 'accepted, I had, in the humbleſt manner, preſented 'them to your acceptance.——But I cannot loſe you. '—By heaven, I will ſooner part with my ſoul.— 'You are, you muſt, you ſhall be only mine.' 'My 'lord,' ſays ſhe, 'I intreat you to deſiſt from a vain 'purſuit; for, upon my honour, I will never hear 'you on this ſubject. Let go my hand, my lord; 'for I am reſolved to go from you this moment; 'nor will I ever ſee you more.' 'Then, Madam,' cries his lordſhip, 'I muſt make the beſt uſe of 'this moment; for I cannot live, nor will I live 'without you.'——'What do you mean, my lord?' ſaid Sophia; 'I will raiſe the family.' 'I have no 'fear, Madam,' anſwered he, 'but of loſing you, 'and that I am reſolved to prevent, the only way 'which deſpair points to me.'—He then caught her in his arms: upon which ſhe ſcreamed ſo loud, that ſhe muſt have alarmed ſome one to her aſſiſtance, had not lady Bellaſton taken care to remove all ears.

But a more lucky circumſtance happened for poor Sophia; another noiſe now broke forth, which almoſt drowned her cries; for now the whole houſe rang with, 'Where is ſhe? D——n me, I'll unkennel her 'this inſtant. Shew me her chamber, I ſay. Where 'is my daughter? I know ſhe's in the houſe, and 'I'll ſee her if ſhe's above ground. Shew me where

'ſhe

'ſhe is.'——At which laſt words the door flew open, and in came 'ſquire Weſtern, with his parſon, and a ſet of myrmidons at his heels.

How miſerable muſt have been the condition of poor Sophia, when the enraged voice of her father was welcome to her ears? Welcome indeed it was, and luckily did he come; for it was the only accident upon earth which could have preſerved the peace of her mind from being for ever deſtroyed.

Sophia, notwithſtanding her fright, preſently knew her father's voice; and his lordſhip, notwithſtanding his paſſion, knew the voice of reaſon, which peremptorily aſſured him, it was not now a time for the perpetration of his villany. Hearing, therefore, the voice approach, and hearing likewiſe whoſe it was; (for as the 'ſquire more than once roared forth the word daughter, ſo Sophia, in the midſt of her ſtruggling, cried out upon her father;) he thought proper to relinquiſh his prey, having only diſordered her handkerchief, and with his rude lips committed violence on her lovely neck.

If the reader's imagination doth not aſſiſt me, I ſhall never be able to deſcribe the ſituation of theſe two perſons when Weſtern came into the room. Sophia tottered into her chair, where ſhe ſat diſordered, pale, breathleſs, burſting with indignation at lord Fellamar, affrighted, and yet more rejoiced at the arrival of her father.

His lordſhip ſat down near her, with the bag of his wig hanging over one of his ſhoulders, the reſt of his dreſs being ſomewhat diſordered, and rather a greater proportion of linen than is uſual appearing at his boſom. As to the reſt, he was amazed, affrighted, vexed, and aſhamed.

As to 'ſquire Weſtern, he happened, at this time, to be overtaken by an enemy, which very frequently purſues, and ſeldom fails to overtake, moſt of the country gentlemen in this kingdom. He was, literally ſpeaking, drunk; which circumſtance, together with

his

his natural impetuoſity, could produce no other effect, than his running immediately up to his daughter, upon whom he fell foul with his tongue in the moſt inveterate manner; nay, he had probably committed violence with his hands, had not the parſon interpoſed, ſaying, 'For heaven's ſake, Sir, animad-'vert that you are in the houſe of a great lady. Let 'me beg you to mitigate your wrath; it ſhould 'miniſter a fulneſs of ſatisfaction that you have 'found your daughter; for as to revenge, it belong-'eth not unto us. I diſcern great contrition in the 'countenance of the young lady. I ſtand aſſured, 'if you will forgive her, ſhe will repent her of all 'paſt offences, and return unto her duty.'

The ſtrength of the parſon's arms had at firſt been of more ſervice than the ſtrength of his rhetoric. However, his laſt words wrought ſome effect, and the 'ſquire anſwered, 'I'll forgee her if ſhe wull ha 'un. If wot ha un, Sophy, I'll forgee thee all. 'Why doſt unt ſpeak? Shat ha un? d—n me, ſhat 'ha un? Why doſt unt anſwer? Was ever ſuch a 'ſtubborn tuoad?'

'Let me intreat you, Sir, to be a little more mode-'rate,' ſaid the parſon; 'you frighten the young lady 'ſo, that you deprive her of all power of utterance.'

'Power of mine a—,' anſwered the 'ſquire. 'You 'take her part then, you do? A pretty parſon truly, 'to ſide with an undutiful child. Yes, yes, I will 'gee you a living with a pox. I'll gee un to the 'devil ſooner.'

'I humbly crave your pardon,' ſaid the parſon; 'I 'aſſure your worſhip, I meant no ſuch matter.'

My lady Bellaſton now entered the room, and came up to the 'ſquire, who no ſooner ſaw her, than reſolving to follow the inſtructions of his ſiſter, he made her a very civil bow, in the rural manner, and paid her ſome of his beſt compliments. He then immediately proceeded to his complaints, and ſaid, 'There, 'my lady couſin; there ſtands the moſt undutiful child

'in

'in the world; ſhe hankers after a beggarly raſcal, 'and won't marry one of the greateſt matches in all 'England, that we have provided for her.'

'Indeed, couſin Weſtern,' anſwered the lady, 'I 'am perſuaded you wrong my couſin. I am ſure 'ſhe hath a better underſtanding. I am convinced 'ſhe will not refuſe what ſhe muſt be ſenſible is ſo 'much to her advantage.'

This was a wilful miſtake in lady Bellaſton; for ſhe well knew whom Mr. Weſtern meant; though perhaps ſhe thought he would eaſily be reconciled to his lordſhip's propoſals.

'Do you hear there,' quoth the 'ſquire, 'what 'her ladyſhip ſays? All your family are for the 'match. Come, Sophy, be a good girl, and be 'dutiful, and make your father happy.'

'If my death will make you happy, Sir,' anſwered Sophia, 'you will ſhortly be ſo.'

'It's a lye, Sophy; it's a d—n'd lye, and you 'know it,' ſaid the 'ſquire.

'Indeed, Miſs Weſtern,' ſaid lady Bellaſton, 'you 'injure your father; he hath nothing in view but 'your intereſt in this match; and I and all your 'friends muſt acknowledge the higheſt honour done 'to your family in the propoſal.'

'Ay, all of us,' quoth the 'ſquire, 'nay, it was 'no propoſal of mine. She knows it was her aunt 'propoſed it to me firſt.——Come, Sophy, once 'more let me beg you to be a good girl, and gee 'me your conſent before your couſin.'

'Let me give him your hand, couſin,' ſaid the lady. 'It is the faſhion! now-a-days to diſpenſe 'with time and long courtſhips.'

'Pugh,' ſaid the 'ſquire, 'what ſignifies time; 'won't they have time enough to court afterwards? 'People may court very well after they have been 'a-bed together.'

As lord Fellamar was very well aſſured, that he was meant by lady Bellaſton, ſo never having heard nor

nor ſuſpected a word of Blifil, he made no doubt of his being meant by the father. Coming up therefore to the 'ſquire, he ſaid, 'Though I have not the honour, Sir, of being perſonally known to you; yet, 'as I find I have the happineſs to have my propoſals 'accepted, let me intercede, Sir, in behalf of the 'young lady, that ſhe may not be more ſolicited at 'this time.'

'You intercede, Sir!' ſaid the 'ſquire, 'why, who 'the devil are you?'

'Sir, I am lord Fellamar,' anſwered he, 'and 'am the happy man, whom I hope you have done 'the honour of accepting for a ſon-in-law.'

'You are a ſon of a b——,' replied the 'ſquire, 'for all your laced coat. You my ſon-in-law, and 'be d—n'd to you!'

'I ſhall take more from you, Sir, than from any 'man,' anſwered the lord; 'but I muſt inform you, 'that I am not uſed to hear ſuch language without 'reſentment.'

'Reſent my a—,' quoth the 'ſquire. 'Don't 'think I am afraid of ſuch a fellow as thee art! be-'cauſe haſt got a ſpit there dangling at thy ſide. 'Lay by your ſpit, and I'll give thee enough of 'meddling with what doth not belong to thee.— 'I'll teach you to father-in-law me. I'll lick thy 'jacket.'

'It's very well, Sir,' ſaid my lord,' 'I ſhall make 'no diſturbance before the ladies. I am very well 'ſatisfied. Your humble ſervant, Sir; lady Bel-'laſton, your moſt obedient.'

His lordſhip was no ſooner gone, than lady Bellaſton coming up to Mr. Weſtern, ſaid, 'Bleſs me, 'Sir, what have you done? You know not whom 'you have affronted; he is a nobleman of the firſt 'rank and fortune, and yeſterday made propoſals to 'your daughter; and ſuch as I am ſure you muſt 'accept with the higheſt pleaſure.'

'An-

'Anſwer for yourſelf, lady couſin,' ſaid the ſquire, 'I will have nothing to do with any of your lords. 'My daughter ſhall have an honeſt country gentle-'man; I have pitched upon one for her,—and ſhe 'ſhall ha' un.—I am ſorry for the trouble ſhe hath 'given your ladyſhip with all my heart.' Lady Bellaſton made a civil ſpeech upon the word trouble, to which the 'ſquire anſwered, 'Why that's kind,—'and I would do as much for your ladyſhip. To 'be ſure relations ſhould do for one another. So I 'wiſh your ladyſhip a good night.——Come, Ma-'dam, you muſt go along with me by fair means, 'or I'll have you carried down to the coach.'

Sophia ſaid, ſhe would attend him without force; but begged to go in a chair, for ſhe ſaid ſhe ſhould not be able to ride any other way.

'Prithee,' cries the 'ſquire, 'wout unt perſuade 'me canſt not ride in a coach, wouldſt? That's a 'pretty thing ſurely. No, no, I'll never let thee out 'of my ſight any more till art married, that I pro-'miſe thee.' Sophia told him, ſhe ſaw he was reſolved to break her heart. 'O break thy heart and 'be d—n'd,' quoth he, 'if a good huſband will 'break it. I don't value a braſs varden, not a half-'penny of any undutiful b— upon earth.' He then took violently hold of her hand; upon which the parſon once more interfered, begging him to uſe gentle methods. At that the 'ſquire thundered out a curſe, and bid the parſon hold his tongue, ſaying, 'At'n't in pulpit now? when art a got up there I 'never mind what doſt ſay; but I won't be prieſt-'ridden, nor taught how to behave myſelf by thee. 'I wiſh your ladyſhip a good-night. Come along, 'Sophy; be a good girl, and all ſhall be well. Shat 'ha un, d—n me, ſhat ha un.'

Mrs. Honour appeared below ſtairs, and with a low curteſy to the 'ſquire, offered to attend her miſtreſs; but he puſhed her away, ſaying, 'Hold, 'Madam, hold, you come no more near my houſe.'

'And

'And will you take my maid away from me?' ſaid Sophia. 'Yes, indeed, Madam, will I,' cries the 'ſquire: 'you need not fear being without a ſervant; 'I will get you another maid, and a better maid than 'this, who, I'd lay five pounds to a crown, is no more 'a maid than my grannum. No, no, Sophy, ſhe ſhall 'contrive no more eſcapes I promiſe you.' He then packed up his daughter and the parſon into the hackney coach, after which he mounted himſelf, and ordered it to drive to his lodgings. In the way thither he ſuffered Sophia to be quiet, and entertained himſelf with reading a lecture to the parſon on good manners, and a proper behaviour to his betters.

It is poſſible he might not ſo eaſily have carried off his daughter from lady Bellaſton, had that good lady deſired to have detained her; but in reality, ſhe was not a little pleaſed with the confinement into which Sophia was going; and as her project with lord Fellamar had failed of ſucceſs, ſhe was well contented that other violent methods were now going to be uſed in favour of another man.

CHAP. VI.

By what means the 'ſquire came to diſcover his daughter.

THOUGH the reader in many hiſtories is obliged to digeſt much more unaccountable appearances than this of Mr. Weſtern, without any ſatisfaction at all; yet, as we dearly love to oblige him whenever it is in our power, we ſhall now proceed to ſhew by what method the 'ſquire diſcovered where his daughter was.

In the third chapter then of the preceding book, we gave a hint (for it is not our cuſtom to unfold at any time more than is neceſſary for the occaſion) that Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who was very deſirous of reconciling her uncle and aunt Weſtern, thought ſhe had a probable opportunity, by the ſervice of preſerv-

ing Sophia from committing the ſame crime which had drawn on herſelf the anger of her family. After much deliberation therefore ſhe reſolved to inform her aunt Weſtern where her couſin was, and accordingly ſhe writ the following letter, which we ſhall give the reader at length, for more reaſons than one.

'Honoured Madam,

'The occaſion of my writing this will perhaps 'make a letter of mine agreeable to my dear aunt, 'for the ſake of one of her nieces, though I have 'little reaſon to hope it will be ſo on the account of 'another.

'Without more apology, as I was coming to 'throw my unhappy ſelf at your feet, I met, by 'the ſtrangeſt accident in the world, my couſin So-'phy, whoſe hiſtory you are better acquainted with 'than myſelf, though, alas! I know infinitely too 'much; enough indeed to ſatisfy me, that unleſs 'ſhe is immediately prevented, ſhe is in danger of 'running into the ſame fatal miſchief, which, by 'fooliſhly and ignorantly refuſing your moſt wiſe and 'prudent advice, I have unfortunately brought on 'myſelf.

'In ſhort, I have ſeen the man, nay, I was moſt 'part of yeſterday in his company, and a charming 'young fellow I promiſe you he is. By what ac-'cident he came acquainted with me is too tedious 'to tell you now; but I have this morning changed 'my lodgings to avoid him, leſt he ſhould by my 'means diſcover my couſin; for he doth not yet 'know where ſhe is, and it is adviſable he ſhould 'not, till my uncle hath ſecured her.——No time 'therefore is to be loſt; and I need only inform 'you, that ſhe is now with lady Bellaſton, whom I 'have ſeen, and who hath, I find, a deſign of con-'cealing her from her family. You know, Madam, 'ſhe is a ſtrange woman; but nothing could miſ-'become me more, than to preſume to give any hint

'to

'to one of your great underſtanding and great know-
'ledge of the world, beſides barely informing you
'of the matter of fact.

'I hope, Madam, the care which I have ſhewn
'on this occaſion for the good of my family, will
'recommend me again to the favour of a lady who
'hath always exerted ſo much zeal for the honour
'and true intereſt of us all; and that it may be a
'means of reſtoring me to your friendſhip, which
'hath made ſo great a part of my former, and is ſo
'neceſſary to my future happineſs. I am,

'With the utmoſt reſpect,

'honoured Madam,

'your moſt dutiful obliged niece,

'and moſt obedient

'humble ſervant,

'HARRIET FITZPATRICK.'

Mrs. Weſtern was now at her brother's houſe, where ſhe had reſided ever ſince the flight of Sophia, in order to adminiſter comfort to the poor 'ſquire in his affliction. Of this comfort which ſhe doled out to him in daily portions, we have formerly given a ſpecimen.

She was now ſtanding with her back to the fire, and, with a pinch of ſnuff in her hand, was dealing forth this daily allowance of comfort to the 'ſquire, while he ſmoked his afternoon pipe, when ſhe received the above letter; which ſhe had no ſooner read than ſhe delivered it to him, ſaying, 'There, Sir, 'there is an account of your loſt ſheep. Fortune 'hath again reſtored her to you, and if you will be

go-

'governed by my advice, it is poſſible you may yet 'preſerve her.'

The 'ſquire had no ſooner read the letter then he leaped from his chair, threw his pipe into the fire, and gave a loud huzza for joy. He then ſummoned his ſervants, called for his boots, and ordered the Chevalier and ſeveral other horſes to be ſaddled, and that parſon Supple ſhould be immediately ſent for. Having done this, he turned to his ſiſter, caught her in his arms, and gave her a cloſe embrace, ſaying, 'Zounds! you don't ſeem pleaſed; one would ima-'gine you was ſorry I have found the girl.'

'Brother,' anſwered ſhe, 'the deepeſt politicians, 'who ſee to the bottom, diſcover often a very dif-'ferent aſpect of affairs, from what ſwims on the 'ſurface. It is true, indeed, things do look rather 'leſs deſperate than they did formerly in Holland, 'when Lewis the Fourteenth was at the gates of 'Amſterdam; but there is a delicacy required in this 'matter, which you will pardon me, brother, if I 'ſuſpect you want. There is a decorum to be uſed 'with a woman of figure, ſuch as lady Bellaſton, 'brother, which requires a knowledge of the world 'ſuperior, I am afraid, to yours.'

'Siſter,' cries the 'ſquire, 'I know you have no 'opinion of my parts; but I'll ſhew you on this oc-'caſion who is a fool. Knowledge quotha! I have 'not been in the country ſo long without having ſome 'knowledge of warrants and the law of the land. I 'know I may take my own wherever I can find it. 'Shew me my own daughter, and if I don't know 'how to come at her, I'll ſuffer you to call me fool 'as long as I live. There be juſtices of peace in 'London, as well as in other places.'

'I proteſt,' cries ſhe, 'you make me tremble for 'the event of this matter, which if you will proceed 'by my advice, you may bring to ſo good an iſſue. 'Do you really imagine, brother, that the houſe of a 'woman of figure is to be attacked by warrants and

'brutal juſtices of the peace? I will inform you how 'to proceed. As ſoon as you arrive in town, and 'have got yourſelf into a decent dreſs (for indeed, 'brother, you have none at preſent fit to appear in) 'you muſt ſend your compliments to lady Bellaſton, 'and deſire leave to wait on her. When you are ad-'mitted to her preſence, as you certainly will be, 'and have told her your ſtory, and have made proper 'uſe of my name, (for I think you juſt know one 'another only by ſight, though you are relations) 'I am confident ſhe will withdraw her protection from 'my niece, who hath certainly impoſed upon her. 'This is the only method.——Juſtices of peace, in-'deed! do you imagine any ſuch event can arrive 'to a woman of figure in a civilized nation?'

'D—n their figures,' cries the 'ſquire; 'a pretty 'civilized nation, truly, where women are above the 'law. And what muſt I ſtand ſending a parcel of 'compliments to a confounded whore, that keeps 'away a daughter from her own natural father? I 'tell you, ſiſter, I am not ſo ignorant as you think 'me.—— I know you would have women above the 'law, but it is all a lye; I heard his lordſhip ſay 'at Size, that no one is above the law. But this 'of yours is Hanover law, I ſuppoſe.'

'Mr. Weſtern,' ſaid ſhe, 'I think you daily im-'prove in ignorance.—— I proteſt you are grown an 'arrant bear.'

'No more a bear than yourſelf, ſiſter Weſtern,' ſaid the 'ſquire.—'Pox! you may talk of your civility 'an you will, I am ſure you never ſhew any to 'me. I am no bear, no, nor no dog neither, though 'I know ſomebody, that is ſomething that begins 'with a b——; but pox! I will ſhew you I have 'got more good manners than ſome folks.'

'Mr. Weſtern,' anſwered the lady, 'you may ſay 'what you pleaſe, *Je vous meſpriſe de tout mon cœur.* 'I ſhall not therefore be angry.——Beſides, as my 'couſin with that odious Iriſh name juſtly ſays, I

'have

'have that regard for the honour and true intereſt 'of my family, and that concern for my niece, who 'is a part of it, that I have reſolved to go to town 'myſelf upon this occaſion; for indeed, indeed, 'brother, you are not a fit miniſter to be employed 'at a polite court.——Greenland—Greenland ſhould 'always be the ſcene of the tramontane negocia-'tion.'

'I thank heaven,' cries the 'ſquire, 'I dont un-'derſtand you now. You are got to your Hano-'verian linguo. However, I'll ſhew you I ſcorn to 'be behind-hand in civility with you; and as you 'are not angry for what I have ſaid, ſo I am not 'angry for what you have ſaid. Indeed I have always 'thought it a folly for relations to quarrel; and if 'they do now and then give a haſty word, why 'people ſhould give and take; for my part I never 'bear malice; and I take it very kind of you to go 'up to London; for I never was there but twice in 'my life, and then I did not ſtay above a fortnight 'at a time, and to be ſure I can't be expected to 'know much of the ſtreets and the folks in that 'time. I never denied that you know'd all theſe 'matters better than I. For me to diſpute that 'would be all as one, as for you to diſpute the 'management of a pack of dogs, or the finding a 'hare ſitting, with me.'—'Which I promiſe you, ſays ſhe, 'I never will'——'Well, and I promiſe 'you,' returned he, 'that I never will diſpute the 't'other.'

Here then a league was ſtruck (to borrow a phraſe from the lady) between the contending parties; and now the parſon arriving, and the horſes being ready, the 'ſquire departed, having promiſed his ſiſter to follow her advice, and ſhe prepared to follow him the next day.

But having communicated theſe matters to the parſon on the road, they both agreed that the pre-ſcribed formalities might very well be diſpenſed with;

and the 'ſquire having changed his mind, proceeded in the manner we have already ſeen.

CHAP. VII.

In which various misfortunes befel poor Jones.

AFFAIRS were in the aforeſaid ſituation when Mrs. Honour arrived at Mrs. Miller's, and called Jones out from the company, as we have before ſeen, with whom, when ſhe found herſelf alone, ſhe began as follows:

'O my dear Sir! how ſhall I get ſpirits to tell you; 'you are undone, Sir, and my poor lady's undone, 'and I am undone.' 'Hath any thing happened to 'Sophia?' cries Jones, ſtaring like a madman. 'All 'that is bad,' cries Honour; 'O I ſhall never get 'ſuch another lady! O that I ſhould ever live to ſee 'this day!' At theſe words Jones turned pale as aſhes, trembled and ſtammered; but Honour went on. 'O! Mr. Jones, I have loſt my lady for ever.' 'How! what! for heaven's ſake tell me.——O my 'dear Sophia!'—'You may well call her ſo,' ſaid Honour; 'ſhe was the deareſt lady to me.—I ſhall 'never have ſuch another place.' —— 'D—n your 'place,' cries Jones; 'where is? what! what is be-'come of my Sophia?' 'Ay, to be ſure,' cries ſhe, 'ſervants may be d—n'd. It ſignifies nothing what 'becomes of them, though they are turned away, 'and ruined ever ſo much. To be ſure they are not 'fleſh and blood like other people. No to be ſure, 'it ſignifies nothing what becomes of them.' — 'If 'you have any pity, any compaſſion,' cries Jones, 'I beg you will inſtantly tell me what hath hap-'pened to Sophia?' 'To be ſure I have more pity 'for you than you have for me,' anſwered Honour; 'I don't d—n you becauſe you have loſt the ſweeteſt 'lady in the world. To be ſure you are worthy to 'be pitied, and I am worthy to be pitied too: for

'to

'to be ſure if ever there was a good miſtreſs'—— 'What hath happened,' cries Jones, in almoſt a raving fit.—— 'What?—— What?' ſaid Honour; 'why the worſt that could have happened both for 'you and for me.——Her father is come to town, 'and hath carried her away from us both.' Here Jones fell on his knees in thankſgiving that it was no worſe—'No worſe! repeated Honour, 'what could 'be worſe for either of us? He carried her off, 'ſwearing ſhe ſhould marry Mr. Blifil; that's for 'your comfort; and for poor me, I am turned out of 'doors.' 'Indeed, Mrs. Honour, anſwered Jones, 'you frightened me out of my wits. I imagined 'ſome moſt dreadful ſudden accident had happened 'to Sophia; ſomething, compared to which, even 'the ſeeing her married to Blifil would be a trifle; 'but while there is life, there are hopes, my dear 'Honour. Women in this land of liberty cannot 'be married by actual brutal force.' 'To be ſure, 'Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'that's true. There may be ſome 'hopes for you; but alack-a-day! what hopes are 'there for poor me? And to be ſure, Sir, you muſt 'be ſenſible I ſuffer all this upon your account. All 'the quarrel the 'ſquire hath to me is for taking 'your part, as I have done, againſt Mr. Blifil.' 'Indeed, Mrs. Honour,' anſwered he, 'I am ſenſible 'of my obligations to you, and will leave nothing 'in my power undone to make you amends.' 'Alas, 'Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'what can make a ſervant amends 'for the loſs of one place, but the getting another 'altogether as good!'—— 'Do not deſpair, Mrs. 'Honour,' ſaid Jones, 'I hope to reinſtate you 'again in the ſame.' 'Alack-a-day, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'how can I flatter myſelf with ſuch hopes, when I 'know it is a thing impoſſible; for the 'ſquire is ſo 'ſet againſt me: and yet if you ſhould ever have 'my lady, as to be ſure I now hopes heartily you 'will; for you are a generous good-natured gen-'tleman, and I am ſure you loves her, and to be

'ſure ſhe loves you as dearly as her own ſoul; it is a 'matter in vain to deny it; becauſe as why, every 'body that is in the leaſt acquainted with my lady, 'muſt ſee it; for, poor dear lady, ſhe can't diſſemble; 'and if two people who loves one another a'n't 'happy, why, who ſhould be ſo? Happineſs don't 'always depend upon what people has; beſides, 'my lady has enough for both. To be ſure there-'fore, as one may ſay, it would be all the pity in 'the world to keep two ſuch loviers aſunder; nay, 'I am convinced for my part, you will meet toge-'ther at laſt; for if it is to be, there is no prevent-'ing it. If a marriage is made in heaven, all the 'juſtices of peace upon earth can't break it off. 'To be ſure I wiſhes that parſon Supple had but a 'little more ſpirit to tell the 'ſquire of his wicked-'neſs in endeavouring to force his daughter con-'trary to her liking; but then his whole depen-'dance is on the 'ſquire, and ſo the poor gentle-'man, though he is a very religious good ſort of 'man, and talks of the badneſs of ſuch doings be-'hind the 'ſquire's back, yet he dares not ſay his 'ſoul is his own to his face. To be ſure I never ſaw 'him make ſo bold as juſt now; I was afeard the 'ſquire would have ſtruck him.—I would not have 'your honour be melancholy, Sir, nor deſpair; things 'may go better, as long as you are ſure of my lady, 'and that I am certain you may be; for ſhe never 'will be brought to conſent to marry any other 'man. Indeed, I am terribly afeard the 'ſquire will 'do her a miſchief in his paſſion: for he is a pro-'digious paſſionate gentleman, and I am afeard too 'the poor lady will be brought to break her heart; 'for ſhe is as tender-hearted as a chicken; it is pity 'methinks, ſhe had not a little of my courage. If I 'was in love with a young man, and my father of-'fered to lock me up, I'd tear his eyes out, but I'd 'come at him; but then there's a great fortune in 'the caſe, which it is in her father's power either to

'give

'give her or not; that, to be ſure, may make ſome 'difference.'

Whether Jones gave ſtrict attention to all the foregoing harangue, or whether it was for want of any vacancy in the diſcourſe, I cannot determine; but he never once attempted to anſwer, nor did ſhe once ſtop, till Partridge came running into the room, and informed him that the great lady was upon the ſtairs.

Nothing could equal the dilemma to which Jones was now reduced. Honour knew nothing of any acquaintance that ſubſiſted between him and lady Bellaſton, and ſhe was almoſt the laſt perſon in the world to whom he would have communicated it. In this hurry and diſtreſs, he took (as is common enough) the worſt courſe, and inſtead of expoſing her to the lady, which would have been of little conſequence, he choſe to expoſe the lady to her; he therefore reſolved to hide Honour, whom he had but juſt time to convey behind the bed, and to draw the curtains.

The hurry in which Jones had been all day engaged on account of his poor landlady and her family, the terrors occaſioned by Mrs. Honour, and the confuſion into which he was thrown by the ſudden arrival of lady Bellaſton, had altogether driven former thoughts out of his head; ſo that it never once occurr'd to his memory to act the part of a ſick man; which indeed, neither the gaiety of his dreſs, nor the freſhneſs of his countenance, would have at all ſupported.

He received her ladyſhip therefore rather agreeably to her deſires than to her expectations, with all the good humour he could muſter in his countenance, and without any real or affected appearance of the leaſt diſorder.

Lady Bellaſton no ſooner entered the room, than ſhe ſquatted herſelf down on the bed: 'So, my dear 'Jones,' ſaid ſhe, 'you find nothing can detain me

'long from you. Perhaps, I ought to be angry with 'you, that I have neither ſeen nor heard from you 'all day; for I perceive your diſtemper would have 'ſuffered you to come abroad: nay, I ſuppoſe you 'have not ſat in your chamber all day dreſt up like 'a fine lady to ſee company after a lying-in; but 'however, don't think I intend to ſcold you: for I 'never will give you an excuſe for the cold behaviour 'of a huſband, by putting on the ill-humour of a 'wife.'

'Nay, lady Bellaſton,' ſaid Jones, 'I am ſure 'your ladyſhip will not upbraid me with neglect of 'duty, when I only waited for orders. Who, my 'dear creature, hath reaſon to complain? Who miſſed 'an appointment laſt night, and left an unhappy 'man to expect, and wiſh, and ſigh, and languiſh?'

'Do not mention it, my dear Mr. Jones,' cried ſhe. 'If you knew the occaſion, you would pity 'me. In ſhort, it is impoſſible to conceive what 'women of condition are obliged to ſuffer from the 'impertinence of fools, in order to keep up the farce 'of the world. I am glad, however, all your lan-'guiſhing and wiſhing have done you no harm: for 'you never looked better in your life. Upon my 'faith! Jones, you might at this inſtant ſit for the 'picture of Adonis.'

There are certain words of provocation which men of honour hold can properly be anſwered only by a blow. Among lovers poſſibly there may be ſome expreſſions which can be anſwered only by a kiſs. Now the compliment which lady Bellaſton now made Jones ſeems to be of this kind, eſpecially as it was attended with a look in which the lady conveyed more ſoft ideas than it was poſſible to expreſs with her tongue.

Jones was certainly at this inſtant in one of the moſt diſagreeable and diſtreſs'd ſituations imaginable; for to carry on the compariſon we made uſe of before, though the provocation was given by the lady, Jones could

could not receive ſatisfaction, nor ſo much as offer to aſk it, in the preſence of a third perſon; ſeconds in this kind of duels not being according to the law of arms. As this objection did not occur to lady Bellaſton, who was ignorant of any other woman being there but herſelf, ſhe waited ſome time in great aſtoniſhment for an anſwer from Jones, who conſcious of the ridiculous figure he made, ſtood at a diſtance, and not daring to give the proper anſwer, gave none at all. Nothing can be imagined more comic, nor yet more tragical than this ſcene would have been, if it had laſted much longer. The lady had already changed colour two or three times; had got up from the bed and ſat down again, while Jones was wiſhing the ground to ſink under him, or the houſe to fall on his head, when an odd accident freed him from an embarraſſment out of which neither the eloquence of a Cicero, nor the politics of a Machiavel, could have delivered him, without utter diſgrace.

This was no other than the arrival of young Nightingale dead drunk; or rather in that ſtate of drunkenneſs which deprives men of the uſe of their reaſon, without depriving them of the uſe of their limbs.

Mrs. Miller and her daughters were in bed, and Partridge was ſmoking his pipe by the kitchen fire; ſo that he arrived at Mr. Jones's chamber door without any interruption. This he burſt open, and was entering without any ceremony, when Jones ſtarted from his ſeat, and ran to oppoſe him; which he did ſo effectually, that Nightingale never came far enough within the door to ſee who was ſitting on the bed.

Nightingale had in reality miſtaken Jones's apartment for that in which himſelf had lodged; he therefore ſtrongly inſiſted on coming in, often ſwearing that he would not be kept from his own bed. Jones, however, prevailed over him, and delivered him into the hands of Partridge, whom the noiſe on the ſtairs ſoon ſummoned to his maſter's aſſiſtance.

And now Jones was unwillingly obliged to return to his own apartment, where at the very inſtant of his entrance he heard lady Bellaſton venting an exclamation, though not a very loud one; and at the ſame time, ſaw her flinging herſelf into a chair in a vaſt agitation, which in a lady of a tender conſtitution would have been an hyſteric fit.

In reality the lady, frightened with the ſtruggle between the two men, of which ſhe did not know what would be the iſſue, as ſhe heard Nightingale ſwear many oaths he would come to his own bed, attempted to retire to her known place of hiding, which to her great confuſion ſhe found already occupied by another.

'Is this uſage to be borne, Mr. Jones?' cries the lady, '—baſeſt of men?—— What wretch is this 'to whom you have expoſed me?' 'Wretch!' cries Honour, burſting in a violent rage from her place of concealment——'marry come up?——Wretch for-'ſooth!——as poor a wretch as I am, I am honeſt; 'that is more than ſome folks who are richer can 'ſay.'

Jones, inſtead of applying himſelf directly to take off the edge of Mrs. Honour's reſentment, as a more experienced gallant would have done, fell to curſing his ſtars, and lamenting himſelf as the moſt unfortunate man in the world; and preſently after, addreſſing himſelf to lady Bellaſton, he fell to ſome very abſurd proteſtations of innocence. By this time the lady having recovered the uſe of her reaſon, which ſhe had as ready as any woman in the world, eſpecially on ſuch occaſions, calmly replied; 'Sir, 'you need make no apologies, I ſee now who the 'perſon is; I did not at firſt know Mrs. Honour; 'but now I do, I can ſuſpect nothing wrong be-'tween her and you; and I am ſure ſhe is a woman 'of too good ſenſe to put any wrong conſtructions 'upon my viſit to you; I have been always her friend,

'and

'and it may be in my power to be much more here-
'after.'

Mrs. Honour was altogether as placable, as ſhe was paſſionate. Hearing therefore lady Bellaſton aſſume the ſoft tone, ſhe likewiſe ſoftened hers'.——— 'I'm ſure, Madam,' ſays ſhe, 'I have been always 'ready to acknowledge your ladyſhip's friendſhips to 'me; ſure I never had ſo good a friend as your 'ladyſhip——and to be ſure now I ſee it is your 'ladyſhip that I ſpoke to, I could almoſt bite my 'tongue off for very mad. —— I conſtructions upon 'your ladyſhip——to be ſure it doth not become a 'ſervant as I am to think about ſuch a great lady— 'I mean I was a ſervant: for indeed I am nobody's 'ſervant now, the more miſerable wretch is me.—— 'I have loſt the beſt miſtreſs.'——Here Honour thought fit to produce a ſhower of tears.——'Don't 'cry, child,' ſays the good lady, 'Ways perhaps 'may be found to make you amends. Come to me 'to-morrow morning.' She then took up her fan which lay on the ground, and without even looking at Jones, walked very majeſtically out of the room; there being a kind of dignity in the impudence of women of quality, which their inferiors vainly aſpire to attain to in circumſtances of this nature.

Jones followed her down ſtairs, often offering her his hand, which ſhe abſolutely refuſed him, and got into her chair without taking any notice of him as he ſtood bowing before her.

At his return up ſtairs, a long dialogue paſſed between him and Mrs. Honour, while ſhe was adjuſting herſelf after the diſcompoſure ſhe had undergone. The ſubject of this was his infidelity to her young lady; on which ſhe enlarged with great bitterneſs; but Jones at laſt found means to reconcile her, and not only ſo, but to obtain a promiſe of moſt inviolable ſecrecy, and that ſhe would the next morning endeavour to find out Sophia, and bring him a further account of the proceedings of the 'ſquire.

Thus

Thus ended this unfortunate adventure to the ſatisfaction only of Mrs. Honour; for a ſecret (as ſome of my readers will perhaps acknowledge from experience) is often a very valuable poſſeſſion: and that not only to thoſe who faithfully keep it, but ſometimes to ſuch as whiſper it about till it come to the ears of every one, except the ignorant perſon, who pays for the ſuppoſed concealing of what is publicly known.

CHAP. VIII.

Short and ſweet.

NOtwithſtanding all the obligations ſhe had received from Jones, Mrs. Miller could not forbear in the morning ſome gentle remonſtrances for the hurricane which had happened the preceding night in his chamber. Theſe were however ſo gentle and ſo friendly; profeſſing, and indeed truly, to aim at nothing more than the real good of Mr. Jones himſelf, that he, far from being offended, thankfully received the admonition of the good woman, expreſſed much concern for what had paſt, excuſed it as well as he could, and promiſed never more to bring the ſame diſturbances into the houſe.

But though Mrs. Miller did not refrain from a ſhort expoſtulation in private at their firſt meeting; yet the occaſion of his being ſummoned down ſtairs that morning was of a much more agreeable kind, being indeed to perform the office of a father to Miſs Nancy, and to give her in wedlock to Mr. Nightingale, who was now ready dreſt, and full as ſober as many of my readers will think a man ought to be who receives a wife in ſo imprudent a manner.

And here perhaps it may be proper to account for the eſcape which this young gentleman had made from his uncle, and for his appearance in the condition in which we have ſeen him the night before.

Now

Now when the uncle had arrived at his lodgings with his nephew, partly to indulge his own inclinations (for he dearly loved his bottle) and partly to diſqualify his nephew from the immediate execution of his purpoſe, he ordered wine to be ſet on the table; with which he ſo briſkly plyed the young gentleman, that this latter, who, though not much uſed to drinking, did not deteſt it ſo as to be guilty of diſobedience, or want of complaiſance by refuſing, was ſoon completely finiſhed.

Juſt as the uncle had obtained this victory, and was preparing a bed for his nephew, a meſſenger arrived with a piece of news, which ſo entirely diſconcerted and ſhocked him, that he in a moment loſt all conſideration for his nephew, and his whole mind became entirely taken up with his own concerns.

This ſudden and afflicting news was no leſs than that his daughter had taken the opportunity of almoſt the firſt moment of his abſence, and had gone off with a neighbouring young clergyman; againſt whom, though her father could have had but one objection, namely, that he was worth nothing, yet ſhe had never thought proper to communicate her amour even to her father; and ſo artfully had ſhe managed, that it had never been once ſuſpected by any, till now that it was conſummated.

Old Mr. Nightingale no ſooner received this account, than in the utmoſt confuſion he ordered a poſt-chaiſe to be inſtantly got ready, and having recommended his nephew to the care of a ſervant, he directly left the houſe, ſcarce knowing what he did, nor whither he went.

The uncle thus departed, when the ſervant came to attend the nephew to bed, had waked him for that purpoſe, and had at laſt made him ſenſible that his uncle was gone, he, inſtead of accepting the kind offices tendered him, inſiſted on a chair being called; with this the ſervant, who had received no ſtrict orders to the contrary, readily complied; and thus being

ing conducted back to the house of Mrs. Miller, he had staggered up to Mr. Jones's chamber as hath been before recounted.

This bar of the uncle being now removed (though young Nightingale knew not as yet in what manner) and all parties being quickly ready, the mother, Mr. Jones, Mr. Nightingale, and his love, stept into a hackney-coach, which conveyed him to Doctor's Commons; where Miss Nancy was, in vulgar language, soon made an honest woman, and the poor mother became, in the purest sense of the word, one of the happiest of all human beings.

And now Mr. Jones having seen his good offices to that poor woman and her family brought to a happy conclusion, began to apply himself to his own concerns; but here, lest many of my readers should censure his folly for thus troubling himself with the affairs of others, and lest some few should think he acted more disinterestedly than indeed he did, we think proper to assure our reader, that he was so far from being unconcerned in this matter, that he had indeed a very considerable interest in bringing it to that final consummation.

To explain this seeming paradox at once, he was one who could truly say with him in Terence, *Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.* He was never an indifferent spectator of the misery or happiness of any one; and he felt either the one or the other in great proportion as he himself contributed to either. He could not therefore be the instrument of raising a whole family from the lowest state of wretchedness to the highest pitch of joy without conveying great felicity to himself; more perhaps than worldly men often purchase to themselves by undergoing the most severe labour, and often by wading through the deepest iniquity.

Those readers who are of the same complexion with him, will perhaps think this short chapter contains abundance of matter; while others may probably

bably wiſh, ſhort as it is, that it had been totally ſpared as impertinent to the main deſign, which I ſuppoſe they conclude is to bring Mr. Jones to the gallows, or if poſſible, to a more deplorable cataſtrophe.

CHAP. IX.

Containing love-letters of ſeveral ſorts.

MR. Jones at his return home, found the following letters lying on his table, which he luckily opened in the order they were ſent.

LETTER I.

'Surely I am under ſome ſtrange infatuation; I 'cannot keep my reſolutions a moment, however 'ſtrongly made or juſtly founded. Laſt night I re-'ſolved never to ſee you more; this morning I am 'willing to hear if you can, as you ſay, clear up this 'affair. And yet I know that to be impoſſible. I 'have ſaid every thing to myſelf which you can in-'vent.——Perhaps, not. Perhaps your invention is 'ſtronger. Come to me therefore the moment you 'receive this. If you can forge an excuſe I almoſt 'promiſe you to believe it. Betrayed to——I will 'think no more.——Come to me directly.——This 'is the third letter I have writ, the two former are 'burnt——I am almoſt inclined to burn this too—— 'I wiſh I may preſerve my ſenſes.——Come to me 'preſently.'

LETTER II.

'If you ever expect to be forgiven, or even ſuf-'fered within my doors, come to me this inſtant.'

LET-

LETTER III.

'I now find you was not at home when my notes 'came to your lodgings. The moment you receive 'this let me ſee you;——I ſhall not ſtir out; nor 'ſhall any body be let in but yourſelf. Sure nothing 'can detain you long.'

Jones had juſt read over theſe three billets, when Mr. Nightingale came into the room. 'Well, Tom', ſaid he, 'any news from lady Bellaſton, after laſt 'night's adventure?' (for it was now no ſecret to any one in that houſe who the lady was.) 'The lady 'Bellaſton?' anſwered Jones very gravely.—— 'Nay, 'dear Tom,' cries Nightingale, 'don't be ſo reſerved 'to your friends. Though I was too drunk to ſee 'her laſt night, I ſaw her at the maſquerade. Do 'you think I am ignorant who the queen of the 'fairies is?' 'And did you really then know the 'lady at the maſquerade?' ſaid Jones. 'Yes, upon 'my ſoul, did I,' ſaid Nightingale, 'and have given 'you twenty hints of it ſince, though you ſeemed 'always ſo tender on that point, that I would not 'ſpeak plainly. I fancy, my friend, by your extreme 'nicety in this matter, you are not ſo well acquainted 'with the character of the lady, as with her perſon. 'Don't be angry, Tom, but, upon my honour, 'you are not the firſt young fellow ſhe hath de-'bauched. Her reputation is in no danger, believe 'me.'

Though Jones had no reaſon to imagine the lady to have been of the veſtal kind when his amour began; yet as he was thoroughly ignorant of the town, and had very little acquaintance in it, he had no knowledge of that character which is vulgarly called a demirep; that is to ſay, a woman who intrigues with every man ſhe likes, under the name and appearance of virtue; and who, though ſome overnice ladies

ladies will not be ſeen with her, is viſited (as they term it) by the whole town; in ſhort, whom every body knows to be what no body calls her.

When he found, therefore, that Nightingale was perfectly acquainted with his intrigue, and began to ſuſpect, that ſo ſcrupulous a delicacy as he had hitherto obſerved, was not quite neceſſary on the occaſion, he gave a latitude to his friend's tongue, and deſired him to ſpeak plainly what he knew, or had ever heard of the lady.

Nightingale, who, in many other inſtances, was rather too effeminate in his diſpoſition, had a pretty ſtrong inclination to tittle-tattle. He had no ſooner, therefore, received a full liberty of ſpeaking from Jones, than he entered upon a long narrative concerning the lady; which, as it contained many particulars highly to her diſhonour, we have too great a tenderneſs for all women of condition to repeat. We would cautiouſly avoid giving an opportunity to the future commentators on our works, of making any malicious application; and of forcing us to be, againſt our will, the author of ſcandal, which never entered into our head.

Jones having very attentively heard all that Nightingale had to ſay, fetched a deep ſigh, which the other obſerving, cried, 'Heyday! why thou art 'not in love, I hope! Had I imagined my ſtories 'would have affected you, I promiſe you ſhould never 'have heard them.' 'O my dear friend!' cries Jones, 'I am ſo entangled with this woman, that I know 'not how to extricate myſelf. In love indeed! no, 'my friend, but I am under obligations to her, and 'very great ones. Since you know ſo much, I will 'be very explicit with you. It is owing perhaps ſolely 'to her, that I have not, before this, wanted a bit of 'bread. How can I poſſibly deſert ſuch a woman? 'and yet I muſt deſert her, or be guilty of the 'blackeſt treachery to one, who deſerves infinitely 'better of me than ſhe can; a woman, my Night-

'ingale, for whom I have a paſſion which few can 'have an idea of. I am half diſtracted with doubts 'how to act.' 'And is this other, pray, an honour-'able miſtreſs?' cries Nightingale. 'Honourable!' anſwered Jones; 'no breath ever yet durſt ſully her 'reputation. The ſweeteſt air is not purer, the 'limpid ſtream not clearer than her honour. She is 'all over, both in mind and body, conſummate per-'fection. She is the moſt beautiful creature in the 'univerſe; and yet ſhe is miſtreſs of ſuch noble, 'elevated qualities, that though ſhe is never from my 'thoughts, I ſcarce ever think of her beauty, but 'when I ſee it.'—'And can you, my good friend,' cries Nightingale, 'with ſuch an engagement as 'this upon your hands, heſitate a moment about 'quitting ſuch a—' 'Hold,' ſaid Jones, 'no more 'abuſe of her; I deteſt the thought of ingratitude.' 'Pooh!' anſwered the other, 'you are not the firſt 'upon whom ſhe hath conferred obligations of this 'kind. She is remarkably liberal where ſhe likes; 'though, let me tell you, her favours are ſo pru-'dently beſtowed, that they ſhould rather raiſe a 'man's vanity, than his gratitude.' In ſhort, Night-ingale proceeded ſo far on this head, and told his friend ſo many ſtories of the lady, which he ſwore to the truth of, that he entirely removed all eſteem for her from the breaſt of Jones; and his gratitude was leſſened in proportion. Indeed, he began to look on all the favours he had received, rather as wages than benefits, which depreciated not only her, but himſelf too in his own conceit, and put him quite out of humour with both. From this diſguſt, his mind, by a natural tranſition, turned towards Sophia; her virtue, her purity, her love to him, her ſufferings on his account, filled all his thoughts, and made his commerce with lady Bellaſton appear ſtill more odious. The reſult of all was, that though his turning himſelf out of her ſervice, in which light he now ſaw his affair with her, would be the loſs of his bread; yet

he determined to quit her, if he could but find a handſome pretence; which being communicated to his friend, Nightingale conſidered a little, and then ſaid, 'I have it, my boy! I have found out a ſure 'method; propoſe marriage to her, and I would 'venture hanging upon the ſucceſs.' 'Marriage!' cries Jones. 'Ay, propoſe marriage,' anſwered Nightingale, 'and ſhe will declare off in a mo-'ment. I knew a young fellow whom ſhe kept for-'merly, who made the offer to her in earneſt, and 'was preſently turned off for his pains.'

Jones declared he could not venture the experiment. 'Perhaps,' ſaid he, 'ſhe may be leſs ſhock-'ed at this propoſal from one man than from an-'other. And if ſhe ſhould take me at my word, 'where am I then? caught in my own trap, and 'undone for ever.' 'No;' anſwered Nightingale, 'not if I can give you an expedient, by which you 'may, at any time, get out of the trap.'——'What 'expedient can that be?' replied Jones. 'This,' anſwered Nightingale. 'The young fellow I men-'tioned, who is one of the moſt intimate acquaint-'ances I have in the world, is ſo angry with her for 'ſome ill offices ſhe hath ſince done him, that I am 'ſure he would, without any difficulty, give you a 'ſight of her letters; upon which you may decently 'break with her; and declare off before the knot is 'tied, if ſhe ſhould really be willing to tie it, which 'I am convinced ſhe will not.'

After ſome heſitation, Jones, upon the ſtrength of this aſſurance, conſented, but as he ſwore he wanted the confidence to propoſe the matter to her face, he wrote the following letter, which Nightingale dictated.

'Madam,

'I am extremely concerned, that, by an unfortu-'nate engagement abroad, I ſhould have miſſed re-'ceiving the honour of your ladyſhip's commands

'the moment they came; and the delay which I 'muſt now ſuffer of vindicating myſelf to your lady-'ſhip, greatly adds to this misfortune. O lady Bel-'laſton! what a terror have I been in, for fear your 'reputation ſhould be expoſed by theſe perverſe acci-'dents! There is one only way to ſecure it. I 'need not name what that is. Only permit me to 'ſay, that as your honour is as dear to me as my 'own; ſo my ſole ambition is to have the glory of 'laying my liberty at your feet; and believe me 'when I aſſure you, I can never be made completely 'happy, without you generouſly beſtow on me a 'legal right of calling you mine for ever. I am,

'Madam,

'with moſt profound reſpect,

'your ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

'obedient humble ſervant,

THOMAS JONES.

To this ſhe preſently returned the following anſwer:

'Sir,

'When I read over your ſerious epiſtle, I could, 'from its coldneſs and formality, have ſworn that 'you already had the legal right you mention; 'nay, that we had, for many years, compoſed that 'monſtrous animal a huſband and wife. Do you 'really then imagine me a fool? or do you fancy 'yourſelf capable of ſo entirely perſuading me out of 'my ſenſes, that I ſhould deliver my whole fortune 'into your power, in order to enable you to ſup-'port your pleaſures at my expence. Are theſe the 'proofs of love which I expected? Is this the return

for

'for—— but I ſcorn to upbraid you, and am in great 'admiration of your profound reſpect.

'*P. S.* I am prevented from reviſing:——Perhaps I 'have ſaid more than I meant.——Come to me at 'eight this evening.'

Jones, by the advice of his privy-council, replied:

'Madam,

'It is impoſſible to expreſs how much I am ſhocked 'at the ſuſpicion you entertain of me. Can lady Bel-'laſton have conferred favours on a man whom ſhe 'could believe capable of ſo baſe a deſign? or can 'ſhe treat the moſt ſolemn tie of love with contempt? 'Can you imagine, Madam, that if the violence of 'my paſſion, in an unguarded moment, overcame 'the tenderneſs which I have for your honour, I 'would think of indulging myſelf in the continu-'ance of an intercourſe which could not poſſibly 'eſcape long the notice of the world; and which, 'when diſcovered, muſt prove ſo fatal to your repu-'tation? If ſuch be your opinion of me, I muſt 'pray for a ſudden opportunity of returning thoſe 'pecuniary obligations, which I have been ſo unfor-'tunate to receive at your hands; and for thoſe of 'a more tender kind, I ſhall ever remain, *&c.*' And ſo concluded in the very words with which he had concluded the former letter.

The lady anſwered as follows:

'I ſee you are a villain; and I deſpiſe you from 'my ſoul. If you come here, I ſhall not be at 'home.'

Though Jones was well ſatisfied with his deliver-ance from a thraldrom which thoſe who have ever ex-perienced it, will, I apprehend, allow to be none of

the lighteſt, he was not, however, perfectly eaſy in his mind. There was in this ſcheme too much of fallacy to ſatisfy one who utterly deteſted every ſpecies of falſehood or diſhoneſty; nor would he, indeed, have ſubmitted to put it in practice, had he not been involved in a diſtreſsful ſituation, where he was obliged to be guilty of ſome diſhonour, either to the one lady or the other; and ſurely the reader will allow, that every good principle, as well as love, pleaded ſtrongly in favour of Sophia.

Nightingale highly exulted in the ſucceſs of his ſtratagem, upon which he received many thanks, and much applauſe from his friend. He anſwered, 'Dear 'Tom, we have conferred very different obligations 'on each other. To me you owe the regaining your 'liberty; to you I owe the loſs of mine. But if 'you are as happy in the one inſtance as I am in 'the other, I promiſe you, we are the two happieſt 'fellows in England.'

The two gentlemen were now ſummoned down to dinner, where Mrs. Miller, who performed herſelf the office of cook, had exerted her beſt talents, to celebrate the wedding of her daughter. This joyful circumſtance ſhe aſcribed principally to the friendly behaviour of Jones, her whole ſoul was fired with gratitude towards him, and all her looks, words, and actions, were ſo buſied in expreſſing it, that her daughter, and even her new ſon-in-law, were very little the objects of her conſideration.

Dinner was juſt ended when Mrs. Miller received a letter; but as we have had letters enough in this chapter, we ſhall communicate the contents in our next.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Conſiſting partly of facts, and partly of obſervations upon them.

THE letter then which arrived at the end of the preceding chapter, was from Mr. Allworthy, and the purport of it was, his intention to come immediately to town, with his nephew Blifil, and a deſire to be accommodated with his uſual lodgings, which were the firſt floor for himſelf, and the ſecond for his nephew.

The cheerfulneſs which had before diſplayed itſelf in the countenance of the poor woman, was a little clouded on this occaſion. This news did indeed a good deal diſconcert her. To requite ſo diſintereſted a match with her daughter, by preſently turning her new ſon-in-law out of doors, appeared to her very unjuſtifiable on the one hand; and on the other, ſhe could ſcarce bear the thoughts of making any excuſe to Mr. Allworthy, after all the obligations received from him, for depriving him of lodgings which where indeed ſtrictly his due; for that gentleman, in conferring all his numberleſs benefits on others, acted by a rule diametrically oppoſite to what is practiſed by moſt generous people. He contrived, on all occaſions, to hide his beneficence not only from the world, but even from the object of it. He conſtantly uſed the words Lend and Pay, inſtead of Give; and by every other method he could invent, always leſſened with his tongue the favours he conferred, while he was heaping them with both his hands. When he ſettled the annuity of 50l. a year therefore on Mrs. Miller, he told her, 'it was in conſideration 'of always having her firſt-floor when he was in 'town, (which he ſcarce ever intended to be) but 'that ſhe might let it at any other time, for that he 'would always ſend her a month's warning.' He

was now, however, hurried to town ſo ſuddenly, that he had no opportunity of giving ſuch notice; and this hurry probably prevented him, when he wrote for his lodgings, adding, if they were then empty; for he would moſt certainly have been well ſatisfied to have relinquiſhed them on a leſs ſufficient excuſe, than what Mrs. Miller could now have made.

But there are a ſort of perſons, who, as Prior excellently well remarks, direct their conduct by ſomething

> Beyond the fix'd and ſettled rules
> Of vice and virtue in the ſchools,
> Beyond the letter of the law.

To theſe it is ſo far from being ſufficient that their defence would acquit them at the Old-Bailey, that they are not even contented, though conſcience, the ſevereſt of all judges, ſhould diſcharge them. Nothing ſhort of the fair and honourable will ſatisfy the delicacy of their minds; and if any of their actions fall ſhort of this mark, they mope and pine, are as uneaſy and reſtleſs as a murderer, who is afraid of a ghoſt, or of the hangman.

Mrs. Miller was one of theſe. She could not conceal her uneaſineſs at this letter; with the contents of which ſhe had no ſooner acquainted the company, and given ſome hints of her diſtreſs, than Jones, her good angel, preſently relieved her anxiety. 'As 'for myſelf, Madam,' ſaid he, 'my lodging is at 'your ſervice at a moment's warning; and Mr. 'Nightingale, I am ſure, as he cannot yet prepare a 'houſe fit to receive his lady, will conſent to return 'to his new lodging, whither Mrs. Nightingale will 'certainly conſent to go.' With which propoſal both huſband and wife inſtantly agreed.

The reader will eaſily believe, that the cheeks of Mrs. Miller began again to glow with additional gratitude to Jones; but, perhaps, it may be more difficult

cult to perſuade him, that Mr. Jones having, in his laſt ſpeech, called her daughter Mrs. Nightingale, (it being the firſt time that agreeable ſound had ever reached her ears) gave the fond mother more ſatiſfaction, and warmed her heart more towards Jones, than his having diſſipated her preſent anxiety.

The next day was then appointed for the removal of the new-married couple, and of Mr. Jones, who was likewiſe to be provided for in the ſame houſe with his friend. And now the ſerenity of the company was again reſtored, and they paſt the day in the utmoſt cheerfulneſs, all except Jones, who, though he outwardly accompanied the reſt in their mirth, felt many a bitter pang on the account of his Sophia; which were not a little heightened by the news of Mr. Blifil's coming to town, (for he clearly ſaw the intention of his journey) and what greatly aggravated his concern was, that Mrs. Honour, who had promiſed to enquire after Sophia, and to make her report to him early the next evening, had diſappointed him.

In the ſituation that he and his miſtreſs were in at this time, there were ſcarce any grounds for him to hope, that he ſhould hear any good news; yet he was as impatient to ſee Mrs. Honour, as if he had expected ſhe would bring him a letter with an aſſignation in it from Sophia, and bore the diſappointment as ill. Whether this impatience aroſe from that natural weakneſs of the human mind, which makes it deſirous to know the worſt, and renders uncertainty the moſt intolerable of pains; or whether he ſtill flattered himſelf with ſome ſecret hopes, we will not determine. But that it might be the laſt, whoever has loved cannot but know. For of all the powers exerciſed by this paſſion over our minds, one of the moſt wonderful is that of ſupporting hope in the midſt of deſpair. Difficulties, improbabilities, nay, impoſſibilities are quite overlooked by it; ſo that to

any

any man extremely in love, may be applied what Addiſon ſays of Cæſar,

The Alps, and Pyrenæans, ſink before him!

Yet it is equally true, that the ſame paſſion will ſometimes make mountains of molehills, and produce deſpair in the midſt of hope; but theſe cold fits laſt not long in good conſtitutions. Which temper Jones was now in, we leave the reader to gueſs, having no exact information about it; but this is certain, that he had ſpent two hours in expectation, when being unable any longer to conceal his uneaſineſs, he retired to his room; where his anxiety had almoſt made him frantic, when the following letter was brought him from Mrs. Honour, with which we ſhall preſent the reader *verbatim & literatim*.

'SIR,

'I ſhud ſartenly haf kaled on you a cordin too 'mi prommiſs haddunt itt bin that hur laſhipp pre-'vent mee; for too bee ſur, Sir, you noſe very well 'that evere perſun muſt luk furſt at ome, and ſar-'tenly ſuch anuther offar mite not ave ever hapned, 'ſo as I ſhud ave bin juſtly to blam, had I not ex-'cepted of it when her laſhipp was ſo veri kind as to 'offar to mak mee hur one uman without mi ever 'aſkin any ſuch thing, to bee ſur ſhee is won of 'thee beſt ladis in thee wurld, and pepil who ſaſe 'to the kontrari muſt bee veri wiket pepil in thare 'harts. To bee ſur if ever I ave ſad any thing of 'that kine it as bin thru ignorens and I am hartili 'ſorri for it. I noſe your onur to be a genteelman 'of more onur and oneſty, if I ever ſaid ani ſuch 'thing, to repete it to hurt a pore ſervant that as 'alwais ad thee grateſt reſpect in thee world for ure 'onur. To bee ſur won ſhud kepe wons tung within 'wons teeth, for no boddi noſe what may hapen;

'and too bee ſur if ani boddi ad tolde mee yeſter-
'day, that I ſhud haf bin in ſo gud a plaſe to day,
'I ſhud not haf beleeved it; for to bee ſur I never
'was a dremd of any ſuch thing, nor ſhud I ever
'have ſoft after ani other boddi's plaſe; but as her
'laſhipp waſs ſo kine of her one a cord too give it
'mee without aſkin, to be ſur Mrs. Etoff herſelf,
'nor no other boddi can blam mee for exceptin ſuch
'a thing when it fals in mi waye. I beg ure onur
'not too menſhion ani thing of what I haf ſad, for I
'wiſh ure onur all thee gud luk in thee wurld; and
'I don't cueſtion butt thatt u will haf Madam Sofia
'in the end; butt aſs to miſelf ure onur noſe I kant
'bee of ani farder ſarvis to u in that matar, nou bein
'under thee cumand off anuthar parſon, and nott mi
'one miſtres. I begg ure onur to ſay nothing of what
'paſt, and belive me to be, Sir,

'Ure onur's umble ſarvant

'To cumand till deth,

'HONOUR BLACKMORE.'

Various were the conjectures which Jones entertained on this ſtep of lady Bellaſton; who, in reality, had little farther deſign than to ſecure within her own houſe the repoſitory of a ſecret, which ſhe choſe ſhould make no farther progreſs than it had made already; but moſtly, ſhe deſired to keep it from the ears of Sophia; for though that young lady was almoſt the only one who would never have repeated it again, her ladyſhip could not perſuade herſelf of this; ſince as ſhe now hated poor Sophia with moſt implacable hatred, ſhe conceived a reciprocal hatred to herſelf to be lodged in the tender breaſt of our heroine, where no ſuch paſſion had ever yet found an entrance.

While

While Jones was terrifying himſelf with the apprehenſion of a thouſand dreadful machinations, and deep political deſigns, which he imagined to be at the bottom of the promotion of Honour, Fortune, who hitherto ſeems to have been an utter enemy to his match with Sophia, tried a new method to put a final end to it, by throwing a temptation in his way, which in his preſent deſperate ſituation it ſeemed unlikely he ſhould be able to reſiſt.

CHAP. XI.

Containg curious, but not unprecedented matter.

THERE was a lady, one Mrs. Hunt, who had often ſeen Jones at the houſe where he lodged, being intimately acquainted with the women there, and indeed a very great friend to Mrs. Miller. Her age was about thirty; for ſhe owned ſix and twenty; her face and perſon very good, only inclining a little too much to be fat. She had been married young by her relations to an old Turkey-merchant, who having got a great fortune, had left off trade. With him ſhe lived without reproach, but not without pain, in a ſtate of great ſelf-denial, for about twelve years; and her virtue was rewarded by his dying and leaving her very rich. The firſt year of her widowhood was juſt at an end, and ſhe had paſt it in a good deal of retirement, ſeeing only a few particular friends, and dividing her time between her devotions and novels, of which ſhe was always extremely fond. Very good health, a very warm conſtitution, and a good deal of religion, made it abſolutely neceſſary for her to marry again; and ſhe reſolved to pleaſe herſelf in her ſecond huſband, as ſhe had done her friends in the firſt. From her the following billet was brought to Jones:

'SIR,

'SIR,

'From the firſt day I ſaw you, I doubt my eyes 'have told you too plainly, that you were not indif- 'ferent to me; but neither my tongue nor my hand 'ſhould have ever avowed it, had not the ladies of 'the family where you are lodged given me ſuch a 'character of you, and told me ſuch proofs of your 'virtue and goodneſs, as convince me you are not 'only the moſt agreeable, but the moſt worthy of 'men. I have alſo the ſatisfaction to hear from 'them, that neither my perſon, underſtanding, or 'character, are diſagreeable to you. I have a fortune 'ſufficient to make us both happy, but which cannot 'make me ſo without you. In thus diſpoſing of my- 'ſelf I know I ſhall incur the cenſure of the world; 'but if I did not love you more than I fear the 'world, I ſhould not be worthy of you. One only 'difficulty ſtops me: I am informed you are engag- 'ed in a commerce of gallantry with a woman of 'faſhion. If you think it worth while to ſacrifice 'that to the poſſeſſion of me, I am yours; if not, 'forget my weakneſs, and let this remain an eternal 'ſecret between you and

'ARABELLA HUNT.'

At the reading of this, Jones was put into a violent flutter. His fortune was then at a very low ebb, the ſource being ſtopt from which hitherto he had been ſupplied. Of all he had received from lady Bellaſton not above five guineas remained, and that very morning he had been dunned by a tradeſman for twice that ſum. His honourable miſtreſs was in the hands of her father, and he had ſcarce any hopes ever to get her out of them again. To be ſubſiſted at her expence, from that little fortune ſhe had independent of her father, went much againſt the delicacy both of his pride and his love. This lady's fortune would have been exceeding convenient

to

to him, and he could have no objection to her in any reſpect. On the contrary, he liked her as well as he did any woman except Sophia. But to abandon Sophia, and marry another, that was impoſſible; he could not think of it upon any account. Yet why ſhould he not, ſince it was plain ſhe could not be his? Would it not be kinder to her, than to continue her longer engaged in a hopeleſs paſſion for him? Ought he not to do ſo in friendſhip to her? This notion prevailed ſome moments, and he had almoſt determined to be falſe to her from a high point of honour; but that refinement was not able to ſtand very long againſt the voice of nature, which cried in his heart, that ſuch friendſhip was treaſon to love. At laſt he called for pen, ink, and paper, and writ as follows to Mrs. Hunt:

'MADAM,

'It would be but a poor return to the favour you 'have done me, to ſacrifice any gallantry to the poſ-'ſeſſion of you, and I would certainly do it, though 'I were not diſengaged, as at preſent I am, from 'any affair of that kind. But I ſhould not be the 'honeſt man you think me, if I did not tell you, 'that my affections are engaged to another, who 'is a woman of virtue, and one that I never can 'leave, though it is probable I ſhall never poſſeſs 'her. God forbid that in return of your kindneſs 'to me, I ſhould do you ſuch an injury, as to give 'you my hand, when I cannot give my heart. No; 'I had much rather ſtarve than be guilty of that. 'Even though my miſtreſs were married to ano-'ther, I would not marry you unleſs my heart had 'entirely effaced all impreſſions of her. Be aſſured 'that your ſecret was not more ſafe in your own 'breaſt, than in that of

'Your moſt obliged, and

'Grateful humble ſervant,

'T. Jones.'

When

When our hero had finiſhed and ſent this letter, he went to his ſcrutore, took out Miſs Weſtern's muff, kiſſed it ſeveral times, and then ſtrutted ſome turns about his room, with more ſatisfaction of mind than ever any Iriſhman felt in carrying off a fortune of fifty thouſand pounds.

CHAP. XII.

A diſcovery made by Partridge.

WHILE Jones was exulting in the conſciouſneſs of his integrity, Partridge came capering into the room, as was his cuſtom when he brought, or fancied he brought, any good tidings. He had been diſpatched that morning by his maſter, with orders to endeavour, by the ſervants of lady Bellaſton, or by any other means, to diſcover whither Sophia had been conveyed; and he now returned, and with a joyful countenance told our hero, that he had found the loſt bird. 'I have ſeen, Sir,' ſays he, 'Black George, the gamekeeper, who is one 'of the ſervants whom the 'ſquire hath brought 'with him to town. I knew him preſently, though 'I have not ſeen him theſe ſeveral years; but you 'know, Sir, he is a very remarkable man, or to uſe 'a purer phraſe, he hath a moſt remarkable beard, 'the largeſt and blackeſt I ever ſaw. It was ſome 'time however before Black George could recollect 'me.'—'Well, but what is your good news?' cries Jones, 'What do you know of my Sophia?'—— 'You ſhall know preſently, Sir,' anſwered Partridge, 'I am coming to it as faſt as I can.—You are ſo 'impatient, Sir, you would come at the infinitive 'mood, before you can get to the imperative. As 'I was ſaying, Sir, it was ſome time before he recol-'lected my face.'—'Confound your face,' cries Jones, 'what of my Sophia?'—'Nay, Sir,' anſwered Partridge, 'I know nothing more of Madam

Sophia,

'Sophia, than what I am going to tell you; and I 'ſhould have told you all before this if you had not 'interrupted me; but if you look ſo angry at me, 'you will frighten all of it out of my head, or to uſe 'a purer phraſe, out of my memory. I never ſaw 'you look ſo angry ſince the day we left Upton, 'which I ſhall remember if I was to live a thouſand 'years.'——'Well, pray go on in your own way,' ſaid Jones, 'you are reſolved to make me mad I 'find.' 'Not for the world,' anſwered Partridge, 'I 'have ſuffered enough for that already; which, as I 'ſaid, I ſhall bear in my remembrance the longeſt 'day I have to live.'——'Well, but Black George?' cries Jones,—'Well, Sir, as I was ſaying, it was 'a long time before he could recollect me; for in-'deed I am very much altered ſince I ſaw him. *Non 'ſum qualis eram.* I have had troubles in the world, 'and nothing alters a man ſo much as grief. I have 'heard it will change the colour of a man's hair in a 'night. However, at laſt, know me he did, that's 'ſure enough; for we are both of an age, and 'were at the ſame charity-ſchool. George was a great 'dunce, but no matter for that; all men do not 'thrive in the world according to their learning. I 'am ſure I have reaſon to ſay ſo; but it will be all 'one a thouſand years hence. Well, Sir,—where 'was I?—O—well, we no ſooner knew each 'other, than after many hearty ſhakes by the hand, 'we agreed to go to an alehouſe and take a pot, and 'by good luck the beer was ſome of the beſt I have 'met with ſince I have been in town.—Now, Sir, 'I am coming to the point; for no ſooner did I name 'you, and told him, that you and I came to town 'together, and had lived together ever ſince, than 'he called for another pot, and ſwore he would drink 'to your health; and indeed he drank your health 'ſo heartily, that I was overjoyed to ſee there was 'ſo much gratitude left in the world; and after we 'had emptied that pot, I ſaid I would be my pot

'too,

'too, and ſo we drank another to your health; and 'then I made haſte home to tell you the news.'

'What news?' cries Jones, 'you have not men-'tioned a word of my Sophia!'—'Bleſs me! I had 'like to have forgot that. Indeed, we mentioned a 'great deal about young Madam Weſtern, and 'George told me all; that Mr. Blifil is coming to 'town in order to be married to her. He had beſt 'make haſte then, ſays I, or ſomebody will have 'her before he comes; and indeed, ſays I, Mr. 'Seagrim, it is a thouſand pities ſomebody ſhould 'not have her; for he certainly loves her above all the 'women in the world. I would have both you and 'ſhe know that it is not for her fortune he follows 'her; for I can aſſure you as to matter of that, there 'is another lady, one of much greater quality and 'fortune than ſhe can pretend to, who is ſo fond of 'ſomebody, that ſhe comes after him day and 'night.'

Here Jones fell into a paſſion with Partridge, for having, as he ſaid, betrayed him; but the poor fellow anſwered, he had mentioned no name: 'Be-'ſides, Sir,' ſaid he, 'I can aſſure you, George is 'ſincerely your friend, and wiſhed Mr. Blifil at the 'devil more than once; nay, he ſaid he would do any 'thing in his power upon earth to ſerve you; and ſo 'I am convinced he will.—Betray you indeed! why 'I queſtion whether you have a better friend than 'George upon earth, except myſelf, or one that 'would go farther to ſerve you.'

'Well,' ſays Jones, a little pacified, 'you ſay this 'fellow, who I believe indeed is enough inclined to be 'my friend, lives in the ſame houſe with Sophia?'

'In the ſame houſe!' anſwered Partridge; 'why, 'Sir, he is one of the ſervants of the family, and 'very well dreſt I promiſe you he is; if it was not 'for his black beard, you would hardly know him.'

'One ſervice then at leaſt he may do me,' ſays Jones; 'ſure he can certainly convey a letter to my 'Sophia.'

'You have hit the nail *ad unguem*,' cries Partridge; 'How came I not to think of it! I will engage he 'ſhall do it upon the very firſt mentioning.'

'Well then,' ſaid Jones, 'do you leave me at 'preſent, and I will write a letter which you ſhall de-'liver to him to-morrow morning; for I ſuppoſe you 'know where to find him.'

'O yes, Sir,' anſwered Partridge, 'I ſhall certainly 'find him again; there is no fear of that. The 'liquor is too good for him to ſtay away long. I 'make no doubt but he will be there every day he 'ſtays in town.'

'So you don't know the ſtreet then where my 'Sophia is lodged?' cries Jones.

'Indeed, Sir, I do,' ſays Partridge.

'What is the name of the ſtreet?' cries Jones.

'The name, Sir, why here, Sir, juſt by,' anſwered Partridge, 'not above a ſtreet or two off. 'I don't indeed know the very name; for as he 'never told me, if I had aſked, you know it might 'have put ſome ſuſpicion into his head. No, no, 'Sir, let me alone for that. I am too cunning for 'that, I promiſe you.'

'Thou art moſt wonderfully cunning indeed,' replied Jones; 'however, I will write to my charmer, 'ſince I believe you will be cunning enough to find 'him to-morrow at the alehouſe.'

And now having diſmiſſed the ſagacious Partridge, Mr. Jones ſat himſelf down to write, in which employment we ſhall leave him for a time. And here we put an end to the fifteenth book.

THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XVI.

Containing the ſpace of five days.

CHAP. I.

Of prologues.

I HAVE heard of a dramatic writer who uſed to ſay, he would rather write a play than a prologue; in like manner, I think, I can with leſs pains write one of the books of this hiſtory, than the prefatory chapter to each of them.

To ſay the truth, I believe many a hearty curſe hath been devoted on the head of that Author, who firſt inſtituted the method of prefixing to his play that portion of matter which is called the prologue; and which at firſt was part of the piece itſelf, but of latter years hath had uſually ſo little connexion with the drama before which it ſtands, that the prologue to one play might as well ſerve for any other. Thoſe indeed of more modern date, ſeem all to be written

on the ſame three topics, viz. an abuſe of the taſte of the town, a condemnation of all contemporary Authors, and an elogium on the performance juſt about to be repreſented. The ſentiments in all theſe are very little varied, nor is it poſſible they ſhould; and indeed I have often wondered at the great invention of Authors, who have been capable of finding ſuch various phraſes to expreſs the ſame thing.

In like manner I apprehend, ſome future hiſtorian (if any one ſhall do me the honour of imitating my manner) will, after much ſcratching his pate, beſtow ſome good wiſhes on my memory, for having firſt eſtabliſhed theſe ſeveral initial chapters; moſt of which, like modern prologues, may as properly be prefixed to any other book in this hiſtory as to that which they introduce, or indeed to any other hiſtory as to this.

But however Authors may ſuffer by either of theſe inventions, the reader will find ſufficient emolument in the one, as the ſpectator hath long found in the other.

Firſt, it is well known, that the prologue ſerves the critic for an opportunity to try his faculty of hiſſing, and to tune his catcall to the beſt advantage; by which means, I have known thoſe muſical inſtruments ſo well prepared, that they have been able to play in full concert at the firſt riſing of the curtain.

The ſame advantages may be drawn from theſe chapters, in which the critic will be always ſure of meeting with ſomething that may ſerve as a whetſtone to his noble ſpirit; ſo that he may fall with a more hungry appetite for cenſure on the hiſtory itſelf. And here his ſagacity muſt make it needleſs to obſerve how artfully theſe chapters are calculated for that excellent purpoſe; for in theſe we have always taken care to interſperſe ſomewhat of the ſour or acid kind, in order to ſharpen and ſtimulate the ſaid ſpirit of criticiſm.

Again,

Again, the indolent reader, as well as ſpectator, finds great advantage from both theſe; for as they are not obliged either to ſee the one or read the others, and both the play and the book are thus protracted, by the former they have a quarter of an hour longer allowed them to ſit at dinner, and by the latter they have the advantage of beginning to read at the fourth or fifth page inſtead of the firſt, a matter by no means of trivial conſequence to perſons who read books with no other view than to ſay they have read them; a more general motive to reading than is commonly imagined; and from which not only law books, and good books, but the pages of Homer and Virgil, of Swift and Cervantes, have been often turned over.

Many other are the emoluments which ariſe from both theſe, but they are for the moſt part ſo obvious that we ſhall not at preſent ſtay to enumerate them; eſpecially ſince it occurs to us that the principal merit of both the prologue and the preface is that they be ſhort.

CHAP. II.

A whimſical adventure which befel the 'ſquire, with the diſtreſſed ſituation of Sophia.

WE muſt now convey the reader to Mr. Weſtern's lodgings, which were in Piccadilly, where he was placed by the recommendation of the landlord at the Hercules Pillars at Hyde Park Corner; for at the inn, which was the firſt he ſaw on his arrival in town, he placed his horſes, and in thoſe lodgings, which were the firſt he heard of, he depoſited himſelf.

Here when Sophia alighted from the hackney-coach, which brought her from the houſe of lady Bellaſton, ſhe deſired to retire to the apartment provided for her, to which her father very readily agreed, and whither he attended her himſelf. A ſhort dia-

logue, neither very material nor pleaſant to relate minutely, then paſſed between them, in which he preſſed her vehemently to give her conſent to the marriage with Blifil, who, as he acquainted her, was to be in town in a few days; but inſtead of complying, ſhe gave a more peremptory and reſolute refuſal than ſhe had ever done before. This ſo incenſed her father, that after many bitter vows that he would force her to have him whether ſhe would or no, he departed from her with many hard words and curſes, locked the door and put the key into his pocket.

While Sophia was left with no other company than what attend the cloſeſt ſtate priſoner, namely, fire and candle, the 'ſquire ſat down to regale himſelf over a bottle of wine, with his parſon and the landlord of the Hercules Pillars, who, as the 'ſquire ſaid, would make an excellent third man, and could inform them of the news of the town, and how affairs went; for to be ſure, ſays he, he knows a great deal ſince the horſes of many of the quality ſtand at his houſe.

In this agreeable ſociety Mr. Weſtern paſt that evening and great part of the ſucceeding day, during which period nothing happened of ſufficient conſequence to find a place in this hiſtory. All this time Sophia paſt by herſelf; for her father ſwore ſhe ſhould never come out of her chamber alive, unleſs ſhe firſt conſented to marry Blifil; nor did he ever ſuffer the door to be unlocked unleſs to convey her food, on which occaſions he always attended himſelf.

The ſecond morning after his arrival, while he and the parſon were at breakfaſt together on a toaſt and tankard, he was informed that a gentleman was below to wait on him.

'A Gentleman!' quoth the 'ſquire, 'who the 'devil can he be? Do, doctor, go down and ſee 'who 'tis. Mr. Blifil can hardly be come to town 'yet.—Go down, do, and know what his buſineſs is.'

The

The doctor returned with an account that it was a very well dreſt man, and by the ribbon in his hat, he took him for an officer of the army; that he ſaid he had ſome particular buſineſs, which he could deliver to none but Mr. Weſtern himſelf.

'An officer!' cries the 'ſquire, 'what can any 'ſuch fellow have to do with me? If he wants an 'order for baggage-waggons, I am no juſtice of 'peace here, nor can I grant a warrant.——Let un 'come up then, if he muſt ſpeak to me.'

A very genteel man now entered the room; who having made his compliments to the 'ſquire, and deſired the favour of being alone with him, delivered himſelf as follows:

"Sir, I come to wait upon you by the command "of my lord Fellamar; but with a very different "meſſage from what I ſuppoſe you expect, after "what paſt the other night."

'My lord who?' cries the 'ſquire, 'I never heard 'the name o'un.'

'His lordſhip,' ſaid the gentleman, 'is willing to 'impute every thing to the effect of liquor, and the 'moſt trifling acknowledgment of that kind will ſet 'every thing right; for as he hath the moſt violent 'attachment to your daughter, you, Sir, are the laſt 'perſon upon earth, from whom he would reſent 'an affront; and happy is it for you both that he 'hath given ſuch public demonſtrations of his cou-'rage, as to be able to put up an affair of this kind, 'without danger of any imputation on his honour. 'All he deſires therefore, is, that you will before me 'make ſome acknowledgment; the ſlighteſt in the 'world will be ſufficient; and he intends this after-'noon to pay his reſpects to you, in order to obtain 'your leave of viſiting the young lady on the foot-'ing of a lover.'

'I don't underſtand much of what you ſay, Sir,' ſaid the 'ſquire; 'but I ſuppoſe, by what you talk 'about my daughter, that this is the lord which

'my couſin lady Bellaſton mentioned to me, and ſaid 'ſomething about his courting my daughter. If ſo 'be, that how, that be the caſe—you may give my 'ſervice to his lordſhip, and tell un the girl is diſ-'poſed of already.'

'Perhaps, Sir,' ſaid the gentleman, 'you are not 'ſufficiently apprized of the greatneſs of this offer. 'I believe ſuch a perſon, title, and fortune would be 'no where refuſed.'

'Lookee, Sir,' anſwered the 'ſquire, 'to be very 'plain, my daughter is beſpoke already; but if ſhe 'was not, I would not marry her to a lord upon any 'account; I hate all lords; they are a parcel of 'courtiers and Hanoverians, and I will have nothing 'to do with them.'

'Well, Sir,' ſaid the gentleman, 'if that is your 'reſolution, the meſſage I am to deliver to you is, 'that my lord deſires the favour of your company 'this morning in Hyde Park.'

'You may tell my lord,' anſwered the 'ſquire, 'that I am buſy and cannot come. I have enough 'to look after at home, and can't ſtir abroad on any 'account.'

'I am ſure, Sir,' quoth the other, 'you are too 'much a gentleman to ſend ſuch a meſſage; you will 'not, I am convinced, have it ſaid of you, that 'after having affronted a noble peer, you refuſe him 'ſatisfaction. His lordſhip would have been willing, 'from his great regard to the young lady, to have 'made up matters in another way; but unleſs he is 'to look on you as a father, his honour will not 'ſuffer his putting up ſuch an indignity as you muſt 'be ſenſible you offered him.'

'I offered him!' cries the 'ſquire; 'it is a d—n'd 'lie, I never offered him any thing.'

Upon theſe words the gentleman returned a very ſhort verbal rebuke, and this he accompanied at the ſame time with ſome manual remonſtrances, which no ſooner reached the ears of Mr. Weſtern, than

that

that worthy 'ſquire began to caper very briſkly about the room, bellowing at the ſame time with all his might, as if deſirous to ſummon a greater number of ſpectators to behold his agility.

The parſon, who had left great part of the tankard unfiniſhed, was not retired far; he immediately attended therefore on the 'ſquire's vociferation, crying, 'Bleſs me! Sir, what's the matter?'—'Matter?' quoth the 'ſquire, 'here's a highwayman, I believe, 'who wants to rob and murder me—for he hath 'fallen upon me with that ſtick there in his hand, 'when I wiſh I may be d—n'd if I gid un the leaſt 'provocation.'

'How, Sir,' ſaid the captain, 'did you not tell 'me I ly'd?'

'No, as I hope to be ſaved,' anſwered the 'ſquire. —'I believe I might ſay,' "'Twas a lie that I had "offered any affront to my lord,"—'but I never 'ſaid the word you lie.—I underſtand myſelf better, 'and you might have underſtood yourſelf better than 'to fall upon a naked man. If I had a ſtick in my 'hand, you would not have dared ſtrike me. I'd 'have knocked thy lantern jaws about thy ears. 'Come down into yard this minute, and I'll take a 'bout with thee at ſingle ſtick for a broken head, 'that I will; or I will go into naked room and box 'thee for a belly-full. At unt half a man, at unt 'I'm ſure.'

The captain, with ſome indignation, replied, 'I 'ſee, Sir, you are below my notice, and I ſhall inform 'his lordſhip you are below his.—I am ſorry I have 'dirtied my fingers with you.'—At which words he withdrew, the parſon interpoſing to prevent the 'ſquire from ſtopping him, in which he eaſily prevailed, as the other, though he made ſome efforts for the purpoſe, did not ſeem very violently bent on ſucceſs. However, when the captain was departed, the 'ſquire ſent many curſes and ſome menaces after him; but as theſe did not ſet out from his lips till the officer

was

was at the bottom of the ſtairs, and grew louder and louder as he was more and more remote, they did not reach his ears, or at leaſt did not retard his departure.

Poor Sophia however, who, in her priſon, heard all her father's outcries from firſt to laſt, began now firſt to thunder with her foot, and afterwards to ſcream as loudly as the old gentleman himſelf had done before, though in a much ſweeter voice. Theſe ſcreams ſoon ſilenced the 'ſquire, and turned all his conſideration towards his daughter, whom he loved ſo tenderly, that the leaſt apprehenſion of any harm happening to her, threw him preſently into agonies; for except in that ſingle inſtance in which the whole future happineſs of her life was concerned, ſhe was ſovereign miſtreſs of his inclinations.

Having ended his rage againſt the captain, with ſwearing he would take the law of him, the 'ſquire now mounted up ſtairs to Sophia, whom, as ſoon as he had unlocked and opened the door, he found all pale and breathleſs. The moment however that ſhe ſaw her father, ſhe collected all her ſpirits, and catching hold of him by the hand, ſhe cry'd paſſionately, 'O my dear Sir, I am almoſt frightned to death! 'I hope to heaven no harm hath happened to you.' —'No, no,' cries the 'ſquire, 'no great harm. The 'raſcal hath not hurt me much, but rat me if I 'dont't ha the la o'un.' 'Pray, dear Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'tell me what's the matter, who is that hath in-'ſulted you?' 'I don't know the name o'un,' anſwered Weſtern, 'ſome officer fellow I ſuppoſe that 'we are to pay for beating us, but I'll make him 'pay this bout, if the raſcal hath got any thing, 'which I ſuppoſe he hath not. For thof he was 'dreſt out ſo vine, I queſtion whether he had got a 'voot of land in the world.' 'But, dear Sir,' cries ſhe, 'what was the occaſion of your quarrel?' 'What ſhould it be, Sophy?' anſwered the 'ſquire, 'but about you, Sophy. All my misfortunes are

'about

'about you; you will be the death of your poor 'father at laſt. Here's a varlet of a lord, the Lord 'knows who forſooth! who hath taan a liking to 'you, and becauſe I would not gi un my conſent, 'he ſent me a kallenge. Come, do be a good girl, 'Sophy, and put an end to all your father's troubles; 'come do, conſent to ha un; he will be in town 'within this day or two; do but promiſe me to marry 'un as ſoon as he comes, and you will make me the 'happieſt man in the world, and I will make you 'the happieſt woman; you ſhall have the fineſt 'clothes in London, and the fineſt jewels, and a 'coach and ſix at your command. I promiſed All-'worthy already to give up half my eſtate,—odrabbit 'it! I ſhould hardly ſtick at giving up the whole.' 'Will my papa be ſo kind,' ſays ſhe, 'as to hear me 'ſpeak!'—'Why wout aſk, Sophy?' cries he, 'when doſt know I had rather hear thy voice, than 'the muſic of the beſt pack of dogs in England. '—Hear thee, my dear little girl! I hope I ſhall 'hear thee as long as I live; for if I was ever to loſe 'that pleaſure, I would not gee a braſs varden to 'live a moment longer. Indeed, Sophy, you do 'not know how I love you, indeed you don't, or you 'never could have run away and left your poor fa-'ther, who hath no other joy, no other comfort 'upon earth but his little Sophy.' At theſe words the tears ſtood in his eyes; and Sophia, (with the tears ſtreaming from hers) anſwered, 'Indeed, my 'dear papa, I know you have loved me tenderly, 'and heaven is my witneſs how ſincerely I have 'returned your affection; nor could any thing but 'an apprehenſion of being forced into the arms of 'this man, have driven me to run from a father 'whom I love ſo paſſionately, that I would, with 'pleaſure, ſacrifice my life to his happineſs; nay, 'I have endeavoured to reaſon myſelf into doing 'more, and had almoſt worked up a reſolution, to 'endure the moſt miſerable of all lives, to comply

'with your inclination. It was that reſolution alone 'to which I could not force my mind; nor can I 'ever.' Here the 'ſquire began to look wild, and the foam appeared at his lips, which Sophia obſerving, begged to be heard out, and then proceeded: 'If my father's life, his health, or any real happineſs 'of his was at ſtake, here ſtands your reſolved daughter, may heaven blaſt me, if there is a miſery I 'would not ſuffer to preſerve you.—No, that moſt 'deteſted, moſt lothſome of all lots would I embrace. I would give my hand to Blifil for your 'ſake.'—'I tell thee, it will preſerve me,' anſwers the father; 'it will give me health, happineſs, life, 'every thing.—Upon my ſoul I ſhall die if doſt refuſe me; I ſhall break my heart, I ſhall, upon my 'ſoul.'—'Is it poſſible,' ſays ſhe, 'you can have 'ſuch a deſire to make me miſerable?' 'I tell thee 'noa,' anſwered he loudly, 'd—n me if there is a 'thing upon earth I would not do to ſee thee happy.' —'And will not my dear papa allow me to have the 'leaſt knowledge of what will make me ſo? If it 'be true that happineſs conſiſts in opinion; what 'muſt be my condition, when I ſhall think myſelf 'the moſt miſerable of all the wretches upon earth?' 'Better think yourſelf ſo,' ſaid he, 'than know it by 'being married to a poor baſtardly vagabond.' 'If 'it will content you, Sir,' ſaid Sophia, 'I will give 'you the moſt ſolemn promiſe never to marry him 'nor any other while my papa lives, without his conſent. Let me dedicate my whole life to your ſervice; 'let me be again your poor Sophy, and my whole 'buſineſs and pleaſure be, as it hath been, to pleaſe 'and divert you.' 'Lookee, Sophy,' anſwered the 'ſquire, 'I am not to be chouſed in this manner. 'Your aunt Weſtern would then have reaſon to think 'me the fool ſhe doth. No, no, Sophy, I'd have you 'to know I have a got more wiſdom, and know 'more of the world than to take the word of a 'woman in a matter where a man is concerned.'

'How, Sir, have I deſerved this want of confi-
'dence?' ſaid ſhe, 'have I ever broke a ſingle pro-
'miſe to you? or have I ever been found guilty of
'a falſehood from my cradle?' Lookee, Sophy,' cries he, 'that's neither here nor there. I am determined
'upon this match, and have him you ſhall, d—n
'me if ſhat unt. D—n me if ſhat unt, though doſt
'hang thyſelf the next morning.' At repeating which words he clinched his fiſt, knit his brows, bit his lips, and thundered ſo loud, that the poor afflicted, terrified Sophia ſunk trembling into her chair, and had not a flood of tears come immedia tely to her relief, pehaps worſe had followed.

Weſtern beheld the deplorable condition of his daughter with no more contrition or remorſe, than the turnkey of Newgate feels at viewing the agonies of a tender wife, when taking her laſt farewel of her condemned huſband; or rather he looked down on her with the ſame emotions which ariſe in an honeſt fair tradeſman, who ſees his debtor dragged to priſon for 10l. which, though a juſt debt, the wretch is wickedly unable to pay. Or, to hit the caſe ſtill more nearly, he felt the ſame compunction with a bawd, when ſome poor innocent whom ſhe hath enſnared into her hands, falls into fits at the firſt propoſal of what is called ſeeing company. Indeed this reſemblance would be exact, was it not that the bawd hath an intereſt in what ſhe doth, and the father, though perhaps he may blindly think otherwiſe, can, in reality, have none in urging his daughter to almoſt an equal proſtitution.

In this condition he left his poor Sophia, and departing with a very vulgar obſervation on the effect of tears, he locked the room, and returned to the parſon, who ſaid every thing he durſt in behalf of the young lady, which, though perhaps it was not quite ſo much as his duty required, yet was it ſufficient to throw the 'ſquire into a violent rage, and into many indecent

indecent reflections on the whole body of the clergy, which we have too great an honour for that ſacred function to commit to paper.

CHAP. III.

What happened to Sophia during her confinement.

THE landlady of the houſe where the 'ſquire lodged had begun very early to entertain a ſtrange opinion of her gueſts. However, as ſhe was informed that the 'ſquire was a man of a vaſt fortune, and as ſhe had taken care to exact a very extraordinary price for her rooms, ſhe did not think proper to give any offence; for though ſhe was not without ſome concern for the confinement of poor Sophia, of whoſe great ſweetneſs of temper and affability the maid of the houſe had made ſo favourable a report, which was confirmed by all the 'ſquire's ſervants, yet ſhe had much more concern for her own intereſt, than to provoke one, whom, as ſhe ſaid, ſhe perceived to be a very haſtiſh kind of a gentleman.

Though Sophia eat but little, yet ſhe was regularly ſerved with her meals; indeed, I believe if ſhe had liked any one rarity, that the 'ſquire, however angry, would have ſpared neither pains nor coſt to have procured it for her; ſince, however ſtrange it may appear to ſome of my readers, he really doated on his daughter, and to give her any kind of pleaſure was the higheſt ſatisfaction of his life.

The dinner hour being arrived, Black George carried her up a pullet, the 'ſquire himſelf (for he had ſworn not to part with the key) attending the door. As George depoſited the diſh, ſome compliments paſſed between him and Sophia (for he had not ſeen her ſince ſhe left the country, and ſhe treated every ſervant with more reſpect than ſome perſons ſhew to thoſe who are in a very ſlight degree their inferiors) Sophia would have had him take the pullet back,

back, ſaying, ſhe could not eat; but George begged her to try, and particularly recommended to her the eggs, of which he ſaid it was full.

All this time the 'ſquire was waiting at the door; but George was a great favourite with his maſter, as his employment was in concerns of the higheſt nature, namely, about the game, and was accuſtomed to take many liberties. He had officiouſly carried up the dinner, being, as he ſaid, very deſirous to ſee his young lady; he made therefore no ſcruple of keeping his maſter ſtanding above ten minutes, while civilities were paſſing between him and Sophia, for which he received only a good-humoured rebuke at the door when he returned.

The eggs of pullets, partridges, pheaſants, *&c.* were, as George well knew, the moſt favourite dainties of Sophia. It was therefore no wonder, that he, who was a very good-natured fellow, ſhould take care to ſupply her with this kind of delicacy, at a time when all the ſervants in the houſe were afraid ſhe would be ſtarved; for ſhe had ſcarce ſwallowed a ſingle morſel in the laſt forty hours.

Though vexation hath not the ſame effect on all perſons, as it uſually hath on a widow, whoſe appetite it often renders ſharper than it can be rendered by the air on Banſted Downs, or Saliſbury Plain; yet the ſublimeſt grief, notwithſtanding what ſome people may ſay to the contrary, will eat at laſt. And Sophia herſelf, after ſome little conſideration, began to diſſect the fowl, which ſhe found to be as full of eggs as George had reported it.

But if ſhe was pleaſed with theſe, it contained ſomething which would have delighted the Royal Society much more; for if a fowl with three legs be ſo invaluable a curioſity, when perhaps time hath produced a thouſand ſuch, at what price ſhall we eſteem a bird which ſo totally contradicts all the laws of animal œconomy, as to contain a letter in its belly? Ovid tells us of a flower into which Hyacinthus

cinthus was metamorphoſed, that bears letters on its leaves, which Virgil recommended as a miracle to the Royal Society of his day; but no age nor nation hath ever recorded a bird with a letter in its maw.

But though a miracle of this kind might have engaged all the *Academies des Sciences* in Europe, and perhaps in a fruitleſs enquiry; yet the reader by barely recollecting the laſt dialogue which paſſed between Meſſieurs Jones and Partridge, will be very eaſily ſatisfied from whence this letter came, and how it found its paſſage into the fowl.

Sophia, notwithſtanding her long faſt, and notwithſtanding her favourite diſh was there before her, no ſooner ſaw the letter than ſhe immediately ſnatched it up, tore it open, and read as follows:

'Madam,

'Was I not ſenſible to whom I have the honour 'of writing, I ſhould endeavour, however difficult, 'to paint the horrors of my mind, at the account 'brought me by Mrs. Honour; but as tenderneſs 'alone can have any true idea of the pangs which 'tenderneſs is capable of feeling; ſo can this moſt 'amiable quality which my Sophia poſſeſſes in the 'moſt eminent degree, ſufficiently inform her what 'her Jones muſt have ſuffered on this melancholy 'occaſion. Is there a circumſtance in the world 'which can heighten my agonies, when I hear of any 'misfortune which hath befallen you? Surely there 'is one only, and with that I am accurſed. It is, 'my Sophia, the dreadful conſideration that I am 'myſelf the wretched cauſe. Perhaps I here do 'myſelf too much honour, but none will envy me 'an honour which coſts me ſo extremely dear. Par-'don me this preſumption, and pardon me a greater 'ſtill, if I aſk you, whether my advice, my aſſiſtance, 'my preſence, my abſence, my death, or my tortures 'can bring you any relief? Can the moſt perfect 'admiration, the moſt watchful obſervance, the moſt

'ardent

'ardent love, the moſt melting tenderneſs, the moſt 'reſigned ſubmiſſion to your will, make you amends 'for what you are to ſacrifice to my happineſs? If 'they can, fly, my lovely angel, to thoſe arms which 'are ever open to receive and protect you; and to 'which, whether you bring yourſelf alone, or the 'riches of the world with you, is, in my opinion, 'an alternative not worth regarding. If, on the 'contrary, wiſdom ſhall predominate, and, on the 'moſt mature reflection, inform you, that the ſa-'crifice is too great; and if there be no way left 'to reconcile your father, and reſtore the peace of 'your dear mind, but by abandoning me, I conjure 'you drive me for ever from your thoughts, exert 'your reſolution, and let no compaſſion for my ſuf-'ferings bear the leaſt weight in that tender boſom. 'Believe me, Madam, I ſo ſincerely love you better 'than myſelf, that my great and principal end is 'your happineſs. My firſt wiſh, (why would not 'fortune indulge me in it?) was, and pardon me if I 'ſay, ſtill is, to ſee you every moment the happieſt 'of women; my ſecond wiſh is, to hear you are ſo; 'but no miſery on earth can equal mine, while I 'think you owe an uneaſy moment to him who is,

'Madam,

'In every ſenſe, and to every purpoſe,

'your devoted,

'THOMAS JONES.'

What Sophia ſaid, or did, or thought upon this letter, how often ſhe read it, or whether more than once, ſhall all be left to our reader's imagination. The anſwer to it he may perhaps ſee hereafter, but not at preſent; for this reaſon, among others, that

ſhe did not now write any, and that for ſeveral good cauſes, one of which was this, ſhe had no paper, pen, nor ink.

In the evening, while Sophia was meditating on the letter ſhe had received, or on ſomething elſe, a violent noiſe from below diſturbed her meditations. This noiſe was no other than a round bout at altercation between two perſons. One of the combatants, by his voice, ſhe immediately diſtinguiſhed to be her father; but ſhe did not ſo ſoon diſcover the ſhriller pipes to belong to the organ of her aunt Weſtern, who was juſt arrived in town, where having, by means of one of her ſervants, who ſtopt at the Hercules Pillars, learnt where her brother lodged, ſhe drove directly to his lodgings.

We ſhall therefore take our leave at preſent of Sophia, and with our uſual good-breeding, attend her ladyſhip.

CHAP. IV.

In which Sophia is delivered from her confinement.

THE 'ſquire and the parſon (for the landlord was now otherwiſe engaged) were ſmoking their pipes together, when the arrival of the lady was firſt ſignified. The 'ſquire no ſooner heard her name, than he immediately ran down to uſher her up ſtairs; for he was a great obſerver of ſuch ceremonials, eſpecially to his ſiſter, of whom he ſtood more in awe than of any other human creature, though he never would own this, nor did he perhaps know it himſelf.

Mrs. Weſtern, on her arrival in the dining-room, having flung herſelf into a chair, began thus to harangue: 'Well, ſurely, no one ever had ſuch an 'intolerable journey. I think the roads, ſince ſo 'many turnpike acts, are grown worſe than ever. 'La, brother, how could you get into this odious

'place? no perſon of condition, I dare ſwear, ever 'ſet foot here before.' 'I don't know,' cries the 'ſquire, 'I think they do well enough; it was land-'lord recommended them. I thought as he knew 'moſt of the quality, he could beſt ſhew me where 'to get among um.' 'Well, and where's my 'niece?' ſays the lady, 'have you been to wait upon 'lady Bellaſton yet?' 'Ay, ay,' cries the 'ſquire, 'your niece is ſafe enough; ſhe is up ſtairs in 'chamber.' 'How!' anſwered the lady, 'is my 'niece in this houſe, and doth ſhe not know of my 'being here?' 'No, no body can well get to her,' ſays the 'ſquire, 'for ſhe is under lock and key. I 'have her ſafe; I vetched her from my lady couſin 'the firſt night I came to town, and I have taken 'care o' her ever ſince; ſhe is as ſecure as a fox in a 'bag, I promiſe you.' 'Good heaven!' returned Mrs. Weſtern, 'what do I hear! I thought what a 'fine piece of work would be the conſequence of 'my conſent to your coming to town yourſelf; 'nay, it was indeed your own headſtrong will, nor 'can I charge myſelf with having ever conſented to 'it. Did not you promiſe me, brother, that you 'would take none of theſe headſtrong meaſures? 'Was it not by theſe headſtrong meaſures that you 'forced my niece to run away from you in the 'country? Have you a mind to oblige her to take 'ſuch another ſtep?' 'Z——ds and the devil!' cries the 'ſquire, daſhing his pipe on the ground, 'did 'ever mortal hear the like? when I expected you 'would have commended me for all I have done, 'to be fallen upon in this manner!' 'How! bro-'ther,' ſaid the lady, 'have I ever given you the 'leaſt reaſon to imagine I ſhould commend you for 'locking up your daughter? Have I not often told 'you, that women in a free country are not to be 'treated with ſuch arbitrary power? We are as free 'as the men, and I heartily wiſh I could not ſay we 'deſerve that freedom better. If you expect I ſhould

'ſtay a moment longer in this wretched houſe, or 'that I ſhould ever own you again as my relation, 'or that I ſhould ever trouble myſelf again with the 'affairs of your family, I inſiſt upon it, that my niece 'be ſet at liberty this inſtant.' This ſhe ſpoke with ſo commanding an air, ſtanding with her back to the fire, with one hand behind her, and a pinch of ſnuff in the other, that I queſtion whether Thaleſtris at the head of her Amazons ever made a more tremendous figure. It is no wonder therefore, that the poor 'ſquire was not proof againſt the awe which ſhe inſpired. 'There,' he cried, throwing down the key, 'there it is, do whatever you pleaſe. I in-'tended only to have kept her up till Blifil came to 'town, which can't be long; and now if any harm 'happens in the mean time, remember who is to be 'blamed for it.'

'I will anſwer it with my life,' cried Mrs. Weſtern, 'but I ſhall not intermeddle at all, unleſs upon one 'condition, and that is, that you will commit the 'whole entirely to my care, without taking any one 'meaſure yourſelf, unleſs I ſhall eventually appoint 'you to act. If you ratify theſe preliminaries, bro-'ther, I yet will endeavour to preſerve the honour 'of your family; if not, I ſhall continue in a neutral 'ſtate.'

'I pray you, good Sir,' ſaid the parſon, 'per-'mit yourſelf this once to be admoniſhed by her 'ladyſhip; peradventure by communing with young 'Madam Sophia, ſhe will effect more than you have 'been able to perpetrate by more rigorous mea-'ſures.'

'What doſt thee open upon me?' cries the 'ſquire, 'If thee doſt begin to babble, I ſhall whip thee in 'preſently.'

'Fie, brother,' anſwered the lady, 'is this 'language to a clergyman? Mr. Supple is a man of 'ſenſe, and gives you the beſt advice; and the 'whole world, I believe, will concur in his opinion;

'but

'but I muſt tell you, I expect an immediate anſwer 'to my categorical propoſals. Either cede your 'daughter to my diſpoſal, or take her wholly to your 'own ſurprizing diſcretion, and then I here, before 'Mr. Supple, evacuate the garriſon, and renounce 'you and your family for ever.'

'I pray you let me be a mediator,' cries the parſon, 'let me ſupplicate you.'

'Why, there lies the key on the table,' cries the 'ſquire. 'She may take un up, if ſhe pleaſes; who 'hinders her?'

'No, brother,' anſwered the lady, 'I inſiſt on 'the formality of its being delivered me, with a full 'ratification of all the conceſſions ſtipulated.'

'Why then I will deliver it to you.—There 'tis,' cries the 'ſquire. 'I am ſure, ſiſter, you can't ac-'cuſe me of ever denying to truſt my daughter to 'you. She hath a lived wi' you a whole year and 'muore to a time, without my ever zeeing her.'

'And it would have been happy for her,' anſwered the lady, 'if ſhe had always lived with me. Nothing 'of this kind would have happened under my 'eye.'

'Ay, certainly,' cries he, 'I only am to blame.'

'Why, you are to blame, brother,' anſwered ſhe. 'I have been often obliged to tell you ſo, and ſhall 'always be obliged to tell you ſo. However, I hope 'you will now amend, and gather ſo much experience 'from paſt errors, as not to defeat my wiſeſt ma-'chinations by your blunders. Indeed, brother, 'you are not qualified for theſe negociations. All 'your whole ſcheme of politics is wrong. I once 'more, therefore, inſiſt, that you do not intermeddle. 'Remember only what is paſt.'——

'Z——ds and bl——d, ſiſter,' cries the 'ſquire, 'What would you have me ſay? You are enough to 'provoke the devil.'

'There now,' ſaid ſhe, 'juſt according to the old 'cuſtom. I ſee, brother, there is no talking to you.

'I will appeal to Mr. Supple, who is a man of ſenſe, 'if I ſaid any thing which could put any human 'creature into a paſſion; but you are ſo wrong-headed 'every way.'

'Let me beg you, Madam,' ſaid the parſon, 'not 'to irritate his worſhip.'

'Irritate him?' ſaid the lady;——'Sure you are 'as great a fool as himſelf. Well, brother, ſince 'you have promiſed not to interfere, I will once 'more undertake the management of my niece. 'Lord have mercy upon all affairs which are under 'the directions of men! The head of one woman 'is worth a thouſand of yours.' And now having ſummoned a ſervant to ſhew her to Sophia, ſhe departed, bearing the key with her.

She was no ſooner gone, than the 'ſquire (having firſt ſhut the door) ejaculated twenty bitches, and as many hearty curſes againſt her, not ſparing himſelf for having ever thought of her eſtate; but added, 'Now one hath been a ſlave ſo long, it would be pity 'to loſe it at laſt, for want of holding out a little 'longer. The bitch can't live for ever, and I know 'I am down for it upon the will.'

The parſon greatly commended this reſolution; and now the 'ſquire having ordered in another bottle, which was his uſual method when any thing either pleaſed or vexed him, did, by drinking plentifully of this medicinal julap, ſo totally waſh away his choler, that his temper was become perfectly placid and ſerene, when Mrs. Weſtern returned with Sophia into the room. The young lady had on her hat and capuchin, and the aunt acquainted Mr. Weſtern, 'that ſhe intended to take her niece with her to her 'own lodgings; for, indeed, brother, ſays ſhe, 'theſe rooms are not fit to receive a chriſtian ſoul 'in.'

'Very well, Madam,' quoth Weſtern, 'whatever you pleaſe. The girl can never be in better 'hands than yours; and the parſon here can do me

'the

'the juſtice to ſay, that I have ſaid fifty times behind 'your back, that you was one of the moſt ſenſible 'women in the world.'

'To this,' cries the parſon, 'I am ready to bear 'teſtimony.'

'Nay, brother,' ſays Mrs. Weſtern, 'I have 'always, I'm ſure, given you as favourable a cha-'racter. You muſt own you have a little too much 'haſtineſs in your temper; but when you will allow 'yourſelf time to reflect, I never knew a man more 'reaſonable.'

'Why then, ſiſter, if you think ſo,' ſaid the 'ſquire, 'here's your good health with all my heart. I am a 'little paſſionate ſometimes, but I ſcorn to bear any 'malice. Sophy, do you be a good girl, and do every 'thing your aunt orders you.'

'I have not the leaſt doubt of her,' anſwered Mrs. Weſtern. 'She hath had already an example 'before her eyes, in the behaviour of that wretch 'her couſin Harriet, who ruined herſelf by ne-'glecting my advice.—O brother, what think you? 'You was hardly gone out of hearing, when you 'ſet out for London, when who ſhould arrive but 'that impudent fellow with the odious Iriſh name—'that Fitzpatrick. He broke in abruptly upon me 'without notice, or I would not have ſeen him. 'He ran on a long, unintelligible ſtory about his 'wife, to which he forced me to give him a hear-'ing; but I made him very little anſwer, and deli-'vered him the letter from his wife, which I bid him 'anſwer himſelf. I ſuppoſe the wretch will endea-'vour to find us out; but I beg you will not ſee her, 'for I am determined I will not.'

'I zee her,' anſwered the 'ſquire; 'you need not 'fear me. I'll ge no encouragement to ſuch un-'dutiful wenches. It is well for the fellow her 'huſband, I was not at huome. Od rabbit it, he 'ſhould have taken a dance thru the horſe-pond, 'I promiſe un. You zee, Sophy, what undutifulneſs

'bring volks to. You have an example in your own 'family.'

'Brother,' cries the aunt, 'you need not ſhock 'my niece by ſuch odious repetitions. Why will 'you not leave every thing entirely to me?' 'Well, 'well; I wull, I wull,' ſaid the 'ſquire.

And now Mrs. Weſtern, luckily for Sophia, put an end to the converſation, by ordering chairs to be called. I ſay luckily; for had it continued much longer, freſh matter or diſſenſion would, moſt probably, have ariſen between the brother and ſiſter; between whom education and ſex made the only difference; for both were equally violent, and equally poſitive; they had both a vaſt affection for Sophia, and both a ſovereign contempt for each other.

CHAP. V.

In which Jones receives a letter from Sophia, and goes to a play with Mrs. Miller and Partridge.

THE arrival of Black George in town, and the good offices which that grateful fellow had promiſed to do for his old benefactor, greatly comforted Jones in the midſt of all the anxiety and uneaſineſs which he had ſuffered on the account of Sophia; from whom, by the means of the ſaid George, he received the following anſwer to his letter, which Sophia, to whom the uſe of pen, ink, and paper was reſtored with her liberty, wrote the very evening when ſhe departed from her confinement:

'SIR,

'As I do not doubt your ſincerity in what you 'write, you will be pleaſed to hear that ſome of my 'afflictions are at an end, by the arrival of my aunt 'Weſtern, with whom I am at preſent, and with 'whom I enjoy all the liberty I can deſire. One

'promiſe

'promiſe my aunt hath inſiſted on my making, which 'is, that I will not ſee or converſe with any perſon 'without her knowledge and conſent. This promiſe 'I have moſt ſolemnly given, and ſhall moſt in-'violably keep: and though ſhe had not expreſsly 'forbidden me writing, yet that muſt be an omiſſion 'from forgetfulneſs; or this, perhaps, is included 'in the word converſing. However, as I cannot 'but conſider this as a breach of her generous con-'fidence in my honour, you cannot expect that I 'ſhall, after this, continue to write myſelf, or to 'receive letters, without her knowledge. A pro-'miſe is with me a very ſacred thing, and to be ex-'tended to every thing underſtood from it, as well 'as to what is expreſſed by it; and this conſide-'ration may perhaps, on reflection, afford you ſome 'comfort. But why ſhould I mention a comfort to 'you of this kind? For though there is one thing 'in which I can never comply with the beſt of fa-'thers, yet am I firmly reſolved never to act in de-'fiance of him, or to take any ſtep of conſequence 'without his conſent. A firm perſuaſion of this, 'muſt teach you to divert your thoughts from what 'fortune hath (perhaps) made impoſſible. This 'your own intereſt perſuades you. This may re-'concile, I hope, Mr. Allworthy to you; and if it 'will, you have my injunctions to purſue it. Ac-'cidents have laid ſome obligations on me, and your 'good intentions probably more. Fortune may, 'perhaps, be ſometimes kinder to us both than at 'preſent. Believe this, that I ſhall always think of 'you as I think you deſerve, and am,

'SIR,

'Your obliged ſervant,

'SOPHIA WESTERN.

'I charge

'I charge you write to me no more——at preſent 'at leaſt; and accept this, which is now of no ſer-'vice to me, which I know you muſt want, and 'think you owe the trifle only to that fortune by 'which you found it *.'

A child who hath juſt learnt his letters, would have ſpelt this letter out in leſs time than Jones took in reading it. The ſenſations it occaſioned were a mixture of joy and grief; ſomewhat like what divide the mind of a good man, when he peruſes the will of his deceaſed friend, in which a large legacy, which his diſtreſſes make the more welcome, is bequeathed to him. Upon the whole, however, he was more pleaſed than diſpleaſed; and indeed the reader may probably wonder that he was diſpleaſed at all; but the reader is not quite ſo much in love as was poor Jones; and love is a diſeaſe, which, though it may in ſome inſtances reſemble a conſumption, (which it ſometimes cauſes) in others proceeds in direct oppoſition to it, and particularly in this, that it never flatters itſelf, or ſees any one ſymptom in a favourable light.

One thing gave him complete ſatisfaction, which was, that his miſtreſs had regained her liberty, and was now with a lady where ſhe might at leaſt aſſure herſelf of a decent treatment. Another comfortable circumſtance, was the reference which ſhe made to her promiſe of never marrying any other man; for however diſintereſted he might imagine his paſſion, and notwithſtanding all the generous overtures made in his letter, I very much queſtion whether he could have heard a more afflicting piece of news, than that Sophia was married to another, though the match had been never ſo great, and never ſo likely to end in making her completely happy. That refined degree of Platonic affection which is abſolutely detached from

* Meaning, perhaps, the Bank-bill for 100l.

the

the fleſh, and is indeed entirely and purely ſpiritual, is a gift confined to the female part of the creation; many of whom I have heard declare, (and doubtleſs with great truth) that they would, with the utmoſt readineſs, reſign a lover to a rival, when ſuch reſignation was proved to be neceſſary for the temporal intereſt of ſuch lover. Hence, therefore, I conclude, that this affection is in nature, though I cannot pretend to ſay, I have ever ſeen an inſtance of it.

Mr. Jones having ſpent three hours in reading and kiſſing the aforeſaid letter, and being, at laſt, in a ſtate of good ſpirits, from the laſt mentioned conſiderations, he agreed to carry an appointment, which he had before made, into execution. This was, to attend Mrs. Miller, and her younger daughter, into the gallery at the playhouſe, and to admit Mr. Partridge as one of the company. For as Jones had really that taſte for humour which many affect, he expected to enjoy much entertainment in the criticiſms of Partridge; from whom he expected the ſimple dictates of nature, unimproved indeed, but likewiſe unadulterated by art.

In the firſt row then of the firſt gallery did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngeſt daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared, it was the fineſt place he had ever been in. When the firſt muſic was played, he ſaid, 'It was a 'wonder how ſo many fiddlers could play at one time, 'without putting one another out.' While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs. Miller, 'Look, look, Madam, the very 'picture of the man in the end of the common-'prayer book, before the gunpowder-treaſon ſer-'vice.' Nor could he help obſerving, with a ſigh, when all the candles were lighted, 'That here were 'candles enough burnt in one night, to keep an 'honeſt poor family for a whole twelvemonth.'

As

As ſoon as the play, which was Hamlet Prince of Denmark, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break ſilence till the entrance of the ghoſt; upon which he aſked Jones, 'What man that was in 'the ſtrange dreſs; ſomething,' ſaid he, 'like what 'I have ſeen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, 'is it?' Jones anſwered, 'That is the ghoſt.' To which Partridge replied with a ſmile, 'Perſuade me 'to that, Sir, if you can. Though I can't ſay I 'ever actually ſaw a ghoſt in my life, yet I am 'certain I ſhould know one, if I ſaw him, better 'than that comes to. No, no, Sir, ghoſts don't ap-'pear in ſuch dreſſes as that, neither.' In this miſtake which cauſed much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was ſuffered to continue, till the ſcene between the ghoſt and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick, which he had denied to Jones, and fell into ſo violent a trembling, that his knees knocked againſt each other. Jones aſked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the ſtage? 'O 'la! Sir,' ſaid he, 'I perceive now it is what you 'told me. I am not afraid of any thing; for I 'know it is but a play. And if it was really a ghoſt, 'it could do one no harm at ſuch a diſtance, and 'in ſo much company; and yet if I was frightened, 'I am not the only perſon.' 'Why, who,' cries Jones, 'doſt thou take to be ſuch a coward here 'beſides thyſelf!' 'Nay, you may call me coward 'if you will; but if that little man there upon the 'ſtage is not frightened, I never ſaw any man 'frightened in my life. Ay, ay; go along with 'you! Ay, to be ſure! Who's fool then? Will 'you? Lud have mercy upon ſuch fool-hardineſs! '—— Whatever happens it is good enough for you. '—— Follow you? I'd follow the devil as ſoon. 'Nay, perhaps, it is the devil —— for they ſay he 'can put on what likeneſs he pleaſes. —— Oh! here 'he is again. —— No farther! No, you have gone

'far

'far enough already; farther than I'd have gone 'for all the king's dominions.' Jones offered to ſpeak, but Partridge cried, 'Huſh, huſh, dear Sir, 'don't you hear him!' And during the whole ſpeech of the ghoſt, he ſat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghoſt, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the ſame paſſions which ſucceeded each other in Hamlet, ſucceeding likewiſe in him.

When the ſcene was over, Jones ſaid, 'Why, 'Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You en- 'joy the play more than I conceived poſſible.' 'Nay, 'Sir,' anſwered Partridge, 'if you are not afraid of 'the devil, I can't help it; but to be ſure it is na- 'tural to be ſurprized at ſuch things, though I know 'there is nothing in them: not that it was the 'ghoſt that ſurprized me neither; for I ſhould have 'known that to have been only a man in a ſtrange dreſs; 'but when I ſaw the little man ſo frightened himſelf, 'it was that which took hold of me.' 'And doſt 'thou imagine then, Partridge,' cries Jones, 'that 'he was really frightened?' 'Nay, Sir,' ſaid Partridge, 'did not you yourſelf obſerve afterwards, 'when he found it was his own father's ſpirit, and 'how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear 'forſook him by degrees, and he was ſtruck dumb 'with ſorrow, as it were, juſt as I ſhould have been, 'had it been my own caſe.—But huſh! O la! what 'noiſe is that? There he is again.——Well, to be 'certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, 'I am glad I am not down yonder, where thoſe men 'are.' Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet, 'Ay, you may draw your ſword; what ſignifies a 'ſword againſt the power of the devil?'

During the ſecond act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineneſs of the dreſſes; nor could he help obſerving upon the king's countenance. 'Well,' ſaid he, 'how people may be 'deceived by faces? *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a 'true ſaying. Who would think, by looking in the 'king's

'king's face, that he had ever committed a murder?' He then enquired after the ghoſt; but Jones, who intended he ſhould be ſurprized, gave him no other ſatisfaction, than 'that he might poſſibly ſee him 'again ſoon, and in a flaſh of fire.'

Partridge ſat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the ghoſt made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, 'There, Sir, now; what ſay 'you now? is he frightened now or no? As much 'frightened as you think me, and, to be ſure, no 'body can help ſome fears, I would not be in ſo bad 'a condition as what's his name, 'ſquire Hamlet, is 'there, for all the world. Bleſs me! what's become 'of the ſpirit? As I am a living ſoul, I thought I 'ſaw him ſink into the earth.' 'Indeed, you ſaw 'right,' anſwered Jones. 'Well, well,' cries Partridge, 'I know it is only a play; and beſides, if 'there was any thing in all this, Madam Miller 'would not laugh ſo; for as to you, Sir, you would 'not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in 'perſon.—There, there—Ay, no wonder you are in 'ſuch a paſſion; ſhake the vile wicked wretch to 'pieces. If ſhe was my own mother I ſhould ſerve 'her ſo. To be ſure, all duty to a mother is for-'feited by ſuch wicked doings.——Ay, go about 'your buſineſs, I hate the ſight of you.'

Our critic was now pretty ſilent till the play, which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at firſt underſtand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no ſooner entered into the ſpirit of it, than he began to bleſs himſelf that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he aſked her, 'If ſhe did not imagine the king looked as if he was 'touched; though he is,' ſaid he, 'a good actor, 'and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not 'have ſo much to anſwer for, as that wicked man 'there hath, to ſit upon a much higher chair than he 'ſits upon.——No wonder he run away; for your 'ſake I'll never truſt an innocent face again.'

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The grave-digging ſcene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expreſſed much ſurprize at the number of ſkulls thrown upon the ſtage. To which Jones anſwered, 'That it was one of the moſt 'famous burial-places about town.' 'No wonder 'then,' cries Partridge, 'that the place is haunted. 'But I never ſaw in my life a worſe grave-digger. 'I had a ſexton when I was clerk, that ſhould have 'dug three graves while he is digging one. The 'fellow handles a ſpade as if it was the firſt time he 'had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may 'ſing. You had rather ſing than work, I believe.' ——Upon Hamlet's taking up the ſkull, he cried out, 'Well! it is ſtrange to ſee how fearleſs ſome men are: 'I never could bring myſelf to touch any thing be-'longing to a dead man on any account. —— He 'ſeemed frightened enough too at the ghoſt I 'thought. *Nemo omnibus horis ſapit.*'

Little more worth remembring occurred during the play; at the end of which Jones aſked him, 'Which of the players he had liked beſt?' To this he anſwered, with ſome appearance of indignation at the queſtion, 'The king without doubt.' 'Indeed, 'Mr. Partridge,' ſays Mrs. Miller, 'you are not of 'the ſame opinion with the town; for they are all 'agreed, that Hamlet is acted by the beſt player 'who ever was on the ſtage.' 'He the beſt player!' cries Partridge, with a contemptuous ſneer, 'Why 'I could act as well as he myſelf. I am ſure if I 'had ſeen a ghoſt, I ſhould have looked in the very 'ſame manner, and done juſt as he did. And then, 'to be ſure, in that ſcene, as you called it, between 'him and his mother, where you told me he acted 'ſo fine, why, Lord help me, any man, that is 'any good man, that had ſuch a mother, would have 'done exactly the ſame. I know you are only joking 'with me; but, indeed, Madam, though I was never 'at a play in London, yet I have ſeen acting before 'in the country; and the king for my money;

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'he

'he ſpeaks all his words diſtinctly, half as loud again 'as the other.—Any body may ſee he is an actor.'

While Mrs. Miller was thus engaged in converſation with Partridge, a lady came up to Mr. Jones, whom he immediately knew to be Mrs. Fitzpatrick. She ſaid, ſhe had ſeen him from the other part of the gallery, and had taken that opportunity of ſpeaking to him, as ſhe had ſomething to ſay, which might be of great ſervice to himſelf. She then acquainted him with her lodgings, and made him an appointment the next day in the morning; which, upon recollection, ſhe preſently changed to the afternoon; at which time Jones promiſed to attend her.

Thus ended the adventure at the playhouſe; where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs. Miller, but to all who ſat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he ſaid, than to any thing that paſſed on the ſtage.

He durſt not go to bed all that night, for fear of the ghoſt; and for many nights after ſweated two or three hours before he went to ſleep with the ſame apprehenſions, and waked ſeveral times in great horrors, crying out, 'Lord have mercy upon us! there 'it is.'

CHAP. VI.

In which the hiſtory is obliged to look back.

IT is almoſt impoſſible for the beſt parent to obſerve an exact impartiality to his children, even though no ſuperior merit ſhould bias his affection; but ſure a parent can hardly be blamed, when that ſuperiority determines his preference.

As I regard all the perſonages of this hiſtory in the light of my children; ſo I muſt confeſs the ſame inclination of partiality to Sophia; and for that I hope the reader will allow me the ſame excuſe from the ſuperiority of her character.

This

This extraordinary tenderneſs which I have for my heroine, never ſuffers me to quit her any long time without the utmoſt reluctance. I could now, therefore, return impatiently to enquire, what hath happened to this lovely creature ſince her departure from her father's, but that I am obliged firſt to pay a ſhort viſit to Mr. Blifil.

Mr. Weſtern, in the firſt confuſion into which his mind was caſt, upon the ſudden news he received of his daughter, and in the firſt hurry to go after her, had not once thought of ſending any account of the diſcovery to Blifil. He had not gone far, however, before he recollected himſelf, and accordingly ſtopt at the very firſt inn he came to, and diſpatched away a meſſenger to acquaint Blifil with his having found Sophia, and with his firm reſolution to marry her to him immediately, if he would come up after him to town.

As the love which Blifil had for Sophia was of that violent kind, which nothing but the loſs of her fortune, or ſome ſuch accident, could leſſen, his inclination to the match was not at all altered by her having run away, though he was obliged to lay this to his own account. He very readily, therefore, embraced this offer. Indeed, he now propoſed the gratification of a very ſtrong paſſion beſides avarice, by marrying this young lady, and this was hatred; for he concluded that matrimony afforded an equal opportunity of ſatisfying either hatred or love; and this opinion is very probably verified by much experience. To ſay the truth, if we are to judge by the ordinary behaviour of married perſons to each other, we ſhall perhaps be apt to conclude, that the generality ſeek the indulgence of the former paſſion only in their union of every thing but of hearts.

There was one difficulty, however, in his way, and this aroſe from Mr. Allworthy. That good man, when he found by the departure of Sophia, (for neither that, nor the cauſe of it, could be con-

ceaſed from him) the great averſion which ſhe had for his nephew, began to be ſeriouſly concerned that he had been deceived into carrying matters ſo far. He by no means concurred with the opinion of thoſe parents, who think it as immaterial to conſult the inclinations of their children in the affair of marriage, as to ſolicit the good pleaſure of their ſervants when they intend to take a journey; and who are, by law or decency at leaſt, with-held often from uſing abſolute force. On the contrary, as he eſteemed the inſtitution to be of the moſt ſacred kind, he thought every preparatory caution neceſſary, to preſerve it holy and inviolate; and very wiſely concluded, that the ſureſt way to effect this, was by laying the foundation in previous affection.

Blifil indeed ſoon cured his uncle of all anger on the ſcore of deceit, by many vows and proteſtations that he had been deceived himſelf, with which the many declarations of Weſtern very well tallied; but now to perſuade Allworthy to conſent to the renewing his addreſſes, was a matter of ſuch apparent difficulty, that the very appearance was ſufficient to have deterred a leſs enterprizing genius; but this young gentleman ſo well knew his own talents, that nothing within the province of cunning ſeemed to him hard to be atchieved.

Here then he repreſented the violence of his own affection, and the hopes of ſubduing averſion in the lady by perſeverance. He begged that, in an affair on which depended all his future repoſe, he might at leaſt be at liberty to try all fair means for ſucceſs. Heaven forbid, he ſaid, that he ſhould ever think of prevailing by any other than the moſt gentle methods! 'Beſides, Sir,' ſaid he, 'if they fail, you may 'then (which will be ſurely time enough) deny 'your conſent.' He urged the great and eager deſire which Mr. Weſtern had for the match; and laſtly, he made great uſe of the name of Jones, to whom he imputed all that had happened; and from whom, he

he ſaid, to preſerve ſo valuable a young lady was even an act of charity.

All theſe arguments were well ſeconded by Thwackum, who dwelt a little ſtronger on the authority of parents than Mr. Blifil himſelf had done. He aſcribed the meaſures which Mr. Blifil was deſirous to take, to chriſtian motives; 'and though,' ſays he, 'the good young gentleman hath mentioned 'charity laſt, I am almoſt convinced, it is his firſt 'and principal conſideration.'

Square, poſſibly, had he been preſent, would have ſung to the ſame tune, though in a different key, and would have diſcovered much moral fitneſs in the proceeding; but he was now gone to Bath for the recovery of his health.

Allworthy, though not without reluctance, at laſt yielded to the deſires of his nephew. He ſaid, he would accompany him to London, where he might be at liberty to uſe every honeſt endeavour to gain the lady: 'But I declare,' ſaid he, 'I will never 'give my conſent to any abſolute force being put 'on her inclinations, nor ſhall you ever have her, 'unleſs ſhe can be brought freely to compliance.'

Thus did the affection of Allworthy for his nephew betray the ſuperior underſtanding to be triumphed over by the inferior; and thus is the prudence of the beſt of heads often defeated, by the tenderneſs of the beſt of hearts.

Blifil having obtained this unhoped for acquieſcence in his uncle, reſted not till he carried his purpoſe into execution. And as no immediate buſineſs required Mr. Allworthy's preſence in the country, and little preparation is neceſſary to men for a journey, they ſet out the very next day, and arrived in town that evening, when Mr. Jones, as we have ſeen, was diverting himſelf with Partridge, at the play.

The morning after his arrival, Mr. Blifil waited on Mr. Weſtern, by whom he was moſt kindly and graciouſly received, and from whom he had every poſſible

aſſurance (perhaps more than was poſſible) that he ſhould very ſhortly be as happy as Sophia could make him; nor would the 'ſquire ſuffer the young gentleman to return to his uncle, till he had, almoſt againſt his will, carried him to his ſiſter.

CHAP. VII.

In which Mr. Weſtern pays a viſit to his ſiſter, in company with Mr. Blifil.

MRS. Weſtern was reading a lecture on prudence, and matrimonial politics, to her niece, when her brother and Blifil broke in with leſs ceremony than the laws of viſiting require. Sophia no ſooner ſaw Blifil, than ſhe turned pale, and almoſt loſt the uſe of all her faculties; but her aunt, on the contrary, waxed red, and having all her faculties at command, began to exert her tongue on the 'ſquire.

'Brother,' ſaid ſhe, 'I am aſtoniſhed at your 'behaviour, will you never learn any regard to de-'corum? Will you ſtill look upon every apartment 'as your own, or as belonging to one of your coun-'try tenants? Do you think yourſelf at liberty to 'invade the privacies of women of condition, without 'the leaſt decency or notice?——'Why, what a 'pox! is the matter now?' quoth the 'ſquire, 'one 'would think I had caught you at'—'None of your 'brutality, Sir, I beſeech you,' anſwered ſhe.—— 'You have ſurprized my poor niece ſo, that ſhe 'can hardly, I ſee, ſupport herſelf.——Go, my 'dear, retire, and endeavour to recruit your ſpirits; 'for I ſee you have occaſion.' At which words, Sophia, who never received a more welcome command, haſtily withdrew.

'To be ſure, ſiſter,' cries the 'ſquire, 'you are 'mad, when I have brought Mr. Blifil here to court 'her, to force her away.'

'Sure,

'Sure, brother,' ſays ſhe, 'you are worſe than 'mad, when you know in what ſituation affairs are, 'to——I am ſure, I aſk Mr. Blifil pardon, but 'he knows very well to whom to impute ſo diſ-'agreeable a reception. For my own part, I am 'ſure, I ſhall always be very glad to ſee Mr. Blifil; 'but his own good ſenſe would not have ſuffered 'him to proceed ſo abruptly, had you not com-'pelled him to it.'

Blifil bowed and ſtammered, and looked like a fool; but Weſtern, without giving him time to form a ſpeech for the purpoſe, anſwered, 'Well, well, I 'am to blame if you will, I always am, certainly; 'but come, let the girl be fetched back again, or 'let Mr. Blifil go to her——He's come up on pur-'poſe, and there is no time to be loſt.'

'Brother,' cries Mrs. Weſtern, 'Mr. Blifil, I am 'confident, underſtands himſelf better than to think 'of ſeeing my niece any more this morning after 'what hath happened Women are of a nice con-'texture; and our ſpirits when diſordered, are not 'to be recompoſed in a moment. Had you ſuffered 'Mr. Blifil to have ſent his compliments to my niece, 'and to have deſired the favour of waiting on her 'in the afternoon, I ſhould poſſibly have prevailed 'on her to have ſeen him; but now I deſpair of 'bringing about any ſuch matter.'

'I am very ſorry, Madam,' cried Blifil, 'that 'Mr. Weſtern's extraordinary kindneſs to me, which 'I can never enough acknowledge, ſhould have oc-'caſioned——'Indeed, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, interrupting him, 'you need make no apologies, we all know my 'brother ſo well.'

'I don't care what any body knows of me,' an-ſwered the 'ſquire,——'but when muſt he come to 'ſee her? for conſider, I tell you, he is come up 'on purpoſe, and ſo is Allworthy.' 'Brother,' ſaid ſhe, 'whatever meſſage Mr. Blifil thinks proper 'to ſend to my niece, ſhall be delivered to her; and

'I ſuppoſe, ſhe will want no inſtructions to make a 'proper anſwer. I am convinced ſhe will not refuſe 'to ſee Mr. Blifil at a proper time.'——'The devil 'ſhe won't,' anſwered the 'ſquire.—'Odſbub!—Don't 'we know,—I ſay nothing, but ſome volk are wiſer 'than all the world.——If I might have had my 'will, ſhe had not run away before: and now I 'expect to hear every moment ſhe is guone again. 'For as great a fool as ſome volk think me, I know 'very well ſhe hates'——'No matter, brother,' replied Mrs. Weſtern, 'I will not hear my niece 'abuſed. It is a reflection on my family. She is 'an honour to it; and ſhe will be an honour to it, 'I promiſe you. I will pawn my whole reputation 'in the world on her conduct.——I ſhall be glad to 'ſee you, brother, in the afternoon; for I have 'ſomewhat of importance to mention to you.—— 'At preſent Mr. Blifil, as well as you, muſt excuſe 'me; for I am in haſte to dreſs.'—'Well but,' ſaid the 'ſquire, 'do appoint a time.'——'Indeed,' ſaid ſhe, 'I can appoint no time.——I tell you, I will ſee 'you in the afternoon.'——'What the devil would 'you have me do?' cries the 'ſquire, turning to Blifil, 'I can no more turn her, than a beagle can 'turn an old hare. Perhaps, ſhe will be in a better 'humour in the afternoon.'—'I am condemned, I 'ſee, Sir, to misfortune,' anſwered Blifil, 'but I 'ſhall always own my obligations to you.'——He then took a ceremonious leave of Mrs. Weſtern, who was altogether as ceremonious on her part; and then they departed, the 'ſquire muttering to himſelf with an oath, that Blifil ſhould ſee his daughter in the afternoon.

If Mr. Weſtern was little pleaſed with this interview, Blifil was leſs. As to the former, he imputed the whole behaviour of his ſiſter to her humour only, and to her diſſatisfaction at the omiſſion of ceremony in the viſit; but Blifil ſaw a little deeper into things. He ſuſpected ſomewhat of more conſequence,

ſequence, from two or three words which dropt from the lady; and, to ſay the truth, he ſuſpected right, as will appear when I have unfolded the ſeveral matters which will be contained in the following chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

Schemes of lady Bellaſton for the ruin of Jones.

LOVE had taken too deep a root in the mind of lord Fellamar to be plucked up by the rude hands of Mr. Weſtern. In the heat of reſentment he had indeed given a commiſſion to captain Egglane, which the captain had far exceeded in the execution; nor had it been executed at all, had his lordſhip been able to find the captain after he had ſeen lady Bellaſton, which was in the afternoon of the day after he had received the affront; but ſo induſtrious was the captain in the diſcharge of his duty, that having after long enquiry found out the 'ſquire's lodgings very late in the evening, he ſat up all night at a tavern, that he might not miſs the 'ſquire in the morning, and by that means miſſed the revocation which my lord had ſent to his lodgings.

In the afternoon then next after the intended rape of Sophia, his lordſhip, as we have ſaid, made a viſit to lady Bellaſton, who laid open ſo much of the character of the 'ſquire, that his lordſhip plainly ſaw the abſurdity he had been guilty of in taking any offence at his words, eſpecially as he had thoſe honourable deſigns on his daughter. He then unboſomed the violence of his paſſion to lady Bellaſton, who readily undertook the cauſe, and encouraged him with certain aſſurance of a moſt favourable reception from all the elders of the family, and from the father himſelf when he ſhould be ſober, and ſhould be made acquainted with the nature of the offer made to his daughter. The only danger, ſhe ſaid, lay in the

fellow ſhe had formerly mentioned, who, though a beggar and a vagabond, had by ſome means or other, ſhe knew not what, procured himſelf tolerable clothes, and paſt for a gentleman. 'Now,' ſays ſhe, 'as I 'have, for the ſake of my couſin, made it my buſi-'neſs to enquire after this fellow, I have luckily 'found out his lodgings;' with which ſhe then acquainted his lordſhip. 'I am thinking, my lord,' added ſhe, '(for this fellow is too mean for your 'perſonal reſentment) whether it would not be poſſi-'ble for your lordſhip to contrive ſome method of 'having him preſſed and ſent on board a ſhip. 'Neither law nor conſcience forbid this project: 'for the fellow, I promiſe you, however well dreſt, 'is but a vagabond, and as proper as any fellow in 'the ſtreets to be preſſed into the ſervice; and as 'for the conſcientious part, ſurely the preſervation 'of a young lady from ſuch ruin is a moſt me-'ritorious act; nay, with regard to the fellow 'himſelf, unleſs he could ſucceed (which heaven 'forbid) with my couſin, it may probably be the 'means of preſerving him from the gallows, and 'perhaps may make his fortune in an honeſt way.'

Lord Fellamar very heartily thanked her ladyſhip, for the part which ſhe was pleaſed to take in the affair, upon the ſucceſs of which his whole future happineſs entirely depended. He ſaid, he ſaw at preſent no objection to the preſſing ſcheme, and would conſider of putting it in execution. He then moſt earneſtly recommended to her ladyſhip, to do him the honour of immediately mentioning his propoſals to the family; to whom, he ſaid, he offered a *Carte Blanche*, and would ſettle his fortune in almoſt any manner they ſhould require. And after uttering many ecſtacies and raptures concerning Sophia, he took his leave and departed, but not before he had received the ſtrongeſt charge to beware of Jones, and to loſe no time in ſecuring his perſon where he

ſhould

ſhould no longer be in a capacity of making any attempts to the ruin of the young lady.

The moment Mrs. Weſtern was arrived at her lodgings, a card was diſpached with her compliments to lady Bellaſton; who no ſooner received it, than with the impatience of a lover, ſhe flew to her couſin, rejoiced at this fair opportunity, which beyond her hopes offered itſelf: for ſhe was much better pleaſed with the proſpect of making the propoſals to a woman of ſenſe, and who knew the world, than to a gentleman whom ſhe honoured with the appellation of Hottentot; though indeed from him ſhe apprehended no danger of a refuſal.

The two ladies being met, after very ſhort previous ceremonials, fell to buſineſs, which was indeed almoſt as ſoon concluded as begun; for Mrs. Weſtern no ſooner heard the name of lord Fellamar than her cheeks glowed with pleaſure; but when ſhe was acquainted with the eagerneſs of his paſſion, the earneſtneſs of his propoſals, and the generoſity of his offer, ſhe declared her full ſatisfaction in the moſt explicit terms.

In the progreſs of their converſation, their diſcourſe turned to Jones, and both couſins very pathetically lamented the unfortunate attachment which both agreed Sophia had to that young fellow; and Mrs. Weſtern entirely attributed it to the folly of her brother's management. She concluded however at laſt, with declaring her confidence in the good underſtanding of her niece, who, though ſhe would not give up her affection in favour of Blifil, will, I doubt not, ſays ſhe, ſoon be prevailed upon to ſacrifice a ſimple inclination to the addreſſes of a fine gentleman, who brings her both a title and a large eſtate: 'For, indeed,' added ſhe, 'I muſt do 'Sophy the juſtice to confeſs, this Blifil is but a 'hideous kind of fellow, as you know, Bellaſton, 'all country gentlemen are, and hath nothing but 'his fortune to recommend him.'

'Nay,

'Nay,' ſaid lady Bellaſton, 'I don't then ſo much 'wonder at my couſin; for I promiſe you, this Jones 'is a very agreeable fellow, and hath one virtue, 'which the men ſay is a great recommendation to 'us. What do you think, Mrs. Weſtern——I ſhall 'certainly make you laugh; nay, I can hardly tell 'you myſelf for laughing——Will you believe that 'the fellow hath had the aſſurance to make love to 'me? But if you ſhould be inclined to diſbelieve 'it, here is evidence enough, his own hand-writing, 'I aſſure you.' She then delivered her couſin the letter with the propoſals of marriage, which, if the reader hath a deſire to ſee, he will find already on record in the XVth book of this hiſtory.

'Upon my word, I am aſtoniſhed,' ſaid Mrs. 'Weſtern, 'this is indeed a maſter-piece of aſſu-'rance. With your leave, I may poſſibly make 'ſome uſe of this letter.' 'You have my full liber-'ty,' cries lady Bellaſton, 'to apply it to what 'purpoſe you pleaſe. However, I would not have 'it ſhewn to any but Miſs Weſtern, nor to her un-'leſs you find occaſion.' 'Well, and how did 'you uſe the fellow?' returned Mrs. Weſtern. 'Not 'as a huſband,' ſaid the lady, 'I am not married, I 'promiſe you, my dear. You know, Mrs. Weſtern, 'I have tried the comforts once already; and once 'I think is enough for any reaſonable woman.'

This letter lady Bellaſton thought would certainly turn the balance againſt Jones in the mind of Sophia, and ſhe was emboldened to give it up, partly by her hopes of having him inſtantly diſpatched out of the way, and partly by having ſecured the evidence of Honour, who, upon ſounding her, ſhe ſaw ſufficient reaſon to imagine, was prepared to teſtify whatever ſhe pleaſed.

But perhaps the reader may wonder why lady Bellaſton, who in her heart hated Sophia, ſhould be ſo deſirous of promoting a match, which was ſo much to the intereſt of the young lady. Now, I would deſire

ſuch

ſuch readers to look carefully into human nature, page almoſt the laſt, and there he will find in ſcarce legible characters, that women, notwithſtanding the prepoſterous behaviour of mothers, aunts, &c. in matrimonal matters, do in reality think it ſo great a misfortune to have their inclinations in love thwarted, that they imagine, they ought never to carry enmity higher than upon theſe diſappointments; again, he will find it written much about the ſame place, that a woman who hath once been pleaſed with the poſſeſſion of a man, will go above half way to the devil, to prevent any other woman from enjoying the ſame.

If he will not be contented with theſe reaſons, I freely confeſs I ſee no other motive to the actions of that lady, unleſs we will conceive ſhe was bribed by lord Fellamar, which for my own part I ſee no cauſe to ſuſpect.

Now this was the affair which Mrs. Weſtern was preparing to introduce to Sophia, by ſome prefatory diſcourſe on the folly of love, and on the wiſdom of legal proſtitution for hire, when her brother and Blifil broke abruptly in upon her; and hence aroſe all that coldneſs in her behaviour to Blifil, which, though the 'ſquire, as was uſual with him, imputed to a wrong cauſe, infuſed into Blifil himſelf (he being a much more cunning man) a ſuſpicion of the real truth.

CHAP. IX.

In which Jones pays a viſit to Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

THE reader may now perhaps be pleaſed to return with us to Mr. Jones, who at the appointed hour attended on Mrs. Fitzpatrick; but before we relate the converſation which now paſt, it may be proper, according to our method, to return a little back, and to account for ſo great an alteration of behaviour in this lady, that from changing

ing her lodging principally to avoid Mr. Jones, ſhe had now induſtriouſly, as hath been ſeen, ſought this interview.

And here we ſhall need only to reſort to what happened the preceding day, when hearing from lad Bellaſton, that Mr. Weſtern was arrived in town, ſhe went to pay her duty to him, at his lodgings at Piccadilly, where ſhe was received with many ſcurvy compellations too coarſe to be repeated, and was even threatened to be kicked out of doors. From hence an old ſervant of her aunt Weſtern, with whom ſhe was well acquainted, conducted her to the lodgings of that lady, who treated her not more kindly, but more politely; or, to ſay the truth, with rudeneſs in another way. In ſhort, ſhe returned from both, plainly convinced not only that her ſcheme of reconciliation had proved abortive, but that ſhe muſt for ever give over all thoughts of bringing it about by any means whatever. From this moment deſire of revenge only filled her mind; and in this temper meeting Jones at the play, an opportunity ſeemed to her to occur of effecting this purpoſe.

The reader muſt remember, that he was acquainted by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in the account ſhe gave of her own ſtory, with the fondneſs Mrs. Weſtern had formerly ſhewn for Mr. Fitzpatrick at Bath, from the diſappointment of which, Mrs. Fitzpatrick derived the great bitterneſs her aunt had expreſſed toward her. She had therefore no doubt but that the good lady would as eaſily liſten to the addreſſes of Mr. Jones, as ſhe had before done to the other; for the ſuperiority of charms was clearly on the ſide of Mr. Jones; and the advance which her aunt had ſince made in age, ſhe concluded, (how juſtly I will not ſay) was an argument rather in favour of her project than againſt it.

Therefore, when Jones attended, after a previous declaration of her deſire of ſerving him, ariſing, as ſhe ſaid, from a firm aſſurance how much ſhe ſhould by

by ſo doing oblige Sophia; and after ſome excuſes for her former diſappointment, and after acquainting Mr. Jones in whoſe cuſtody his miſtreſs was, of which ſhe thought him ignorant; ſhe very explicitly mentioned her ſcheme to him, and adviſed him to make ſham addreſſes to the older lady, in order to procure an eaſy acceſs to the younger, informing him at the ſame time of the ſucceſs which Mr. Fitzpatrick had formerly owed to the very ſame ſtratagem.

Mr. Jones expreſſed great gratitude to the lady for the kind intentions towards him which ſhe had expreſſed, and indeed teſtified, by this propoſal; but beſides intimating ſome diffidence of ſucceſs from the lady's knowledge of his love to her niece, which had not been her caſe in regard to Mr. Fitzpatrick, he ſaid, he was afraid Miſs Weſtern would never agree to an impoſition of this kind, as well from her utter deteſtation of all fallacy, as from her avowed duty to her aunt.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick was a little nettled at this; and indeed, if it may not be called a lapſe of the tongue, it was a ſmall deviation from politeneſs in Jones, and into which he ſcarce would have fallen, had not the delight he felt in praiſing Sophia, hurried him out of all reflection; for this commendation of one couſin was more than a tacit rebuke on the other.

'Indeed, Sir,' anſwered the lady, with ſome warmth, 'I cannot think there is any thing eaſier 'than to cheat an old woman with a profeſſion of 'love, when her complexion is amorous; and 'though ſhe is my aunt, I muſt ſay there never 'was a more liquoriſh one than her ladyſhip. Can't 'you pretend that the deſpair of poſſeſſing her 'niece, from her being promiſed to Blifil, has made 'you turn your thoughts towards her? As to my 'couſin Sophia, I can't imagine her to be ſuch a 'ſimpleton as to have the leaſt ſcruple on ſuch an 'account, or to conceive any harm in puniſhing one 'of theſe haggs for the many miſchiefs they bring

'upon

'upon familes, by their tragi-comic paſſions; for 'which I think it is pity they are not puniſhable by 'law. I had no ſuch ſcruple myſelf; and yet I hope 'my couſin Sophia will not think it an affront when 'I ſay ſhe cannot deteſt every real ſpecies of falſehood 'more than her couſin Fitzpatrick. To my aunt 'indeed I pretend no duty, nor doth ſhe deſerve any. 'However, Sir, I have given you my advice, and if 'you decline purſuing it, I ſhall have the leſs opinion 'of your underſtanding,—that's all.'

Jones now clearly ſaw the error he had committed, and exerted his utmoſt power to rectify it; but he only faultered and ſtuttered into nonſenſe and contradiction. To ſay the truth, it is often ſafer to abide by the conſequences of the firſt blunder, than to endeavour to rectify it; for by ſuch endeavours, we generally plunge deeper inſtead of extricating ourſelves; and few perſons will on ſuch occaſions have the good nature, which Mrs. Fitzpatrick diſplayed to Jones, by ſaying, with a ſmile, 'You need at-'tempt no more excuſes; for I can eaſily forgive a 'real lover, whatever is the effect of fondneſs for his 'miſtreſs.'

She then renewed her propoſal, and very fervently recommended it, omitting no argument which her invention could ſuggeſt on the ſubject; for ſhe was ſo violently incenſed againſt her aunt, that ſcarce any thing was capable of affording her equal pleaſure with expoſing her; and like a true woman, ſhe would ſee no difficulties in the execution of a favourite ſcheme.

Jones however perſiſted in declining the undertaking, which had not indeed the leaſt probability of ſucceſs. He eaſily perceived the motives which induced Mrs. Fitzpatrick to be ſo eager in preſſing her advice. He ſaid, he would not deny the tender and paſſionate regard he had for Sophia; but was ſo conſcious of the inequality of their ſituations, that he could never flatter himſelf ſo far as to hope that ſo

divine

divine a young lady would condeſcend to think on ſo unworthy a man; nay he proteſted, he could ſcarce bring himſelf to wiſh ſhe ſhould. He concluded with a profeſſion of generous ſentiments, which we have not at preſent leiſure to inſert.

There are ſome fine women (for I dare not here ſpeak in too general terms) with whom ſelf is ſo predominant, that they never detach it from any ſubject; and as vanity is with them a ruling principle, they are apt to lay hold of whatever praiſe they meet with; and, though the property of others, convey it to their own uſe. In the company of theſe ladies it is impoſſible to ſay any thing handſome of another woman, which they will not apply to themſelves; nay, they often improve the praiſe they ſeize; as for inſtance, if her beauty, her wit, her gentility, her good-humour deſerve ſo much commendation, what do I deſerve who poſſeſs thoſe qualities in ſo much more eminent a degree?

To theſe ladies a man often recommends himſelf while he is commending another woman; and while he is expreſſing ardour and generous ſentiments for his miſtreſs, they are conſidering what a charming lover this man would make to them, who can feel all this tenderneſs for an inferior degree of merit. Of this, ſtrange as it may ſeem, I have ſeen many inſtances beſides Mrs. Fitzpatrick, to whom all this really happened, and who now began to feel a ſomewhat for Mr. Jones, the ſymptoms of which ſhe much ſooner underſtood than poor Sophia had formerly done.

To ſay the truth, perfect beauty in both ſexes is a more irreſiſtible object than it is generally thought; for notwithſtanding ſome of us are contented with more homely lots, and learn by rote (as children are to repeat what gives them no idea) to deſpiſe outſide, and to value more ſolid charms; yet I have always obſerved at the approach of conſummate beauty, that theſe more ſolid charms only ſhine with that

kind

kind of luſtre which the ſtars have after the riſing of the ſun.

When Jones had finiſhed his exclamations, many of which would have become the mouth of Oröondates himſelf, Mrs. Fitzpatrick heaved a deep ſigh, and taking her eyes off from Jones, on whom they had been ſome time fixed, and dropping them on the ground, ſhe cried, 'Indeed, Mr. Jones, I pity you; 'but it is the curſe of ſuch tenderneſs to be thrown 'away on thoſe who are inſenſible of it. I know 'my couſin better than you, Mr. Jones, and I muſt 'ſay, any woman who makes no return to ſuch a 'paſſion, and ſuch a perſon, is unworthy of both.'

'Sure, Madam,' ſaid Jones, 'you can't mean.'

'—— Mean!' cries Mrs. Fitzpatrick, 'I know not 'what I mean; there is ſomething, I think, in true 'tenderneſs betwitching; few women ever meet with 'it in men, and fewer ſtill know how to value it 'when they do. I never heard ſuch truly noble 'ſentiments, and I can't tell how it is, but you force 'one to believe you. Sure ſhe muſt be the moſt 'contemptible of women who can overlook ſuch 'merit.'

The manner and look with which all this was ſpoke, infuſed a ſuſpicion into Jones, which we don't care to convey in direct words to the reader. Inſtead of making any anſwer, he ſaid, 'I am afraid, Ma-'dam, I have made too tireſome a viſit, and offered 'to take his leave.'

'Not at all, Sir,' anſwered Mrs. Fitzpatrick, '—— Indeed I pity you, Mr. Jones; indeed I do: 'but if you are going, conſider of the ſcheme I have 'mentioned. I am convinced you will approve it, 'and let me ſee you again as ſoon as you can.—— 'To-morrow morning if you will, or at leaſt ſome 'time to-morrow. I ſhall be at home all day.'

Jones then, after many expreſſions of thanks, very reſpectfully retired; nor could Mrs. Fitzpatrick forbear making him a preſent of a look at parting, by which

which if he had underſtood nothing, he muſt have had no underſtanding in the language of the eyes. In reality, it confirmed his reſolution of returning to her no more; for faulty as he hath hitherto appeared in this hiſtory, his whole thoughts were now ſo confined to his Sophia, that I believe no woman upon earth could have now drawn him into an act of inconſtancy.

Fortune however, who was not his friend, reſolved, as he intended to give her no ſecond opportunity, to make the beſt of this; and accordingly produced the tragical incident which we are now in ſorrowful notes to record.

CHAP. X.

The conſequence of the preceding viſit.

MR. Fitzpatrick having received the letter before-mentioned, from Mrs. Weſtern, and being by that means acquainted with the place to which his wife was retired, returned directly to Bath, and thence the day after ſet forward to London.

The reader hath been already often informed of the jealous temper of this gentleman. He may likewiſe be pleaſed to remember the ſuſpicion which he had conceived of Jones at Upton, upon his finding him in the room with Mrs. Waters; and though ſufficient reaſons had afterwards appeared entirely to clear up that ſuſpicion, yet now the reading ſo handſome a character of Mr. Jones from his wife, cauſed him to reflect, that ſhe likewiſe was in the inn at the ſame time, and jumbled together ſuch a confuſion of circumſtances in a head which was naturally none of the cleareſt, that the whole produced that green-eyed monſter mentioned by Shakeſpeare in his tragedy of Othello.

And now as he was enquiring in the ſtreet after his wife, and had juſt received directions to the door, unfortunately Mr. Jones was iſſuing from it.

Fitzpatrick did not yet recollect the face of Jones; however, ſeeing a young well-dreſſed fellow coming from his wife, he made directly up to him, and aſked him what he had been doing in that houſe: 'for I 'am ſure,' ſaid he, 'you muſt have been in it, as I 'ſaw you come out of it.'

Jones anſwered very modeſtly, 'That he had been 'viſiting a lady there.' To which Fitzpatrick replied, 'What buſineſs have you with the lady?' Upon which Jones, who now perfectly remembered the voice, features, and indeed coat, of the gentleman, cried out.——'Ha, my good friend! give me your 'hand; I hope there is no ill blood remaining be-'tween us, upon a ſmall miſtake which happened ſo 'long ago.'

'Upon my ſoul, Sir,' ſaid Fitzpatrick, 'I don't 'know your name, nor your face.' 'Indeed, Sir,' ſaid Jones, 'neither have I the pleaſure of knowing 'your name, but your face I very well remember 'to have ſeen before, at Upton, where a fooliſh 'quarrel happened between us, which, if it is not 'made up yet, we will now make up over a 'bottle.'

'At Upton!' cried the other.—'Ha! upon my 'ſoul, I believe your name is Jones.' 'Indeed,' anſwered he, 'it is.'—'O! upon my ſoul,' cries Fitzpatrick, 'you are the very man I wanted to 'meet.—Upon my ſoul I will drink a bottle with 'you preſently; but firſt I will give you a great 'knock over the pate. There is for you, you 'raſcal. Upon my ſoul, if you do not give me 'ſatisfaction for that blow, I will give you another.' And then drawing his ſword put himſelf in a poſture of defence, which was the only ſcience he under-ſtood.

Jones was a little ſtaggered by the blow which came ſomewhat unexpectedly; but preſently recovering himſelf he alſo drew, and though he underſtood nothing of fencing, preſt on ſo boldly upon Fitzpatrick, that he beat down his guard, and ſheathed one half of his ſword in the body of the ſaid gentleman, who had no ſooner received it, than he ſtept backwards, dropt the point of his ſword, and leaning upon it, cried, 'I have ſatisfaction enough: I 'am a dead man.'

'I hope not,' cries Jones, 'but whatever be the 'conſequence, you muſt be ſenſible you have drawn 'it upon yourſelf.' At this inſtant a number of fellows ruſhed in and ſeized Jones, who told them, he ſhould make no reſiſtance, and begged ſome of them at leaſt would take care of the wounded gentleman.

'Ay,' cries one of the fellows, 'the wounded 'gentleman will be taken care enough of; for I 'ſuppoſe he hath not many hours to live. As for 'you, Sir, you have a month at leaſt good yet.' 'D—n me Jack,' ſaid another, 'he hath prevented 'his voyage; he's bound to another port now;' and many other ſuch jeſts was our poor Jones made the ſubject of, by theſe fellows, who were indeed the gang employed by lord Fellamar, and had dogged him into the houſe of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, waiting for him at the corner of the ſtreet when this unfortunate accident happened.

The officer who commanded this gang very wiſely concluded, that his buſineſs was now to deliver his priſoner into the hands of the civil magiſtrate. He ordered him therefore to be carried to a public houſe, where having ſent for a conſtable, he delivered him to his cuſtody.

The conſtable ſeeing Mr. Jones very well dreſt, and hearing that the accident had happened in a duel, treated his priſoner with great civility, and, at his requeſt, diſpatched a meſſenger to enquire after the

wounded gentleman, who was now at a tavern under the ſurgeon's hands. The report brought back was, that the wound was certainly mortal, and there were no hopes of life. Upon which the conſtable informed Jones, that he muſt go before a juſtice. He anſwered, 'Wherever you pleaſe: I am indifferent as 'to what happens to me; for though I am con-'vinced I am not guilty of murder in the eye of the 'law, yet the weight of blood I find intolerable upon 'my mind.'

Jones was now conducted before the juſtice, where the ſurgeon who dreſſed Mr. Fitzpatrick appeared, and depoſed, that he believed the wound to be mortal; upon which the priſoner was committed to the Gatehouſe. It was very late at night, ſo that Jones would not ſend for Partridge till the next morning; and as he never ſhut his eyes till ſeven, ſo it was near twelve before the poor fellow, who was greatly frightened at not hearing from his maſter ſo long, received a meſſage which almoſt deprived him of his being, when he heard it.

He went to the Gatehouſe with trembling knees and a beating heart, and was no ſooner arrived in the preſence of Jones, than he lamented the misfortune that had befallen him, with many tears, looking all the while frequently about him in great terror; for as the news now arrived that Mr. Fitzpatrick was dead, the poor fellow apprehended every minute that his ghoſt would enter the room. At laſt, he delivered him a letter, which he had like to have forgot, and which came from Sophia by the hands of Black George.

Jones preſently diſpatched every one out of the room, and having eagerly broke open the letter, read as follows:

'You owe the hearing from me again to an ac-'cident which I own ſurprizes me. My aunt hath 'juſt now ſhewn me a letter from you to lady Bel-'laſton,

'laſton, which contains a propoſal of marriage. I 'am convinced it is your own hand; and what more 'ſurprizes me, is, that it is dated at the very time 'when you would have me imagine you was under 'ſuch concern on my account.——I leave you to 'comment on this fact. All I deſire is, that your 'name may never more be mentioned to

'S. W.'

Of the preſent ſituation of Mr. Jones's mind, and of the pangs with which he was now tormented, we cannot give the reader a better idea, than by ſaying, his miſery was ſuch, that even Thwackum would almoſt have pitied him. But bad as it is, we ſhall at preſent leave him in it, as his good genius (if he really had any) ſeems to have done. And here we put an end to the ſixteenth book of our hiſtory.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XVII.

Containing three days.

CHAP. I.

Containing a portion of introductory writing.

WHEN a comic writer hath made his principal characters as happy as he can; or when a tragic writer hath brought them to the higheſt pitch of human miſery, they both conclude their buſineſs to be done, and that their work is come to a period.

Had we been of the tragic complexion, the reader muſt now allow we were very nearly arrived at this period, ſince it would be difficult for the devil, or any of his repreſentatives on earth, to have contrived much greater torments for poor Jones, than thoſe in which we left him in the laſt chapter; and as for Sophia, a good-natured woman would hardly wiſh more uneaſineſs to a rival, than what ſhe muſt at preſent

preſent be ſuppoſed to feel. What then remains to complete the tragedy but a murder or two, and a few moral ſentences.

But to bring our favourites out of their preſent anguiſh and diſtreſs, and to land them at laſt on the ſhore of happineſs, ſeems a much harder taſk; a taſk indeed ſo hard, that we do not undertake to execute it. In regard to Sophia, it is more than probable, that we ſhall ſomewhere or other provide a good huſband for her in the end, either Blifil, or my lord, or ſomebody elſe; but as to poor Jones, ſuch are the calamities in which he is at preſent involved, owing to his imprudence, by which if a man doth not become felon to the word, he is at leaſt a *Felo de ſe*; ſo deſtitute is he now of friends, and ſo perſecuted by enemies, that we almoſt deſpair of bringing him to any good; and if our reader delights in ſeeing executions, I think he ought not to loſe any time in taking a firſt row at Tyburn.

This I faithfully promiſe, that notwithſtanding any affection, which we may be ſuppoſed to have for this rogue, whom we have unfortunately made our hero, we will lend him none of that ſupernatural aſſiſtance with which we are entruſted, upon condition that we uſe it only on very important occaſions. If he doth not therefore find ſome natural means of fairly extricating himſelf from all his diſtreſſes, we will do no violence to the truth and dignity of hiſtory for his ſake; for we had rather relate that he was hanged at Tyburn, (which may very probably be the caſe) than forfeit our integrity, or ſhock the faith of our reader.

In this the ancients had a great advantage over the moderns. Their mythology, which was at that time more firmly believed by the vulgar than any religion is at preſent, gave them always an opportunity of delivering a favourite hero. Their deities were always ready at the writer's elbow, to execute any of his purpoſes; and the more extraordinary the invention

was, the greater was the ſurprize and delight of the credulous reader. Thoſe writers could with greater eaſe have conveyed a hero from one country to another, nay from one world to another, and have brought him back again, than a poor circumſcribed modern can deliver him from a gaol.

The Arabians and Perſians had an equal advantage in writing their tales from the Genii and Fairies, which they believe in as an article of their faith, upon the authority of the Koran itſelf. But we have none of theſe helps. To natural means alone are we confined; let us try therefore what by theſe means may be done for poor Jones; though, to confeſs the truth, ſomething whiſpers me in the ear, that he doth not yet know the worſt of his fortune; and that a more ſhocking piece of news than any he hath yet heard, remains for him in the unopened leaves of fate.

CHAP. II.

The generous and grateful behaviour of Mrs. Miller.

MR. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller were juſt ſat down to breakfaſt, when Blifil, who had gone out very early that morning, returned to make one of the company.

He had not been long ſeated before he began as follows: 'Good Lord! my dear uncle, what do you 'think hath happened? I vow I am afraid of telling 'it you, for fear of ſhocking you with the remembrance of ever having ſhewn any kindneſs to ſuch 'a villain.' 'What is the matter, child,' ſaid the uncle, 'I fear I have ſhewn kindneſs in my life to 'the unworthy more than once. But charity doth 'not adopt the vices of its objects.' 'O, Sir!' returned Blifil, 'it is not without the ſecret direction 'of Providence that you mention the word adoption. 'Your adopted ſon, Sir, that Jones, that wretch

'whom

'whom you nouriſhed in your boſom, hath proved 'one of the greateſt villains upon earth.' 'By all 'that's ſacred 'tis falſe,' cries Mrs. Miller. 'Mr. 'Jones is no villain. He is one of the worthieſt 'creatures breathing; and if any other perſon had 'called him villain, I would have thrown all this 'boiling water in his face.' Mr. Allworthy looked very much amazed at this behaviour. But ſhe did not give him leave to ſpeak, before turning to him, ſhe cried, 'I hope you will not be angry with me; 'I would not offend you, Sir, for the world; but 'indeed I could not bear to hear him called ſo.' 'I muſt own, Madam,' ſaid Allworthy very gravely, 'I am a little ſurprized to hear you ſo warmly de-'fend a fellow you do not know.' 'O! I do know 'him, Mr. Allworthy,' ſaid ſhe, 'indeed I do; I 'ſhould be the moſt ungrateful of all wretches if I 'denied it. O! he hath preſerved me and my little 'family; we have all reaſon to bleſs him while we 'live.——And I pray heaven to bleſs him, and 'turn the hearts of his malicious enemies. I know, 'I find, I ſee he hath ſuch.' 'You ſurprize me, 'Madam, ſtill more,' ſaid Allworthy, 'ſure you muſt 'mean ſome other. It is impoſſible you ſhould have 'any ſuch obligations to the man my nephew men-'tions.' 'Too ſurely,' anſwered ſhe, 'I have ob-'ligations to him of the greateſt and tendereſt kind. 'He hath been the preſerver of me and mine.—— 'Believe me, Sir, he hath been abuſed, groſsly 'abuſed to you; I know he hath, or you, whom 'I know to be all goodneſs and honour, would not, 'after the many kind and tender things I have 'heard you ſay of this poor helpleſs child, have 'ſo diſdainfully called him fellow. Indeed, my beſt 'of friends, he deſerves a kinder appellation from 'you, had you heard the good, the kind, the grateful 'things which I have heard him utter of you. He 'never mentions your name but with a ſort of ado-'ration. In this very room I have ſeen him on his

'knees,

'knees, imploring all the bleſſings of heaven upon 'your head. I do not love that child there better 'than he loves you.'

'I ſee, Sir, now,' ſaid Blifil, with one of thoſe grinning ſneers with which the devil marks his beſt beloved, 'Mrs. Miller really doth know him. I 'ſuppoſe you will find ſhe is not the only one of 'your acquaintance to whom he hath expoſed you. 'As for my character, I perceive by ſome hints ſhe 'hath thrown out, he hath been very free with it, 'but I forgive him.' 'And the Lord forgive you, 'Sir,' ſays Mrs. Miller, 'we have all ſins enough to 'ſtand in need of his forgiveneſs.'

'Upon my word, Mrs. Miller,' ſaid Allworthy, 'I do not take this behaviour of yours to my nephew, 'kindly; and I do aſſure you, as any reflections 'which you caſt upon him muſt come only from 'that wickedeſt of men, they would only ſerve, if 'that were poſſible, to heighten my reſentment 'againſt him: for I muſt tell you, Mrs. Miller, the 'young man who now ſtands before you, hath ever 'been the warmeſt advocate for the ungrateful wretch 'whoſe cauſe you eſpouſe. This, I think, when you 'hear it from my own mouth, will make you wonder 'at ſo much baſeneſs and ingratitude.'

'You are deceived, Sir,' anſwered Mrs. Miller, 'if they were the laſt words which were to iſſue 'from my lips, I would ſay you were deceived; 'and I once more repeat it, the Lord forgive thoſe 'who have deceived you. I do not pretend to ſay 'the young man is without faults; but they are all 'the faults of wildneſs and of youth; faults which 'he may, nay, which I am certain he will relinquiſh, 'and if he ſhould not, they are vaſtly overbalanced 'by one of the moſt humane, tender, honeſt hearts 'that ever man was bleſt with.'

'Indeed, Mrs. Miller,' ſaid Allworthy, 'had this 'been related of you, I ſhould not have believed it.' 'Indeed, Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'you will believe every

'thing

'thing I have ſaid, I am ſure you will; and when 'you have heard the ſtory which I ſhall tell you, '(for I will tell you all) you will be ſo far from being 'offended, that you will own (I know your juſtice ſo 'well) that I muſt have been the moſt deſpicable and 'moſt ungrateful of wretches, if I had acted any 'other part than I have.'

'Well, Madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'I ſhall be very 'glad to hear any good excuſe for a behaviour which, 'I muſt confeſs, I think wants an excuſe. And now, 'Madam, will you be pleaſed to let my nephew 'proceed in his ſtory without interruption. He 'would not have introduced a matter of ſlight con-'ſequence with ſuch a preface. Perhaps even this 'ſtory will cure you of your miſtake.'

Mrs. Miller gave tokens of ſubmiſſion, and then Mr. Blifil began thus: 'I am ſure, Sir, if you don't 'think proper to reſent the ill uſage of Mrs. Miller, 'I ſhall eaſily forgive what affects me only. I think 'your goodneſs hath not deſerved this indignity at 'her hands.' 'Well, child,' ſaid Allworthy, 'but 'what is this new inſtance? What hath he done of 'late?' 'What?' cries Blifil, 'notwithſtanding all 'Mrs. Miller hath ſaid, I am very ſorry to relate, 'and what you ſhould never have heard from me, 'had it not been a matter impoſſible to conceal from 'the whole world. In ſhort, he hath killed a man; 'I will not ſay murdered,——for perhaps it may not 'be ſo conſtrued in law, and I hope the beſt for his 'ſake.'

Allworthy looked ſhocked, and bleſſed himſelf; and then turning to Mrs. Miller, he cried, 'Well, 'Madam, what ſay you now?'

'Why, I ſay, Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'that I never 'was more concerned at any thing in my life; but, 'if the fact be true, I am convinced the man, who-'ever he is, was in fault. Heaven knows there are 'many villains in this town, who make it their 'buſineſs to provoke young gentlemen. Nothing

'but

'but the greateſt provocation could have tempted 'him; for of all the gentlemen I ever had in my 'houſe, I never ſaw one ſo gentle, or ſo ſweet-tempered. 'He was beloved by every one in the houſe, and every 'one who came near it.'

While ſhe was thus running on, a violent knocking at the door interrupted their converſation, and prevented her from proceeding further, or from receiving any anſwer; for as ſhe concluded this was a viſitor to Mr. Allworthy, ſhe haſtily retired, taking with her her little girl, whoſe eyes were all over blubbered at the melancholy news ſhe heard of Jones, who uſed to call her his little wife, and not only gave her many playthings, but ſpent whole hours in playing with her himſelf.

Some readers may perhaps be pleaſed with theſe minute circumſtances, in relating of which we follow the example of Plutarch, one of the beſt of our brother hiſtorians; and others to whom they may appear trivial, will, we hope, at leaſt pardon them, as we are never prolix on ſuch occaſions.

CHAP. III.

The arrival of Mr. Weſtern, with ſome matters concerning the paternal authority.

MRS. Miller had not long left the room, when Mr. Weſtern entered; but not before a ſmall wrangling bout had paſſed between him and his chairmen; for the fellows who had taken up their burden at the Hercules Pillars, had conceived no hopes of having any future good cuſtomer in the 'ſquire; and they were moreover farther encouraged by his generoſity, (for he had given them of his own accord ſixpence more than their fare;) they therefore very boldly demanded another ſhilling, which ſo provoked the 'ſquire, that he not only beſtowed many hearty curſes on them at the door, but retained his anger

anger after he came into the room; ſwearing that all the Londoners were like the court, and thought of nothing but plundering country gentlemen. 'D—n 'me,' ſays he, 'if I won't walk in the rain rather 'than get into one of their hand-barrows again. 'They have jolted me more in a mile than Brown 'Beſs would in a long fox chace.'

When his wrath on this occaſion was a little appeaſed, he reſumed the ſame paſſionate tone on another. 'There,' ſays he, 'there is fine buſineſs for-'wards now. The hounds have changed at laſt, 'and when we imagined we had a fox to deal with, 'od-rat-it, it turns out to be a badger at laſt.'

'Pray, my good neighbour,' ſaid Allworthy, 'drop your metaphors, and ſpeak a little plainer.' 'Why then,' ſays the 'ſquire, 'to tell you plainly, 'we have been all this time afraid of a ſon of a 'whore, of a baſtard of ſomebody's, I don't know 'who's, not I—— And now here is a confounded 'ſon of a whore of a lord, who may be a baſtard 'too for what I know or care, for he ſhall never 'have a daughter of mine by my conſent. They 'have beggared the nation, but they ſhall never 'beggar me. My land ſhall never be ſent over to 'Hanover.

'You ſurprize me much, my good friend,' ſaid Allworthy. 'Why, zounds! I am ſurprized myſelf,' anſwered the 'ſquire, 'I went to zee ſiſter Weſtern 'laſt night, according to her own appointment, and 'there I was had into a whole roomfull of women.— 'There was my lady couſin Bellaſton, and my lady 'Betty, and my lady Catharine, and my lady I 'don't know who; d—n me if ever you catch me 'among ſuch a kennel of hoop-petticoat b—s. 'D—n me, I'd rather be run my my own dogs, as 'one Acton was, that the ſtory book ſays was turned 'into a hare; and his own dogs killed un, and eat 'un. Od-rabbet-it, no mortal was ever run in ſuch 'a manner; if I dogged one way, one had me, if

'I offered

'I offered to clap back, another ſnapped me. O! 'certainly one of the greateſt matches in England,' ſays one couſin, (here he attempted to mimic them;) 'A very advantageous offer indeed,' cries another couſin, '(for you muſt know they be all my couſins 'thof I never zeed half oum before.) "Surely," ſays that fat a—ſe b—, my lady Bellaſton, "Couſin, "you muſt be out of your wits to think of refuſing "ſuch an offer."

'Now I begin to underſtand,' ſays Allworthy, 'ſome perſon hath made propoſals to Miſs Weſtern, 'which the ladies of the family approve, but is not 'to your liking.'

'My liking!' ſaid Weſtern, 'how the devil 'ſhould it? I tell you it is a lord, and thoſe are 'always volks whom you know I always reſolved to 'have nothing to do with. Did unt I refuſe a matter 'of vorty years purchaſe now for a bit of land, which 'one oum had a mind to put into a park, only becauſe 'I would have no dealings with lords, and doſt 'think I would marry my daughter zu? Beſides, 'ben't I engaged to you, and did I ever go off any 'bargain when I had promiſed?

'As to that point, neighbour,' ſaid Allworthy, 'I entirely releaſe you from any engagement. No 'contract can be binding between parties who have 'not a full power to make it at the time, nor ever 'afterwards acquire the power of fulfilling it.'

'Slud! then,' anſwered Weſtern, 'I tell you I 'have power, and I will fulfil it. Come along with 'me directly to Doctors Commons, I will get a 'licence; and I will go to ſiſter and take away the 'wench by force, and ſhe ſhall ha un, or I will lock 'her up and keep her upon bread and water as long 'as ſhe lives.'

'Mr. Weſtern,' ſaid Allworthy, 'ſhall I beg 'you will hear my full ſentiments on this matter?' 'Hear thee! ay to be ſure, I will,' anſwered he. 'Why then, Sir,' cries Allworthy, 'I can truly ſay,

'without

'without a compliment either to you or the young 'lady, that when this match was propoſed, I em- 'braced it very readily and heartily, from my regard 'to you both. An alliance between two families ſo 'nearly neighbours, and between whom there had 'always exiſted ſo mutual an intercourſe and good 'harmony, I thought a moſt deſirable event; and 'with regard to the young lady, not only the con- 'current opinion of all who knew her, but my own 'obſervation aſſured me, that ſhe would be an in- 'eſtimable treaſure to a good huſband. I ſhall ſay 'nothing of her perſonal qualifications, which cer- 'tainly are admirable; her good-nature, her chari- 'table diſpoſition, her modeſty are too well known 'to need any panegyric: but ſhe hath one quality 'which exiſted in a high degree in that beſt of wo- 'men, who is now one of the firſt of angels, which 'as it is not of a glaring kind, more commonly 'eſcapes obſervation; ſo little indeed is it remarked, 'that I want a word to expreſs it. I muſt uſe nega- 'tives on this occaſion. I never heard any thing of 'pertneſs, or what is called repartee out of her 'mouth; no pretence to wit, much leſs to that kind 'of wiſdom, which is the reſult only of great learn- 'ing and experience; the affectation of which, in 'a young woman, is as abſurd as any of the af- 'fectations of an ape. No dictatorical ſentiments, 'no judicial opinions, no profound criticiſms. When- 'ever I have ſeen her in the company of men, ſhe 'hath been all attention, with the modeſty of a 'learner, not the forwardneſs of a teacher. You'll 'pardon me for it, but I once, to try her only, de- 'ſired her opinion on a point which was controverted 'between Mr. Thwackum and Mr. Square. To 'which ſhe anſwered with much ſweetneſs, "You "will pardon me, good Mr. Allworthy, I am ſure "you cannot in earneſt think me capable of decid- "ing any point in which two ſuch gentlemen diſ- "agree." Thwackum and Square, who both

'alike

'alike thought themſelves ſure of a favourable de-
'ciſion, ſeconded my requeſt. She anſwered with
'the ſame good humour, "I muſt abſolutely be
"excuſed; for I will affront neither ſo much, as to
"give my judgment on his ſide." Indeed, ſhe
'always ſhewed the higheſt deference to the under-
'ſtandings of men; a quality abſolutely eſſential to
'the making a good wife. I ſhall only add, that
'as ſhe is moſt apparently void of all affectation, this
'deference muſt be certainly real.'

Here Blifil ſighed bitterly; upon which Weſtern, whoſe eyes were full of tears at the praiſe of Sophia, blubbered out, 'Don't be chicken-hearted, for ſhat 'ha her, d——n me, ſhat ha her, if ſhe was twenty 'times as good.'

'Remember your promiſe, Sir,' cried Allworthy, 'I was not to be interrupted.' 'Well, ſhat unt,' anſwered the 'ſquire, 'I won't ſpeak another word.'

'Now, my good friend,' continued Allworthy, 'I have dwelt ſo long on the merit of this young 'lady, partly as I really am in love with her cha-'racter, and partly that fortune (for the match in 'that light is really advantageous on my nephew's 'ſide) might not be imagined to be my principal 'view in having ſo eagerly embraced the propoſal. 'Indeed, I heartily wiſhed to receive ſo great a jewel 'into my family; but though I may wiſh for many 'good things, I would not therefore ſteal them, or 'be guilty of any violence or injuſtice to poſſeſs my-'ſelf of them. Now to force a woman into a mar-'riage contrary to her conſent or approbation, is an 'act of ſuch injuſtice and oppreſſion, that I wiſh 'the laws of our country could reſtrain it; but a 'good conſcience is never lawleſs in the worſt re-'gulated ſtate, and will provide thoſe laws for it-'ſelf, which the neglect of legiſlators hath forgot-'ten to ſupply. This is ſurely a caſe of that kind; 'for is it not cruel, nay impious, to force a woman 'into that ſtate againſt her will; for her behaviour in

'which

'which ſhe is to be accountable to the higheſt and 'moſt dreadful court of judicature, and to anſwer 'at the peril of her ſoul? To diſcharge the matri-'monial duties in an adequate manner is no eaſy 'taſk, and ſhall we lay this burthen upon a woman, 'while we at the ſame time deprive her of all that 'aſſiſtance which may enable her to undergo it? 'Shall we tear her very heart from her, while we 'enjoin her duties to which a whole heart is ſcarce 'equal. I muſt ſpeak very plainly here, I think pa-'rents who act in this manner are acceſſaries to all 'the guilt which their children afterwards incur, and 'of courſe muſt, before a juſt judge, expect to par-'take of their puniſhment; but if they could avoid 'this, good heaven! is there a ſoul who can bear the 'thought of having contributed to the damnation 'of his child?

'For theſe reaſons, my beſt neighbour, as I ſee the 'inclinations of this young lady are moſt unhappily 'averſe to my nephew, I muſt decline any further 'thoughts of the honour you intended him, though 'I aſſure you I ſhall always retain the moſt grateful 'ſenſe of it.'

'Well, Sir,' ſaid Weſtern, (the froth burſting forth from his lips the moment they were uncorked) 'you 'cannot ſay but I have heard you out, and now I 'expect you'll hear me; and if I don't anſwer every 'word on't, why then I'll conſent to gee the matter 'up. Firſt then, I deſire you to anſwer me one 'queſtion, Did not I beget her? did not I beget 'her? anſwer me that. They ſay indeed, it is a 'wiſe father that knows his own child; but I am 'ſure I have the beſt title to her, for I bred her up. 'But I believe you will allow me to be her father, 'and if I be, am I not to govern my own child? I 'aſk you that, am I not to govern my own child? 'and if I am to govern her in other matters, ſurely 'I am to govern her in this which concerns her 'moſt. And what am I deſiring all this while? Am

'I deſiring her to do any thing for me? to give me 'any thing?—Zu much on t'other ſide, that I am 'only deſiring her to take away half my eſteate now, 'and t'other half when I die. Well, and what is 'it all vor? Why is unt to make her happy? It's 'enough to make one mad to hear volks talk; if I 'was going to marry myſelf, then ſhe would ha 'reaſon to cry and to blubber; but, on the con-'trary, han't I offered to bind down my land in zuch 'a manner, that I could not marry if I wou'd, zeeing 'as narro' woman upon earth would ha me. What 'the devil in hell can I do more? I contribute to 'her damnation!—Zounds! I'd zee all the world 'd—n'd bevore her little vinger ſhould be hurt. 'Indeed, Mr. Allworthy, you muſt excuſe me, but 'I am ſurprized to hear you talk in zuch a manner, 'and I muſt ſay, take it how you will, that I thought 'you had more ſenſe.'

Allworthy reſented this reflection only with a ſmile; nor could he, if he would have endeavoured it, have conveyed into that ſmile any mixture of malice or contempt. His ſmiles at folly were indeed ſuch as we may ſuppoſe the angels beſtow on the abſurdities of mankind.

Bliſil now deſired to be permitted to ſpeak a few words. 'As to uſing any violence on the young 'lady, I am ſure I ſhall never conſent to it. My 'conſcience will not permit me to uſe violence on 'any one, much leſs on a lady for whom, however 'cruel ſhe is to me, I ſhall always preſerve the pureſt 'and ſincereſt affection; but yet I have read, that 'women are ſeldom proof againſt perſeverance. Why 'may I not hope then by ſuch perſeverance at laſt 'to gain thoſe inclinations, in which for the future 'I ſhall, perhaps, have no rival; for as for this 'lord, Mr. Weſtern is ſo kind to prefer me to him; 'and ſure, Sir, you will not deny but that a parent 'hath at leaſt a negative voice in theſe matters; nay, 'I have heard this very young lady herſelf ſay ſo

'more

'more than once, and declare, that she thought 'children inexcusable who married in direct oppo-'sition to the will of their parents. Besides, though 'the other ladies of the family seem to favour the 'pretensions of my lord, I do not find the lady her-'self is inclined to give him any countenance; alas! 'I am too well assured she is not; I am too sensible 'that wickedest of men remains uppermost in her 'heart.'

'Ay, ay, so he does,' cries Western.

'But surely,' says Blifil, 'when she hears of this 'murder which he hath committed, if the law should 'spare his life.'——

'What's that?' cries Western, 'murder! hath he 'committed a murder, and is there any hopes of 'seeing him hanged?——Tol de rol, tol lol de rol.' Here he fell a singing and capering about the room.

'Child,' says Allworthy, 'this unhappy passion 'of yours distresses me beyond measure. I heartily 'pity you, and would do every fair thing to promote 'your success.'

'I desire no more,' cries Blifil, 'I am convinced 'my dear uncle hath a better opinion of me than 'to think that I myself wou'd accept of more.'

'Lookee,' says Allworthy, 'you have my leave 'to write, to visit, if she will permit it,——but I 'insist on no thoughts of violence. I will have no 'confinement, nothing of that kind attempted.'

'Well, well,' cries the 'squire, 'nothing of that 'kind shall be attempted; we will try a little longer 'what fair means will effect; and if this fellow be 'but hanged out of the way — Tol lol de rol. I 'never heard better news in my life; I warrant every 'thing goes to my mind.—Do, prithee, dear All-'worthy, come and dine with me at the Hercules 'Pillars: I have bespoke a shoulder of mutton 'roasted, and a spare-rib of pork, and a fowl and 'egg-sauce. There will be nobody but ourselves, 'unless we have a mind to have the landlord; for

'I have ſent parſon Supple down to Baſingſtoke
'after my tobacco-box, which I left at an inn there,
'and I would not loſe it for the world; for it is an
'old acquaintance of above twenty years ſtanding.
'I can tell you landlord is a vaſt comical bitch, you
'will like un hugely.'

Mr. Allworthy at laſt agreed to this invitation, and ſoon after the 'ſquire went off, ſinging and capering at the hopes of ſeeing the ſpeedy tragical end of poor Jones.

When he was gone, Mr. Allworthy reſumed the aforeſaid ſubject with much gravity. He told his nephew, 'He wiſhed with all his heart he would en-
'deavour to conquer a paſſion, in which I cannot,' ſays he, 'flatter you with any hopes of ſucceeding.
'It is certainly a vulgar error, that averſion in a
'woman may be conquered by perſeverance. In-
'difference may, perhaps, ſometimes yield to it; but
'the uſual triumphs gained by perſeverance in a
'lover, are over caprice, prudence, affectation, and
'often an exorbitant degree of levity, which excites
'women, not overwarm in their conſtitutions, to
'indulge their vanity by prolonging the time of
'courtſhip, even when they are well-enough pleaſed
'with the object, and reſolve (if they ever reſolve at
'all) to make him a very pitiful amends in the end.
'But a fixed diſlike, as I am afraid this is, will rather
'gather ſtrength, than be conquered by time. Be-
'ſides, my dear, I have another apprehenſion which
'you muſt excuſe. I am afraid this paſſion which
'you have for this fine young creature, hath her
'beautiful perſon too much for its object, and is
'unworthy of the name of that love, which is the
'only foundation of matrimonial felicity. To ad-
'mire, to like, and to long for the poſſeſſion of a
'beautiful woman, without any regard to her ſenti-
'ments towards us, is, I am afraid, too natural; but
'love, I believe, is the child of love only; at leaſt,
'I am pretty confident, that to love the creature

'who

'who we are assured hates us, is not in human 'nature. Examine your heart, therefore, thoroughly, 'my good boy, and if, upon examination, you have 'but the least suspicion of this kind, I am sure your 'own virtue and religion will impel you to drive 'so vicious a passion from your heart, and your good 'sense will soon enable you to do it without pain.'

The reader may pretty well guess Blifil's answer; but if he should be at a loss, we are not, at present, at leisure to satisfy him, as our history now hastens on to matters of higher importance, and we can no longer bear to be absent from Sophia.

CHAP. IV.

An extraordinary scene between Sophia and her aunt.

THE lowing heifer, and the bleating ewe in herds and flocks, may ramble safe and unregarded through the pastures. These are, indeed, hereafter doomed to be the prey of man; yet many years are they suffered to enjoy their liberty undisturbed. But if a plump doe be discovered to have escaped from the forest, and to repose herself in some field or grove, the whole parish is presently alarmed, every man is ready to set his dogs after her; and if she is preserved from the rest by the good 'squire, it is only that he may secure her for his own eating.

I have often considered a very fine young woman of fortune and fashion, when first found strayed from the pale of her nursery, to be in pretty much the same situation with this doe. The town is immediately in an uproar, she is hunted from park to play, from court to assembly, from assembly to her own chamber, and rarely escapes a single season from the jaws of some devourer or other; for if her friends protect her from some, it is only to deliver her over to one of their own chusing, often more disagreeable to her than any of the rest; while whole herds or

flocks of other women ſecurely, and ſcarce regarded, traverſe the park, the play, the opera, and the aſſembly; and though, for the moſt part at leaſt, they are at laſt devoured, yet for a long time do they wanton in liberty, without diſturbance or controul.

Of all theſe paragons, none ever taſted more of this perſecution than poor Sophia. Her ill ſtars were not contented with all that ſhe had ſuffered on account of Blifil, they now raiſed her another purſuer who ſeemed likely to torment her no leſs than the other had done. For though her aunt was leſs violent, ſhe was no leſs aſſiduous in teazing her, than her father had been before.

The ſervants were no ſooner departed after dinner, than Mrs. Weſtern, who had opened the matter to Sophia, informed her, 'That ſhe expected his lordſhip that very afternoon, and intended to take the firſt opportunity of leaving her alone with him.' 'If you do, Madam,' anſwered Sophia, with ſome ſpirit, 'I ſhall take the firſt opportunity of leaving him by himſelf.' 'How! Madam!' cries the aunt; 'is this the return you make me for my kindneſs, in relieving you from your confinement at your father's?' 'You know, Madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'the cauſe of that confinement was a refuſal to comply with my father, in accepting a man I deteſted; and will my dear aunt, who hath relieved me from that diſtreſs, involve me in another equally bad?' 'And do you think then, Madam,' anſwered Mrs. Weſtern, 'that there is no difference between my lord Fellamar and Mr. Blifil?' 'Very little, in my opinion,' cries Sophia; 'and if I muſt be condemned to one, I would certainly have the merit of ſacrificing myſelf to my father's pleaſure.' 'Then my pleaſure, I find,' ſaid the aunt, 'hath very little weight with you; but that conſideration ſhall not move me. I act from nobler motives. The view of aggrandizing my family, of ennobling yourſelf, is what I proceed upon. Have you no

ſenſe

'ſenſe of ambition? Are there no charms in the 'thoughts of having a coronet on your coach?' 'None, upon my honour,' ſaid Sophia. 'A pin-'cuſhion upon my coach would pleaſe me juſt as 'well.' 'Never mention honour,' cries the aunt. 'It becomes not the mouth of ſuch a wretch. I am 'ſorry, niece, you force me to uſe theſe words; 'but I cannot bear your groveling temper; you 'have none of the blood of the Weſterns in you. 'But however mean and baſe your own ideas are, 'you ſhall bring no imputation on mine. I will 'never ſuffer the world to ſay of me, that I encou-'raged you in refuſing one of the beſt matches in 'England; a match which, beſides its advantage in 'fortune, would do honour to almoſt any family, 'and hath indeed, in title, the advantage of ours.' 'Surely,' ſays Sophia, 'I am born deficient, and 'have not the ſenſes with which other people are 'bleſſed; there muſt be certainly ſome ſenſe which 'can reliſh the delights of ſound and ſhow, which 'I have not; for ſurely mankind would not labour 'ſo much, nor ſacrifice ſo much for the obtaining, 'nor would they be ſo elate and proud with poſſeſſing, 'what appeared to them, as it doth to me, the moſt 'inſignificant of all trifles.'

'No, no, Miſs;' cries the aunt; 'you are born 'with as many ſenſes as other people; but I aſſure 'you, you are not born with a ſufficient underſtand-'ing to make a fool of me, or to expoſe my conduct 'to the world. So I declare this to you upon my 'word, and you know, I believe, how fixed my 'reſolutions are, unleſs you agree to ſee his lordſhip 'this afternoon, I will, with my own hands, deliver 'you to-morrow morning to my brother, and will 'never henceforth interfere with you, nor ſee your 'face again.' Sophia ſtood a few moments ſilent after this ſpeech, which was uttered in a moſt angry and peremptory tone; and then burſting into tears, ſhe crie'd, 'Do with me, Madam, whatever you

'pleaſe; I am the moſt miſerable, undone wretch 'upon earth; if my dear aunt forſakes me, where 'ſhall I look for a protector?'—'My dear niece,' cries ſhe, 'you will have a very good protector in 'his lordſhip; a protector whom nothing but a 'hankering after that vile fellow Jones can make 'you decline.' 'Indeed, Madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'you 'wrong me. How can you imagine, after what you 'have ſhewn me, if I had ever any ſuch thoughts, 'that I ſhould not baniſh them for ever. If it will 'ſatisfy you, I will receive the ſacrament upon it, 'never to ſee his face again.'—'But child, dear 'child,' ſaid the aunt, 'be reaſonable; can you in-'vent a ſingle objection?'——'I have already, I 'think, told you a ſufficient objection,' anſwered Sophia——'What,' cries the aunt; 'I remember 'none.' 'Sure, Madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'I told you he 'had uſed me in the rudeſt and vileſt manner.' 'In-'deed, child,' anſwered ſhe, 'I never heard you, 'or did not underſtand you:——But what do you 'mean by this rude vile manner?' 'Indeed, Ma-'dam,' ſaid Sophia, 'I am almoſt aſhamed to tell 'you. He caught me in his arms, pulled me 'down upon the ſettee, and thruſt his hand into my 'boſom, and kiſſed it with ſuch violence, that I have 'the mark upon my left breaſt at this moment.'—— 'Indeed!' ſaid Mrs. Weſtern. 'Yes indeed, Ma-'dam,' anſwered Sophia; 'my father luckily came 'in at that inſtant, or heaven knows what rudeneſs 'he intended to have proceeded to.' 'I am aſtoniſh-'ed and confounded,' cries the aunt. 'No woman 'of the name of Weſtern hath been ever treated ſo, 'ſince we were a family. I would have torn the 'eyes of a prince out, if he had attempted ſuch 'freedoms with me. It is impoſſible; ſure, Sophia, 'you muſt invent this to raiſe my indignation againſt 'him.' 'I hope, Madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'you have 'too good an opinion of me, to imagine me capable 'of telling an untruth. Upon my ſoul, it is true.'

'I ſhould

'I ſhould have ſtabbed him to the heart had I been 'preſent,' returned the aunt. 'Yet ſurely he could 'have no diſhonourable deſign; it is impoſſible! 'he durſt not: beſides, his propoſals ſhew he had 'not; for they are not only honourable but generous. 'I don't know; the age allows too great freedoms. 'A diſtant ſalute is all I would have allowed before 'the ceremony. I have had lovers formerly, not 'ſo long ago neither; ſeveral lovers, though I never 'would conſent to marriage, and I never encouraged 'the leaſt freedom. It is a fooliſh cuſtom, and what 'I never would agree to. No man kiſſed more of 'me than my cheek. It is as much as one can bring 'ones ſelf to give lips up to a huſband; and, indeed, 'could I ever have been perſuaded to marry, I be-'lieve I ſhould not have ſoon been brought to endure 'ſo much.' 'You will pardon me, dear Madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'if I make one obſervation: You own 'you have had many lovers, and the world knows 'it, even if you ſhould deny it. You refuſed them 'all, and I am convinced one coronet at leaſt among 'them.' 'You ſay true, dear Sophy,' anſwered ſhe; 'I had once the offer of a title.' 'Why then,' ſaid Sophia, 'will you not ſuffer me to refuſe this 'once?' 'It is true, child,' ſaid ſhe, 'I have refuſed 'the offer of a title; but it was not ſo good an offer; 'that is, not ſo very, very good an offer.'——'Yes, 'Madam,' ſaid Sophia; 'but you have had very 'great propoſals from men of vaſt fortunes. It was 'not the firſt, nor the ſecond, nor the third advan-'tageous match that offered itſelf.' I own it was 'not,' ſaid ſhe. 'Well, Madam,' continued Sophia, 'and why may not I expect to have a ſecond perhaps 'better than this? You are now but a young woman, 'and I am convinced would not promiſe to yield to 'the firſt lover of fortune, nay, or of title too. I 'am a very young woman, and ſure I need not 'deſpair.' 'Well, my dear, dear Sophy,' cries the aunt, 'what would you have me ſay?' 'Why, I

'only

'only beg that I may not be left alone, at leaſt this 'evening; grant me that, and I will ſubmit, if you 'think, after what is paſt, I ought to ſee him in 'your company.' 'Well, I will grant it,' cries the aunt. 'Sophy, you know I love you, and can 'deny you nothing. You know the eaſineſs of my 'nature; I have not always been ſo eaſy. I have 'been formerly thought cruel; by the men I mean. 'I was called the cruel Partheniſſa. I have broke 'many a window that has had verſes to the cruel 'Partheniſſa in it. Sophy, I was never ſo handſome 'as you, and yet I had ſomething of you formerly. 'I am a little altered. Kingdoms and ſtates, as Tully 'Cicero ſays in his epiſtles, undergo alterations, and 'ſo muſt the human form.' Thus run ſhe on for near half an hour upon herſelf, and her conqueſts, and her cruelty, till the arrival of my lord, who, after a moſt tedious viſit, during which Mrs. Weſtern never once offered to leave the room, retired, not much more ſatisfied with the aunt than with the niece. For Sophia had brought her aunt into ſo excellent a temper, that ſhe conſented to almoſt every thing her niece ſaid; and agreed, that a little diſtant behaviour might not be improper to ſo forward a lover.

Thus Sophia, by a little well directed flattery, for which ſurely none will blame her, obtained a little eaſe for herſelf, and, at leaſt, put off the evil day. And now we have ſeen our heroine in a better ſituation than ſhe hath been for a long time before, we will look a little after Mr. Jones, whom we left in the moſt deplorable ſituation that can well be imagined.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Mrs. Miller and Mr. Nightingale visit Jones in the Prison.

WHEN Mr. Allworthy and his nephew went to meet Mr. Western, Mrs. Miller set forwards to her son-in-law's lodgings, in order to acquaint him with the accident which had befallen his friend Jones; but he had known it long before from Partridge (for Jones, when he left Mrs. Miller, had been furnished with a room in the same house with Mr. Nightingale). The good woman found her daughter under great affliction on account of Mr. Jones, whom having comforted as well as she could, she set forwards to the Gatehouse, where she heard he was, and where Mr. Nightingale was arrived before her.

The firmness and constancy of a true friend is a circumstance so extremely delightful to persons in any kind of distress, that the distress itself, if it be only temporary, and admits of relief, is more than compensated by bringing this comfort with it. Nor are instances of this kind so rare, as some superficial and inaccurate observers have reported. To say the truth, want of compassion is not to be numbered among our general faults. The black ingredient which fouls our disposition is envy. Hence our eye is seldom, I am afraid, turned upward to those who are manifestly greater, better, wiser, or happier than ourselves, without some degree of malignity; while we commonly look downwards on the mean and miserable, with sufficient benevolence and pity. In fact, I have remarked, that most of the defects which have discovered themselves in the friendships within my observation, have arisen from envy only; a hellish vice; and yet one from which I have known very

few abſolutely exempt. But enough of a ſubject which, if purſued, would lead me too far.

Whether it was that fortune was apprehenſive leſt Jones ſhould ſink under the weight of his adverſity, and that ſhe might thus loſe any future opportunity of tormenting him; or whether ſhe really abated ſomewhat of her ſeverity towards him, ſhe ſeemed a little to relax her perſecution, by ſending him the company of two ſuch faithful friends, and what is perhaps more rare, a faithful ſervant. For Partridge, though he had many imperfections, wanted not fidelity; and though fear would not ſuffer him to be hanged for his maſter, yet the world, I believe, could not have bribed him to deſert his cauſe.

While Jones was expreſſing great ſatisfaction in the preſence of his friends, Partridge brought an account, that Mr. Fitzpatrick was ſtill alive, though the ſurgeon declared that he had very little hopes. Upon which Jones fetching a deep ſigh, Nightingale ſaid to him; 'My dear Tom, why ſhould you afflict 'yourſelf ſo upon an accident, which, whatever be 'the conſequence, can be attended with no danger 'to you, and in which your conſcience cannot ac-'cuſe you of having been in the leaſt to blame. If 'the fellow ſhould die, what have you done more 'than taken away the life of a ruffian in your own 'defence? So will the coroner's inqueſt certainly find 'it; and then you will be eaſily admitted to bail; 'and though you muſt undergo the form of a trial, 'yet it is a trial which many men would ſtand for 'you for a ſhilling.' 'Come, come, Mr. Jones,' ſays Mrs. Miller, 'cheer yourſelf up. I knew you 'could not be the aggreſſor, and ſo I told Mr. All-'worthy, and ſo he ſhall acknowledge too before I 'have done with him.'

Jones gravely anſwered, 'That whatever might 'be his fate, he ſhould always lament the having 'ſhed the blood of one of his fellow-creatures, as 'one of the higheſt misfortunes which could have

'befallen

'befallen him. But I have another misfortune of 'the tendereſt kind.——O! Mrs. Miller, I have loſt 'what I held moſt dear upon earth.' 'That muſt 'be a miſtreſs,' ſaid Mrs. Miller, 'but come, come; 'I know more than you imagine;' (for indeed Partridge had blabbed all) 'and I have heard more 'than you know. Matters go better, I promiſe you, 'than you think; and I would not give Blifil ſixpence for all the chance which he hath of the lady.'

'Indeed, my dear friend, indeed,' anſwered Jones, 'you are an entire ſtranger to the cauſe of my grief. 'If you was acquainted with the ſtory, you would 'allow my caſe admitted of no comfort. I apprehend no danger from Blifil. I have undone myſelf.' 'Don't deſpair,' replied Mrs. Miller; 'you know 'not what a woman can do, and if any thing be in 'my power, I promiſe you I will do it to ſerve you. 'It is my duty. My ſon, my dear Mr. Nightingale, 'who is ſo kind to tell me he hath obligations to you 'on the ſame account, knows it is my duty. Shall 'I go to the lady myſelf? I will ſay any thing to 'her you would have me ſay?'

'Thou beſt of women,' cries Jones, taking her by the hand, 'talk not of obligations to me;—— 'but, as you have been ſo kind to mention it, there 'is a favour which, perhaps, may be in your power. 'I ſee you are acquainted with the lady (how you 'came by your information I know not) who ſits 'indeed very near my heart. If you could contrive 'to deliver this, (giving her a paper from his pocket) 'I ſhall for ever acknowledge your goodneſs.'

'Give it me,' ſaid Mrs. Miller. 'If I ſee it not 'in her own poſſeſſion before I ſleep, may my next 'ſleep by my laſt. Comfort yourſelf, my good young 'man; be wiſe enough to take warning from paſt 'follies, and I warrant all ſhall be well, and I ſhall 'yet ſee you happy with the moſt charming young 'lady in the world; for ſo I hear from every one 'ſhe is.'

'Believe

'Believe me, Madam,' ſaid he, 'I do not ſpeak 'the common cant of one in my unhappy ſituation. 'Before this dreadful accident happened, I had re'ſolved to quit a life of which I was become ſenſible 'of the wickedneſs as well as folly. I do aſſure you, 'notwithſtanding the diſturbances I have unfortu'nately occaſioned in your houſe, for which I heartily 'aſk your pardon, I am not an abandoned profligate. 'Though I have been hurried into vices, I do not 'approve a vicious character; nor will I ever, from 'this moment, deſerve it.'

Mrs. Miller expreſſed great ſatisfaction in theſe declarations, in the ſincerity of which ſhe averred ſhe had an entire faith; and now, the remainder of the converſation paſt in the joint attempts of that good woman and Mr. Nightingale, to cheer the dejected ſpirits of Mr. Jones, in which they ſo far ſucceeded, as to leave him much better comforted and ſatisfied than they found him; to which happy alteration nothing ſo much contributed as the kind undertaking of Mrs. Miller, to deliver his letter to Sophia, which he deſpaired of finding any means to accompliſh; for when Black George produced the laſt from Sophia, he informed Partridge, that ſhe had ſtrictly charged him, on pain of having it communicated to her father, not to bring her any anſwer. He was moreover not a little pleaſed, to find he had ſo warm an advocate to Mr. Allworthy himſelf in this good woman, who was, in reality, one of the worthieſt creatures in the world.

After about an hour's viſit from the lady, (for Nightingale had been with him much longer) they both took their leave, promiſing to return to him ſoon; during which, Mrs. Miller ſaid, ſhe hoped to bring him ſome good news from his miſtreſs, and Mr. Nightingale promiſed to enquire into the ſtate of Mr. Fitzpatrick's wound, and likewiſe to find out ſome of the perſons who were preſent at the rencounter.

The

The former of theſe went directly in queſt of Sophia, whither we likewiſe ſhall now attend her.

CHAP. VI.

In which Mrs. Miller pays a viſit to Sophia.

ACCESS to the young lady was by no means difficult; for as ſhe lived now on a perfect friendly footing with her aunt, ſhe was at full liberty to receive what viſitants ſhe pleaſed.

Sophia was dreſſing, when ſhe was acquainted that there was a gentlewoman below to wait on her. As ſhe was neither afraid, nor aſhamed, to ſee any of her own ſex, Mrs. Miller was immediately admitted.

Curt'ſies and the uſual ceremonials between women who are ſtrangers to each other, being paſt, Sophia ſaid, 'I have not the pleaſure to know you, Madam.' 'No, Madam,' anſwered Mrs. Miller, 'and I muſt 'beg pardon for intruding upon you. But when you 'know what has induced me to give you this trou-'ble, I hope'———'Pray, what is your buſineſs, 'Madam?' ſaid Sophia, with a little emotion. 'Ma-'dam, we are not alone,' replied Mrs. Miller, in a low voice. 'Go out, Betty,' ſaid Sophia.

When Betty was departed, Mrs. Miller ſaid, 'I 'was deſired, Madam, by a very unhappy young 'gentleman, to deliver you this letter.' Sophia changed colour when ſhe ſaw the direction, well knowing the hand, and after ſome heſitation, ſaid, —'I could not conceive, Madam, from your ap-'pearance, that your buſineſs had been of ſuch a 'nature.—Whomever you brought this letter from, 'I ſhall not open it. I ſhould be ſorry to entertain 'an unjuſt ſuſpicion of any one; but you are an 'utter ſtranger to me.'

'If you will have patience, Madam,' anſwered Mrs. Miller, 'I will acquaint you who I am, and 'how I came by that letter.' 'I have no curioſity,

'Madam,

'Madam, to know any thing,' cries Sophia, 'but 'I muſt inſiſt on your delivering that letter back to 'the perſon who gave it you.'

Mrs. Miller then fell upon her knees, and in the moſt paſſionate terms, implored her compaſſion; to which Sophia anſwered: 'Sure, Madam, it is ſur- 'prizing you ſhould be ſo very ſtrongly intereſted in 'the behalf of this perſon. I would not think, 'Madam,'—'No, Madam,' ſays Mrs. Miller, 'you 'ſhall not think any thing but the truth. I will tell 'you all, and you will not wonder that I am in- 'tereſted. He is the beſt natured creature that 'ever was born.'——She then began and related the ſtory of Mr. Henderſon —— After this ſhe cried, 'This, Madam, this is his goodneſs; but I have 'much more tender obligations to him. He hath 'preſerved my child.'——Here, after ſhedding ſome tears, ſhe related every thing concerning that fact, ſuppreſſing only thoſe circumſtances which would have moſt reflected on her daughter, and concluded with ſaying, 'Now, Madam, you ſhall judge whe- 'ther I can ever do enough for ſo kind, ſo good, ſo 'generous a young man; and ſure he is the beſt 'and worthieſt of all human beings.'

The alterations in the countenance of Sophia had hitherto been chiefly to her diſadvantage, and had inclined her complexion to too great paleneſs; but ſhe now waxed redder, if poſſible, than vermilion, and cried, 'I know not what to ſay; certainly what 'ariſes from gratitude cannot be blamed——But 'what ſervice can my reading this letter do your 'friend, ſince I am reſolved never.'——Mrs. Miller fell again to her entreaties, and begged to be for- given, but ſhe could not, ſhe ſaid, carry it back. 'Well, Madam,' ſays Sophia, 'I cannot help it, 'if you will force it upon me.—Certainly you may 'leave it whethr I will or no.' What Sophia meant, or whether ſhe meant any thing, I will not pre- ſume to determine; but Mrs. Miller actually under-

ſtood

ſtood this as a hint, and preſently laying the letter down on the table, took her leave, having firſt begged permiſſion to wait again on Sophia; which requeſt had neither aſſent nor denial.

The letter lay upon the table no longer than till Mrs. Miller was out of ſight; for then Sophia opened and read it.

This letter did very little ſervice to his cauſe; for it conſiſted of little more than confeſſions of his own unworthineſs, and bitter lamentations of deſpair, together with the moſt ſolemn proteſtations of his unalterable fidelity to Sophia, of which, he ſaid, he hoped to convince her, if he had ever more the honour of being admitted to her preſence; and that he could account for the letter to lady Bellaſton, in ſuch a manner, that though it would not entitle him to her forgiveneſs, he hoped at leaſt to obtain it from her mercy. And concluded with vowing, that nothing was ever leſs in his thoughts than to marry lady Bellaſton.

Though Sophia read the letter twice over with great attention, his meaning ſtill remained a riddle to her; nor could her invention ſuggeſt to her any means to excuſe Jones. She certainly remained very angry with him, though indeed lady Bellaſton took up ſo much of her reſentment, that her gentle mind had but little left to beſtow on any other perſon.

That lady was moſt unluckily to dine this very day with her aunt Weſtern, and in the afternoon, they were all three, by appointment, to go together to the opera, and thence to lady Thomas Hatchet's drum. Sophia would have gladly been excuſed from all, but ſhe would not diſoblige her aunt; and as to the arts of counterfeiting illneſs, ſhe was ſo entirely a ſtranger to them, that it never once entered into her head. When ſhe was dreſt, therefore, down ſhe went, reſolved to encounter all the horrors of the day, and a moſt diſagreeable one it proved; for lady Bellaſton took evey opportunity very civilly and ſlily

to inſult her; to all which her dejection of ſpirits diſabled her from making any return; and indeed, to confeſs the truth, ſhe was at the very beſt but an indifferent miſtreſs of repartee.

Another misfortune which befel poor Sophia, was the company of lord Fellamar, whom ſhe met at the opera, and who attended her to the drum. And though both places were too public to admit of any particularities, and ſhe was farther relieved by the muſic at the one place, and by the cards at the other, ſhe could not however enjoy herſelf in his company; for there is ſomething of delicacy in women, which will not ſuffer them to be even eaſy in the preſence of a man whom they know to have pretenſions to them, which they are diſinclined to favour.

Having in this chapter twice mentioned a drum, a word which our poſterity, it is hoped, will not underſtand in the ſenſe it is here applied, we ſhall, notwithſtanding our preſent haſte, ſtop a moment to deſcribe the entertainment here meant, and the rather as we can in a moment deſcribe it.

A drum then, is an aſſembly of well dreſſed perſons of both ſexes, moſt of whom play at cards, and the reſt do nothing at all; while the miſtreſs of the houſe performs the part of the landlady at an inn, and like the landlady of an inn prides herſelf in the number of her gueſts, though ſhe doth not always, like her, get any thing by it.

No wonder then, as ſo much ſpirits muſt be required to ſupport any vivacity in theſe ſcenes of dulneſs, that we hear perſons of faſhion eternally complaining of the want of them; a complaint confined entirely to upper life. How inſupportable muſt we imagine this round of impertinence to have been to Sophia at this time; how difficult muſt ſhe have found it to force the appearance of gaiety into her looks, when her mind dictated nothing but the tendereſt ſorrow, and when every thought was charged with tormenting ideas.

Night

Night however, at laſt, reſtored her to her pillow, where we will leave her to ſooth her melancholy at leaſt, though incapable we fear of reſt, and ſhall purſue our hiſtory, which ſomething whiſpers us, is now arrived at the eve of ſome great event.

CHAP. VII.

A pathetic ſcene between Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller.

MRS. Miller had a long diſcourſe with Mr. Allworthy, at his return from dinner, in which ſhe acquainted him with Jones's having unfortunately loſt all which he was pleaſed to beſtow on him at their ſeparation; and with the diſtreſſes to which that loſs had ſubjected him; of all which ſhe had received a full account from the faithful retailer Partridge. She then explained the obligations ſhe had to Jones; not that ſhe was entirely explicit with regard to her daughter; for though ſhe had the utmoſt confidence in Mr. Allworthy, and though there could be no hopes of keeping an affair ſecret, which was unhappily known to more than half a dozen, yet ſhe could not prevail with herſelf to mention thoſe circumſtances which reflected moſt on the chaſtity of poor Nancy; but ſmothered that part of her evidence as cautiouſly as if ſhe had been before a judge, and the girl was now on her trial for the murder of a baſtard.

Allworthy ſaid, There were few characters ſo abſolutely vicious as not to have the leaſt mixture of good in them. 'However,' ſays he, 'I cannot 'deny but that you had ſome obligations to the fel- 'low, bad as he is, and I ſhall therefore excuſe wh 'hath paſt already, but muſt inſiſt you never mention 'his name to me more; for I promiſe you, it was 'upon the fulleſt and plaineſt evidence that I re- 'ſolved to take the meaſures I have taken.' 'Well, 'Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'I make not the leaſt doubt, but

'time will ſhew all matters in their true and natural 'colours, and that you will be convinced this poor 'young man deſerves better of you than ſome other 'folks that ſhall be nameleſs.'

'Madam,' cries Allworthy, a little ruffled, 'I 'will not hear any reflections on my nephew; and 'if ever you ſay a word more of that kind, I will 'depart from your houſe that inſtant. He is the 'worthieſt and beſt of men; and I once more repeat 'it to you, he hath carried his friendſhip to this man 'to a blameable length, by too long concealing facts 'of the blackeſt die. The ingratitude of the wretch 'to this good young man is what I moſt reſent; for, 'Madam, I have the greateſt reaſon to imagine he 'had laid a plot to ſupplant my nephew in my fa-'vour, and to have diſinherited him.'

'I am ſure, Sir,' anſwered Mrs. Miller, a little frightened, (for though Mr. Allworthy had the ut-moſt ſweetneſs and benevolence in his ſmiles, he had great terror in his frowns) 'I ſhall never ſpeak 'againſt any gentleman you are pleaſed to think 'well of. I am ſure, Sir, ſuch behaviour would 'very little become me, eſpecially when the gentle-'man is your neareſt relation; but, Sir, you muſt 'not be angry with me, you muſt not indeed, for 'my good wiſhes to this poor wretch. Sure I may 'call him ſo now, though once you would have been 'angry with me, if I had ſpoke of him with the 'leaſt diſreſpect. How often have I heard you call 'him your ſon? How often have you prattled to 'me of him, with all the fondneſs of a parent? 'Nay, Sir, I cannot forget the many tender ex-'preſſions, the many good things you have told me 'of his beauty, and his parts, and his virtues; of 'his good-nature and generoſity.—I am ſure, Sir, 'I cannot forget them, for I find them all true. 'I have experienced them in my own cauſe. They 'have preſerved my family. You muſt pardon my 'tears, Sir, indeed you muſt, when I conſider the

'cruel

'cruel reverſe of fortune which this poor youth, to 'whom I am ſo much obliged, hath ſuffered; when 'I conſider the loſs of your favour, which I know 'he valued more than his life, I muſt, I muſt la-'ment him. If you had a dagger in your hand, 'ready to plunge into my heart, I muſt lament the 'miſery of one whom you have loved, and I ſhall 'ever love.'

Allworthy was pretty much moved with this ſpeech, but it ſeemed not to be with anger; for after a ſhort ſilence, taking Mrs. Miller by the hand, he ſaid very affectionately to her: 'Come, Madam, let us con-'ſider a little about your daughter. I cannot blame 'you for rejoicing in a match which promiſes to be 'advantageous to her, but you know this advan-'tage, in a great meaſure, depends on the father's 'reconciliation. I know Mr. Nightingale very well, 'and have formerly had concerns with him; I will 'make him a viſit, and endeavour to ſerve you in 'this matter. I believe he is a worldly man; but 'as this is an only ſon, and the thing is now irretriev-'able, perhaps he may in time be brought to reaſon. 'I promiſe you I will do all I can for you.'

Many were the acknowledgments which the poor woman made to Allworthy for this kind and gene-rous offer, nor could ſhe refrain from taking this occaſion again to expreſs her gratitude towards Jones, 'to whom,' ſaid ſhe, 'I owe the opportunity of 'giving you, Sir, this preſent trouble.' Allworthy gently ſtopped her; but he was too good a man to be really offended with the effects of ſo noble a principle as now actuated Mrs. Miller; and indeed, had not this new affair inflamed his former anger againſt Jones, it is poſſible he might have been a little ſoftened towards him, by the report of an action which malice itſelf could not have derived from an evil motive.

Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller had been above an hour together, when their converſation was put an

end to, by the arrival of Blifil, and another perſon, which other perſon was no leſs than Mr. Dowling, the attorney, who was now become a great favourite with Mr. Blifil, and whom Mr. Allworthy, at the deſire of his nephew, had made his ſteward; and had likewiſe recommended him to Mr. Weſtern, from whom the attorney received a promiſe of being promoted to the ſame office upon the firſt vacancy; and in the mean time, was employed in tranſacting ſome affairs which the 'ſquire then had in London in relation to a mortgage.

This was the principal affair which then brought Mr. Dowling to town; therefore he took the ſame opportunity to charge himſelf with ſome money for Mr. Allworthy, and to make a report to him of ſome other buſineſs; in all which, as it was of much too dull a nature to find any place in this hiſtory, we will leave the uncle, nephew, and their lawyer concerned, and reſort to other matters.

CHAP. VIII.

Containing various matters.

BEFORE we return to Mr. Jones, we will take one more view of Sophia.

Though that young lady had brought her aunt into great good humour by thoſe ſoothing methods, which we have before related, ſhe had not brought her in the leaſt to abate of her zeal for the match with lord Fellamar. This zeal was now inflamed by lady Bellaſton, who had told her the preceding evening, that ſhe was well ſatisfied from the conduct of Sophia, and from her carriage to his lordſhip, that all delays would be dangerous, and that the only way to ſucceed, was to preſs the match forward with ſuch rapidity, that the young lady ſhould have no time to reflect, and be obliged to conſent, while ſhe ſcarce knew what ſhe did. In which manner, ſhe ſaid, one

half

half of the marriages among people of condition were brought about. A fact very probably true, and to which I ſuppoſe is owing the mutual tenderneſs which afterwards exiſts among ſo many happy couples.

A hint of the ſame kind was given by the ſame lady to lord Fellamar; and both theſe ſo readily embraced the advice, that the very next day was, at his lordſhip's requeſt, appointed by Mrs. Weſtern for a private interview between the young parties. This was communicated to Sophia by her aunt, and inſiſted upon in ſuch high terms, that, after having urged every thing ſhe poſſibly could invent againſt it, without the leaſt effect, ſhe at laſt agreed to give the higheſt inſtance of complaiſance which any young lady can give, and conſented to ſee his lordſhip.

As converſations of this kind afford no great entertainment, we ſhall be excuſed from reciting the whole that paſt at this interview; in which, after his lordſhip had made many declarations of the moſt pure and ardent paſſion, to the ſilent, bluſhing Sophia; ſhe at laſt collected all the ſpirits ſhe could raiſe, and with a trembling low voice, ſaid, 'My 'lord, you muſt be yourſelf conſcious whether your 'former behaviour to me hath been conſiſtent with 'the profeſſions you now make.' 'Is there,' anſwered he, 'no way by which I can atone for mad-'neſs? what I did, I am afraid, muſt have too plain-'ly convinced you, that the violence of love had de-'prived me of my ſenſes.' 'Indeed, my lord,' ſaid ſhe, 'it is in your power to give me a proof of an 'affection which I much rather wiſh to encourage, 'and to which I ſhould think myſelf more beholden.' 'Name it, Madam,' ſaid my lord, very warmly.— 'My lord,' ſays ſhe, looking down upon her fan, 'I know you muſt be ſenſible how uneaſy this pre-'tended paſſion of yours hath made me.——'Can 'you be ſo cruel to call it pretended?' ſays he. 'Yes, my lord,' anſwered Sophia, 'all profeſſions 'of love to thoſe whom we perſecute, are moſt in-

'ſulting pretences. This purſuit of yours is to me 'a moſt cruel perſecution; nay, it is taking a moſt 'ungenerous advantage of my unhappy ſituation.' 'Moſt lovely, moſt adorable charmer, do not ac-'cuſe me,' cries he, 'of taking an ungenerous ad-'vantage, while I have no thoughts but what are 'directed to your honour and intereſt, and while I 'have no view, no hope, no ambition, but to throw 'myſelf, honour, fortune, every thing at your feet.' 'My lord,' ſays ſhe, 'it is that fortune, and thoſe 'honours, which gave you the advantage of which 'I complain. Theſe are the charms which have ſe-'duced my relations, but to me they are things in-'different. If your lordſhip will merit my gratitude, 'there is but one way.'—'Pardon me, divine 'creature,' ſaid he, 'there can be none. All I can 'do for you is ſo much your due, and will give me 'ſo much pleaſure, that there is no room for your 'gratitude.'—'Indeed, my lord,' anſwered ſhe, 'you may obtain my gratitude, my good opinion, 'every kind thought and wiſh which it is in my 'power to beſtow; nay, you may obtain them with 'eaſe; for ſure to a generous mind it muſt be eaſy 'to grant my requeſt. Let me beſeech you then, 'to ceaſe a purſuit, in which you can never have 'any ſucceſs. For your own ſake as well as mine, 'I entreat this favour; for ſure you are too noble 'to have any pleaſure in tormenting an unhappy 'creature. What can your lordſhip propoſe but 'uneaſineſs to yourſelf, by a perſeverance, which, 'upon my honour, upon my ſoul, cannot, ſhall not 'prevail with me, whatever diſtreſſes you may drive 'me to.' Here my lord fetched a deep ſigh, and then ſaid—'Is it then, Madam, that I am ſo un-'happy to be the object of your diſlike and ſcorn; 'or will you pardon me if I ſuſpect there is ſome 'other?'—Here he heſitated, and Sophia anſwered with ſome ſpirit, 'My lord, I ſhall not be accountable 'to you for the reaſons of my conduct. I am

'obliged

'obliged to your lordſhip for the generous offer 'you have made; I own it is beyond either my 'deſerts or expectations; yet I hope, my lord, you 'will not inſiſt on my reaſons, when I declare I 'cannot accept it.' Lord Fellamar returned much to this, which we do not perfectly underſtand, and perhaps it could not all be ſtrictly reconciled either to ſenſe or grammar; but he concluded his ranting ſpeech with ſaying, 'That if ſhe had pre-engaged 'herſelf to any gentleman, however unhappy it 'would make him, he ſhould think himſelf bound 'in honour to deſiſt.' Perhaps my lord laid too much emphaſis on the word gentleman; for we cannot elſe well account for the indignation with which he inſpired Sophia, who, in her anſwer, ſeemed greatly to reſent ſome affront he had given her.

While ſhe was ſpeaking, with her voice more raiſed than uſual, Mrs. Weſtern came into the room, the fire glaring in her cheeks, and the flames burſting from her eyes. 'I am aſhamed,' ſays ſhe, 'my 'lord, of the reception which you have met with. 'I aſſure your lordſhip we are all ſenſible of the 'honour done us; and I muſt tell you, Miſs Weſtern, 'the family expect a different behaviour from you.' Here my lord interfered on behalf of the young lady, but to no purpoſe; the aunt proceeded till Sophia pulled out her handkerchief, threw herſelf into a chair, and burſt into a violent fit of tears.

The remainder of the converſation between Mrs. Weſtern and his lordſhip, till the latter withdrew, conſiſted of bitter lamentations on his ſide, and on hers of the ſtrongeſt aſſurances that her niece ſhould and would conſent to all he wiſhed. 'Indeed, my 'lord,' ſays ſhe, 'the girl hath had a fooliſh edu-'cation, neither adapted to her fortune nor her fa-'mily. Her father, I am ſorry to ſay it, is to blame 'for every thing. The girl hath ſilly country 'notions of baſhfulneſs. Nothing elſe, my lord, 'upon my honour; I am convinced ſhe hath a good

'under-

'understanding at the bottom, and will be brought 'to reason.'

This last speech was made in the absence of Sophia; for she had sometime before left the room, with more appearance of passion than she had ever shewn on any occasion; and now his lordship, after many expressions of thanks to Mrs. Western, many ardent professions of passion which nothing could conquer, and many assurances of perseverance, which Mrs. Western highly encouraged, took his leave for this time.

Before we relate what now passed between Mrs. Western and Sophia, it may be proper to mention an unfortunate accident which had happened, and which had occasioned the return of Mrs. Western with so much fury, as we have seen.

The reader then must know, that the maid who at present attended on Sophia, was recommended by lady Bellaston, with whom she had lived for sometime in the capacity of a comb-brush; she was a very sensible girl, and had received the strictest instructions to watch her young lady very carefully. These instructions, we are sorry to say, were communicated to her by Mrs. Honour, into whose favour lady Bellaston had now so ingratiated herself, that the violent affection which the good waiting-woman had formerly borne to Sophia, was entirely obliterated by that great attachment which she had to her new mistress.

Now when Mrs. Miller was departed, Betty, (for that was the name of the girl) returning to her young lady, found her very attentively engaged in reading a long letter, and the visible emotions which she betrayed on that occasion, might have well accounted for some suspicions which the girl entertained; but indeed they had yet a stronger foundation, for she had overheard the whole scene which passed between Sophia and Mrs. Miller.

Mrs.

Mrs. Weſtern was acquainted with all this matter by Betty, who, after receiving many commendations, and ſome rewards for her fidelity, was ordered, that if the woman who brought the letter, came again, ſhe ſhould introduce her to Mrs. Weſtern herſelf.

Unluckily Mrs. Miller returned at the very time when Sophia was engaged with his lordſhip. Betty, according to order, ſent her directly to the aunt; who being miſtreſs of ſo many circumſtances relating to what had paſſed the day before, eaſily impoſed upon the poor woman to believe that Sophia had communicated the whole affair; and ſo pumped every thing out of her which ſhe knew, relating to the letter, and relating to Jones.

This poor creature might indeed be called ſimplicity itſelf. She was one of that order of mortals, who are apt to believe every thing which is ſaid to them; to whom nature hath neither indulged the offenſive nor defenſive weapons of deceit, and who are conſequently liable to be impoſed upon by any one, who will only be at the expence of a little falſehood for that purpoſe. Mrs. Weſtern having drained Mrs. Miller of all ſhe knew, which indeed was but little, but which was ſufficient to make the aunt ſuſpect a great deal, diſmiſſed her with aſſurances that Sophia would not ſee her, that ſhe would ſend no anſwer to the letter, nor ever receive another; nor did ſhe ſuffer her to depart without a handſome lecture on the merits of an office, to which ſhe could afford no better name than that of procureſs. ——— This diſcovery had greatly diſcompoſed her temper, when coming into the apartment next to that in which the lovers were, ſhe overheard Sophia very warmly proteſting againſt his lordſhip's addreſſes. At which the rage already kindled, burſt forth, and ſhe ruſhed in upon her niece in a moſt furious manner, as we have already deſcribed, together with what paſt at that time till his lordſhip's departure.

No

No ſooner was lord Fellamar gone, than Mrs. Weſtern returned to Sophia, whom ſhe upbraided in the moſt bitter terms, for the ill uſe ſhe had made of the confidence repoſed in her; and for her treachery in converſing with a man with whom ſhe had offered but the day before to bind herſelf in the moſt ſolemn oath, never more to have any converſation. Sophia proteſted ſhe had maintained no ſuch converſation. 'How, how! Miſs Weſtern,' ſaid the aunt, 'will you deny your receiving a letter from 'him yeſterday?' 'A letter, Madam!' anſwered Sophia, ſomewhat ſurprized. 'It is not very well 'bred, Miſs,' replies the aunt, 'to repeat my words. 'I ſay a letter, and I inſiſt upon your ſhewing it me 'immediately.' 'I ſcorn a lie, Madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'I did receive a letter, but it was without my deſire, 'and indeed I may ſay againſt my conſent.' 'Indeed, 'indeed, Miſs,' cries the aunt, 'you ought to be 'aſhamed of owning you had received it at all; but 'where is the letter? for I will ſee it.'

To this peremptory demand, Sophia pauſed ſome time before ſhe returned an anſwer; and at laſt only excuſed herſelf by declaring ſhe had not the letter in her pocket, which was indeed true; upon which her aunt loſing all manner of patience, aſked her niece this ſhort queſtion, whether ſhe would reſolve to marry lord Fellamar or no? to which ſhe received the ſtrongeſt negative. Mrs. Weſtern then replied with an oath, or ſomething very like one, that ſhe would early the next morning deliver her back into her father's hand.

Sophia then began to reaſon with her aunt in the following manner: 'Why, Madam, muſt I of ne-'ceſſity be forced to marry at all? Conſider how 'cruel you would have thought it in your own caſe, 'and how much kinder your parents were in leav-'ing you to your liberty. What have I done to for-'feit this liberty? I will never marry contrary to 'my father's conſent, nor without aſking yours——

'And

'And when I aſk the conſent of either improperly, 'it will be then time enough to force ſome other 'marriage upon me.' 'Can I bear to hear this,' cries Mrs. Weſtern, 'from a girl who hath now a 'letter from a murderer in her pocket?' 'I have 'no ſuch letter, I promiſe you,' anſwered Sophia; 'and if he be a murderer, he will ſoon be in no 'condition to give you any further diſturbance.' 'How, Miſs Weſtern,' ſaid the aunt, 'have you 'the aſſurance to ſpeak of him in this manner, to 'own your affection for ſuch a villain to my face! 'Sure, Madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'you put a very 'ſtrange conſtruction on my words.' 'Indeed, 'Miſs Weſtern,' cries the lady, 'I ſhall not bear 'this uſage; you have learnt of your father this 'manner of treating me; he hath taught you to 'give me the lie. He hath totally ruined you by 'his falſe ſyſtem of education; and pleaſe heaven 'he ſhall have the comfort of its fruits; for once 'more I declare to you, that to-morrow morning I 'will carry you back. I will withdraw all my forces 'from the field, and remain henceforth, like the 'wiſe king of Pruſſia, in a ſtate of perfect neutrality. 'You are both too wiſe to be regulated by my 'meaſures; ſo prepare yourſelf, for to-morrow morn-'ing you ſhall evacuate this houſe.'

Sophia remonſtrated all ſhe could; but her aunt was deaf to all ſhe ſaid. In this reſolution therefore we muſt at preſent leave her, as there ſeems to be no hopes of bringing her to change it.

CHAP. IX.

What happened to Mr. Jones in the priſon.

MR. Jones paſt above twenty-four melancholy hours by himſelf, unleſs when relieved by the company of Partridge, before Mr. Nightingale returned; not that this worthy young man had deſerted

ſerted or forgot his friend; for indeed, he had been much the greateſt part of the time employed in his ſervice.

He had heard upon enquiry that the only perſons who had ſeen the beginning of the unfortunate rencounter, were a crew belonging to a man of war, which then lay at Deptford. To Deptford therefore he went in ſearch of this crew, where he was informed that the men he ſought after, were all gone aſhore. He then traced them from place to place, till at laſt he found two of them drinking together, with a third perſon, at a hedge-tavern, near Alderſgate.

Nightingale deſired to ſpeak with Jones by himſelf (for Partridge was in the room when he came in.) As ſoon as they were alone, Nightingale taking Jones by the hand, cried, 'Come, my brave friend, 'be not too much dejected at what I am going to 'tell you——I am ſorry I am the meſſenger of bad 'news; but I think it my duty to tell you.' 'I 'gueſs already what that bad news is,' cries Jones. 'The poor gentleman then is dead.'—— 'I hope 'not,' anſwered Nightingale. 'He was alive this 'morning; though I will not flatter you; I fear 'from the accounts I could get, that his wound is 'mortal. But if the affair be exactly as you told it, 'your own remorſe would be all you have reaſon to 'apprehend, let what would happen; but forgive 'me, my dear Tom, if I entreat you to make the 'worſt of your ſtory to your friends. If you diſguiſe 'any thing to us, you will only be an enemy to 'yourſelf.'

'What reaſon, my dear Jack, have I ever given 'you,' ſaid Jones, 'to ſtab me with ſo cruel a ſuſ-'picion?' 'Have patience,' cries Nightingale, 'and 'I will tell you all. After the moſt diligent enquiry 'I could make, I at laſt met with two of the fellows 'who were preſent at this unhappy accident, and I 'am ſorry to ſay, they do not relate the ſtory ſo 'much

'much in your favour as you yourſelf have told it.'
'Why, what do they ſay?' cries Jones, 'Indeed
'what I am ſorry to repeat, as I am afraid of the
'conſequence of it to you. They ſay, that they were
'at too great a diſtance to overhear any words that
'paſſed between you; but they both agree that the
'firſt blow was given by you.' 'Then, upon my
'ſoul,' anſwered Jones, 'they injure me. He not
'only ſtruck me firſt, but ſtruck me without the leaſt
'provocation. What ſhould induce thoſe villains to
'accuſe me falſely?' 'Nay, that I cannot gueſs,' ſaid
Nightingale, 'and if you yourſelf, and I, who am ſo
'heartily your friend, cannot conceive a reaſon why
'they ſhould belie you, what reaſon will an indiffe-
'rent court of juſtice be able to aſſign, why they
'ſhould not believe them? I repeated the queſtion
'to them ſeveral times, and ſo did another gentle-
'man who was preſent, who, I believe, is a ſea-
'faring man, and who really acted a very friendly
'part by you; for he begged them often to con-
'ſider, that there was the life of a man in the caſe;
'and aſked them over and over, if they were certain;
'to which they both anſwered, that they were, and
'would abide by their evidence upon oath. For
'heaven's ſake, my dear friend, recollect yourſelf;
'for if this ſhould appear to be the fact, it will be
'your buſineſs to think in time of making the beſt
'of your intereſt. I would not ſhock you; but
'you know, I believe, the ſeverity of the law, what-
'ever verbal provocations may have been given you.'
'Alas! my friend,' cries Jones, 'what intereſt hath
'ſuch a wretch as I? Beſides, do you think I would
'even wiſh to live with the reputation of a mur-
'derer? If I had any friends, (as alas! I have none)
'could I have the confidence to ſolicit them to ſpeak
'in the behalf of a man condemned for the blackeſt
'crime in human nature? Believe me, I have no
'ſuch hope; but I have ſome reliance on a throne

'ſtill

'ſtill greatly ſuperior; which will, I am certain, 'afford me all the protection I merit.'

He then concluded with many ſolemn and vehement proteſtations of the truth of what he had at firſt aſſerted.

The faith of Nightingale was now again ſtaggered, and began to incline to credit his friend, when Mrs. Miller appeared, and made a ſorrowful report of the ſucceſs of her embaſſy; which when Jones had heard, he cried out moſt heroically, 'Well, 'my friend, I am now indifferent as to what ſhall 'happen, at leaſt with regard to my life; and if it 'be the will of heaven that I ſhall make an atone-'ment with that for the blood I have ſpilt, I hope 'the Divine Goodneſs will one day ſuffer my honour 'to be cleared, and that the words of a dying man, 'at leaſt, will be believed, ſo far as to juſtify his 'character.'

A very mournful ſcene now paſt between the priſoner and his friends, at which, as few readers would have been pleaſed to be preſent, ſo few, I believe, will deſire to hear it particularly related. We will, therefore, paſs on to the entrance of the turnkey, who acquainted Jones, that there was a lady without who deſired to ſpeak with him, when he was at leiſure.

Jones declared his ſurprize at this meſſage. He ſaid, 'He knew no lady in the world whom he 'could poſſibly expect to ſee there.' However, as he ſaw no reaſon to decline ſeeing any perſon, Mrs. Miller and Mr. Nightingale preſently took their leave, and he gave orders to have the lady admitted.

If Jones was ſurprized at the news of a viſit from a lady, how greatly was he aſtoniſhed when he diſcovered this lady to be no other than Mrs. Waters! In this aſtoniſhment then we ſhall leave him awhile, in order to cure the ſurprize of the reader, who will likewiſe, probably, not a little wonder at the arrival of this lady.

Who

Who this Mrs. Waters was, the reader pretty well knows; what ſhe was, he muſt be perfectly ſatisfied. He will therefore be pleaſed to remember, that this lady departed from Upton in the ſame coach with Mr. Fitzpatrick and the other Iriſh gentleman, and in their company travelled to Bath.

Now there was a certain office in the gift of Mr. Fitzpatrick at that time vacant, namely, that of a wife; for the lady who had lately filled that office had reſigned, or at leaſt deſerted her duty. Mr. Fitzpatrick therefore having thoroughly examined Mrs. Waters on the road, found her extremely fit for the place, which, on their arrival at Bath, he preſently conferred upon her, and ſhe, without any ſcruple, accepted. As huſband and wife this gentleman and lady continued together all the time they ſtayed at Bath, and as huſband and wife they arrived together in town.

Whether Mr. Fitzpatrick was ſo wiſe a man as not to part with one good thing till he had ſecured another, which he had at preſent only a proſpect of regaining; or whether Mrs. Waters had ſo well diſcharged her office, that he intended ſtill to retain her as principal, and to make his wife (as is often the caſe) only her deputy, I will not ſay; but certain it is, he never mentioned his wife to her, never communicated to her the letter given him by Mrs. Weſtern, nor ever once hinted his purpoſe of repoſſeſſing his wife; much leſs did he ever mention the name of Jones. For though he intended to fight with him wherever he met him, he did not imitate thoſe prudent perſons who think a wife, a mother, a ſiſter, or ſometimes a whole family, the ſafeſt ſeconds on theſe occaſions. The firſt account therefore which ſhe had of all this, was delivered to her from his lips, after he was brought home from the tavern where his wound had been dreſt.

As Mr. Fitzpatrick, however, had not the cleareſt way of telling a ſtory at any time, and was now, perhaps,

perhaps, a little more confuſed than uſual, it was ſometime before ſhe diſcovered that the gentleman who had given him this wound was the very ſame perſon from whom her heart had received a wound, which, though not of a mortal kind, was yet ſo deep that it had left a conſiderable ſcar behind it. But no ſooner was ſhe acquainted that Mr. Jones himſelf was the man who had been committed to the Gatehouſe for this ſuppoſed murder, than ſhe took the firſt opportunity of committing Mr. Fitzpatrick to the care of his nurſe, and haſtened away to viſit the conqueror.

She now entered the room with an air of gaiety, which received an immediate check from the melancholy aſpect of poor Jones, who ſtarted and bleſſed himſelf when he ſaw her. Upon which ſhe ſaid, 'Nay, I do not wonder at your ſurprize; I believe 'you did not expect to ſee me; for few gentlemen 'are troubled here with viſits from any lady, unleſs 'a wife. You ſee the power you have over me, Mr. 'Jones. Indeed, I little thought when we parted 'at Upton, that our next meeting would have been 'in ſuch a place.' 'Indeed, Madam,' ſays Jones, 'I muſt look upon this viſit as kind; few will follow 'the miſerable, eſpecially to ſuch diſmal habitations.' 'I proteſt, Mr. Jones,' ſays ſhe, 'I can hardly per-'ſuade myſelf you are the ſame agreeable fellow I 'ſaw at Upton. Why, your face is more miſerable 'than any dungeon in the univerſe. What can be 'the matter with you?' 'I thought, Madam,' ſaid Jones, 'as you knew of my being here, you knew 'the unhappy reaſon.' 'Pugh,' ſays ſhe, 'you have 'pinked a man in a duel, that's all.' Jones expreſt ſome indignation at this levity, and ſpoke with the utmoſt contrition for what had happened. To which ſhe anſwered, 'Well then, Sir, if you take it ſo 'much to heart, I will relieve you; the gentleman 'is not dead; and, I am pretty confident, is in no 'danger of dying. The ſurgeon indeed who firſt

'dreſſed

'dreſſed him was a young fellow, and ſeemed deſirous 'of repreſenting his caſe to be as bad as poſſible, 'that he might have the more honour from curing 'him; but the king's ſurgeon hath ſeen him ſince, 'and ſays, unleſs from a fever, of which there are 'at preſent no ſymptoms, he apprehends not the leaſt 'danger of life.' Jones ſhewed great ſatisfaction in his countenance at this report; upon which ſhe affirmed the truth of it, adding, 'By the moſt 'extraordinary accident in the world I lodge at the 'ſame houſe, and have ſeen the gentleman; and I 'promiſe you he doth you juſtice, and ſays, What-'ever be the conſequence, that he was entirely the 'aggreſſor, and that you was not in the leaſt to 'blame.'

Jones expreſſed the utmoſt ſatisfaction at the account which Mrs. Waters brought him. He then informed her of many things which ſhe well knew before, as who Mr. Fitzpatrick was, the occaſion of his reſentment, &c. He likewiſe told her ſeveral facts of which ſhe was ignorant, as the adventure of the muff, and other particulars, concealing only the name of Sophia. He then lamented the follies and vices of which he had been guilty; every one of which, he ſaid, had been attended with ſuch ill conſequences, that he ſhould be unpardonable if he did not take warning, and quit thoſe vicious courſes for the future. He laſtly concluded with aſſuring her of his reſolution to ſin no more, leſt a worſe thing ſhould happen to him.

Mrs. Waters with great pleaſantry ridiculed all this, as the effects of low ſpirits and confinement. She repeated ſome witticiſms about the devil when he was ſick, and told him, 'She doubted not but 'ſhortly to ſee him at liberty, and as lively a fellow 'as ever; and then,' ſays ſhe, 'I don't queſtion but 'your conſcience will be ſafely delivered of all theſe 'qualms that it is now ſo ſick in breeding.'

Many more things of this kind ſhe uttered, ſome of which it would do her no great honour, in the opinion of ſome readers, to remember; nor are we quite certain but that the anſwers made by Jones would be treated with ridicule by others. We ſhall therefore ſuppreſs the reſt of this converſation, and only obſerve, that it ended at laſt with perfect innocence, and much more to the ſatisfaction of Jones than of the lady; for the former was greatly tranſported with the news ſhe had brought him; but the latter was not altogether ſo pleaſed with the penitential behaviour of a man, whom ſhe had, at her firſt interview, conceived a very different opinion of from what ſhe now entertained of him.

Thus the melancholy occaſioned by the report of Mr. Nightingale was pretty well effaced; but the dejection into which Mrs. Miller had thrown him ſtill continued. The account ſhe gave, ſo well tallied with the words of Sophia herſelf in her letter, that he made not the leaſt doubt but that ſhe had diſcloſed his letter to her aunt, and had taken a fixed reſolution to abandon him. The torments this thought gave him, were to be equalled only by a piece of news which fortune yet had in ſtore for him, and which we ſhall communicate in the ſecond chapter of the enſuing book.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XVIII.

Containing about ſix days.

CHAP. I.

A farewel to the reader.

WE are now, reader, arrived at the laſt ſtage of our long journey. As we have therefore travelled together through ſo many pages, let us behave to one another like fellow-travellers in a ſtage-coach, who have paſſed ſeveral days in the company of each other; and who, notwithſtanding any bickerings or little animoſities which may have occurred on the road, generally make all up at laſt, and mount, for the laſt time, into their vehicle with cheerfulneſs and good-humour; ſince after this one ſtage, it may poſſibly happen to us, as it commonly happens to them, never to meet more.

As I have here taken up this ſimile, give me leave to carry it a little farther. I intend then in this laſt

book to imitate the good company I have mentioned in their laſt journey. Now it is well known, that all jokes and raillery are at this time laid aſide; whatever characters any of the paſſengers have for the jeſt-ſake perſonated on the road, are now thrown off, and the converſation is uſually plain and ſerious.

In the ſame manner, if I have now and then, in the courſe of this work, indulged any pleaſantry for thy entertainment, I ſhall here lay it down. The variety of matter, indeed, which I ſhall be obliged to cram into this book, will afford no room for any of thoſe ludicrous obſervations which I have elſewhere made, and which may ſometimes, perhaps, have prevented thee from taking a nap when it was beginning to ſteal upon thee. In this laſt book thou wilt find nothing (or at moſt very little) of that nature. All will be plain narrative only; and, indeed, when thou haſt peruſed the many great events which this book will produce, thou wilt think the number of pages contained in it, ſcarce ſufficient to tell the ſtory.

And now, my friend, I take this opportunity (as I ſhall have no other) of heartily wiſhing thee well. If I have been an entertaining companion to thee, I promiſe thee it is what I have deſired. If in any thing I have offended, it was really without any intention. Some things perhaps here ſaid may have hit thee or thy friends; but I do moſt ſolemnly declare they were not pointed at thee or them. I queſtion not but thou haſt been told, among other ſtories of me, that thou waſt to travel with a very ſcurrilous fellow; but whoever told thee ſo, did me an injury. No man deteſts and deſpiſes ſcurrility more than myſelf; nor hath any man more reaſon; for none hath ever been treated with more: and what is a very ſevere fate, I have had ſome of the abuſive writings of thoſe very men fathered upon me, who, in other of their works, have abuſed me themſelves with the utmoſt virulence.

All

All theſe works, however, I am well convinced, will be dead long before this page ſhall offer itſelf to thy peruſal; for, however ſhort the period may be of my own performances, they will moſt probably outlive their own infirm Author, and the weakly productions of his abuſive cotemporaries.

CHAP. II.

Containing a very tragical incident.

WHILE Jones was employed in thoſe unpleaſant meditations, with which we left him tormenting himſelf, Partridge came ſtumbling into the room with his face paler than aſhes, his eyes fixed in his head, his hair ſtanding an end, and every limb trembling. In ſhort, he looked as he would have done had he ſeen a ſpectre, or had he indeed been a ſpectre himſelf.

Jones, who was little ſubject to fear, could not avoid being ſomewhat ſhocked with this ſudden appearance. He did indeed himſelf change colour, and his voice a little faultered, while he aſked him, What was the matter?

'I hope, Sir,' ſaid Partridge, 'you will not be 'angry with me. Indeed I did not liſten, but I was 'obliged to ſtay in the outward room. I am ſure 'I wiſh I had been a hundred miles off, rather than 'have heard what I have heard.' 'Why, what is 'the matter?' ſaid Jones. 'The matter, Sir? O 'good heaven!' anſwered Partridge, 'was that wo-'man who is juſt gone out, the woman who was with 'you at Upton?' 'She was, Partridge,' cries Jones. 'And did you really, Sir, go to bed with that wo-'man?' ſaid he trembling—'I am afraid what paſt 'between us, is no ſecret,' ſaid Jones.—'Nay, but 'pray, Sir, for heaven's ſake, Sir, anſwer me,' cries Partridge. 'You know I did,' cries Jones.—— 'Why then the Lord have mercy upon your ſoul,

'and forgive you,' cries Partridge; 'but as ſure as 'I ſtand here alive, you have been a-bed with your 'own mother.'

Upon theſe words, Jones became in a moment a greater picture of horror than Partridge himſelf. He was indeed, for ſome time, ſtruck dumb with amazement, and both ſtood ſtaring wildly at each other. At laſt his words found way, and in an interrupted voice he ſaid.——'How! How! What's this you 'tell me?' 'Nay, Sir,' cries Partridge, 'I have not 'breath enough left to tell you now—but what I 'have ſaid is moſt certainly true.——That woman 'who now went out is your own mother. How un-'lucky was it for you, Sir, that I did not happen to 'ſee her at that time, to have prevented it? Sure the 'devil himſelf muſt have contrived to bring about 'this wickedneſs.'

'Sure,' cries Jones, 'fortune will never have done 'with me, till ſhe hath driven me to diſtraction. But 'why do I blame fortune? I am myſelf the cauſe of 'all my miſery. All the dreadful miſchiefs which 'have befallen me, are the conſequences only of 'my own folly and vice. What thou haſt told me, 'Partridge, hath almoſt deprived me of my ſenſes! 'And was Mrs. Waters then——But why do I aſk? 'For thou muſt certainly know her——If thou haſt 'any affection for me; nay, if thou haſt any pity, 'let me beſeech thee to fetch this miſerable woman 'back again to me. O good heavens! Inceſt—— 'with a mother! To what am I reſerved?' He then fell into the moſt violent and frantic agonies of grief and deſpair, in which Partridge declared he would not leave him; but at laſt having vented the firſt torrent of paſſion, he came a little to himſelf; and then having acquainted Partridge, that he would find this wretched woman in the ſame houſe where the wounded gentleman was lodged, he diſpatched him in queſt of her.

If

If the reader will pleaſe to refreſh his memory, by turning to the ſcene at Upton in the ninth book, he will be apt to admire the many ſtrange accidents which unfortunately prevented any interview between Partridge and Mrs. Waters, when ſhe ſpent a whole day there with Mr. Jones. Inſtances of this kind we may frequently obſerve in life, where the greateſt events are produced by a nice train of little circumſtances; and more than one example of this may be diſcovered by the accurate eye, in this our hiſtory.

After a fruitleſs ſearch of two or three hours, Partridge returned back to his maſter, without having ſeen Mrs. Waters. Jones, who was in a ſtate of deſperation at his delay, was almoſt raving mad when he brought him this account. He was not long however in this condition, before he received the following letter;

'SIR,

'SINCE I left you, I have ſeen a gentleman, 'from whom I have learnt ſomething concern-'ing you which greatly ſurprizes and affects me; 'but as I have not at preſent leiſure to communicate 'a matter of ſuch high importance, you muſt ſuſpend 'your curioſity till our next meeting, which ſhall be 'the firſt moment I am able to ſee you. O Mr. 'Jones! little did I think, when I paſt that happy 'day at Upton, the reflection upon which is like to 'embitter all my future life, who it was to whom I 'owed ſuch perfect happineſs. Believe me to be ever 'ſincerely your unfortunate,

'J. WATERS.

'*P. S.* I would have you comfort yourſelf as 'much as poſſible; for Mr. Fitzpatrick is in no 'manner of danger; ſo that whatever other grievous 'crimes you may have to repent of, the guilt of 'blood is not among the number.'

Jones

Jones having received the letter, let it drop (for he was unable to hold it, and indeed had ſcarce the uſe of any one of his faculties) Partridge took it up, and having received conſent by ſilence, read it likewiſe; nor had it upon him a leſs ſenſible effect. The pencil, and not the pen, ſhould deſcribe the horrors which appeared in both their countenances. While they both remained ſpeechleſs, the turnkey entered the room, and without taking any notice of what ſufficiently diſcovered itſelf in the faces of them both, acquainted Jones that a man without deſired to ſpeak with him. This perſon was preſently introduced, and was no other than Black George.

As ſights of horror were not ſo uſual to George as they were to the turnkey, he inſtantly ſaw the great diſorder which appeared in the face of Jones. This he imputed to the accident that had happened, which was reported in the very worſt light in Mr. Weſtern's family; he concluded therefore, that the gentleman was dead, and that Mr. Jones was in a fair way of coming to a ſhameful end. A thought which gave him much uneaſineſs; for George was of a compaſſionate diſpoſition, and notwithſtanding a ſmall breach of friendſhip which he had been overtempted to commit, was, in the main, not inſenſible of the obligations he had formerly received from Mr. Jones.

The poor fellow therefore ſcarce refrained from a tear at the preſent ſight. He told Jones, he was heartily ſorry for his misfortunes, and begged him to conſider, if he could be of any manner of ſervice. 'Perhaps, Sir,' ſaid he, 'you may want a little 'matter of money upon this occaſion; if you do, 'Sir, what little I have is heartily at your ſervice.'

Jones ſhook him very heartily by the hand, and gave him many thanks for the kind offer he had made; but anſwered, 'He had not the leaſt want of 'that kind.' Upon which George began to preſs his ſervices more eagerly than before. Jones again thanked him, with aſſurances that he wanted nothing which

which was in the power of any man living to give. 'Come, come, my good maſter,' anſwered George, 'do not take the matter ſo much to heart. Things 'may end better than you imagine; to be ſure you 'ant the firſt gentleman who hath killed a man, and 'yet come off.' 'You are wide of the matter, 'George,' ſaid Partridge, 'the gentleman is not 'dead, nor like to die. Don't diſturb my maſter, 'at preſent, for he is troubled about a matter in 'which it is not in your power to do him any good.' 'You don't know what I may be able to do, Mr. 'Partridge,' anſwered George, 'if his concern is about 'my young lady, I have ſome news to tell my 'maſter.'——'What do you ſay, Mr. George?' cried Jones, 'Hath any thing lately happened in 'which my Sophia is concerned? My Sophia! How 'dares ſuch a wretch as I mention her ſo prophanely.' ——'I hope ſhe will be yours yet,' anſwered George. —'Why, yes, Sir, I have ſomething to tell you 'about her. Madam Weſtern hath juſt brought 'Madam Sophia home, and there hath been a ter-'rible to do. I could not poſſibly learn the very 'right of it; but my maſter he hath been in a vaſt 'big paſſion, and ſo was Madam Weſtern, and I 'heard her ſay, as ſhe went out of doors into her 'chair, that ſhe would never ſet her foot in maſter's 'houſe again. I don't know what's the matter, not 'I, but every thing was very quiet when I came 'out; but Robin, who waited at ſupper, ſaid he had 'never ſeen the 'ſquire for a long while in ſuch good 'humour with young Madam; that he kiſſed her 'ſeveral times, and ſwore ſhe ſhould be her own 'miſtreſs, and he never would think of confining her 'any more. I thought this news would pleaſe you, 'and ſo I ſlipped out, though it was ſo late, to in-'form you of it.' Mr. Jones aſſured George that it did greatly pleaſe him; for though he ſhould never more preſume to lift his eyes towards that incomparable creature, nothing could ſo much relieve his

miſery

miſery as the ſatisfaction he ſhould always have in hearing of her welfare.

The reſt of the converſation which paſſed at the viſit, is not important enough to be here related. The reader will therefore forgive us this abrupt breaking off, and be pleaſed to hear how this great good will of the 'ſquire towards his daughter was brought about.

Mrs. Weſtern, on her firſt arrival at her brother's lodging, began to ſet forth the great honours and advantages which would accrue to the family by the match with lord Fellamar, which her niece had abſolutely refuſed; in which refuſal, when the 'ſquire took the part of his daughter, ſhe fell immediately into the moſt violent paſſion, and ſo irritated and provoked the 'ſquire, that neither his patience nor his prudence could bear it any longer; upon which there enſued between them both ſo warm a bout at altercation, that perhaps the regions of Billingſgate never equalled it. In the heat of this ſcolding, Mrs. Weſtern departed, and had conſequently no leiſure to acquaint her brother with the letter which Sophia received, which might have poſſibly produced ill effects; but, to ſay truth, I believe it never once occurred to her memory at this time.

When Mrs. Weſtern was gone, Sophia, who had been hitherto ſilent, as well indeed from neceſſity as inclination, began to return the compliment which her father had made her, in taking her part againſt her aunt, by taking his likewiſe againſt the lady. This was the firſt time of her ſo doing, and it was in the higheſt degree acceptable to the 'ſquire. Again, he remembered that Mr. Allworthy had inſiſted on an entire relinquiſhment of all violent means; and indeed, as he made no doubt but that Jones would be hanged, he did not in the leaſt queſtion ſucceeding with his daughter by fair means; he now therefore once more gave a looſe to his natural fondneſs for her, which had ſuch an effect on the dutiful, grate-

ful,

ful, tender and affectionate heart of Sophia, that had her honour given to Jones, and ſomething elſe perhaps in which he was concerned, been removed, I much doubt whether ſhe would not have ſacrificed herſelf to a man ſhe did not like, to have obliged her father. She promiſed him, ſhe would make it the whole buſineſs of her life to oblige him, and would never marry any man againſt his conſent; which brought the old man ſo near to his higheſt happineſs, that he was reſolved to take the other ſtep, and went to bed completely drunk.

CHAP. III.

Allworthy viſits old Nightingale; with a ſtrange diſcovery that he made on that occaſion.

THE morning after theſe things had happened, Mr. Allworthy went according to his promiſe to viſit old Nightingale, with whom his authority was ſo great, that after having ſat with him three hours, he at laſt prevailed with him to conſent to ſee his ſon.

Here an accident happened of a very extraordinary kind; one indeed of thoſe ſtrange chances, whence very good and grave men have concluded that Providence often interpoſes in the diſcovery of the moſt ſecret villany, in order to caution men from quitting the paths of honeſty, however warily they tread in thoſe of vice.

Mr. Allworthy, at his entrance into Mr. Nightingale's, ſaw Black George; he took no notice of him, nor did Black George imagine he had perceived him.

However, when their converſation on the principal point was over, Allworthy aſked Nightingale, Whether he knew one George Seagrim, and upon what buſineſs he came to his houſe? 'Yes,' anſwered Nightingale, 'I know him very well, and a moſt extraordinary 'fellow he is, who, in theſe days, hath been able to 'hoard up 500l. from renting a very ſmall eſtate of

'30l.

'301. a year.' 'And is this the ſtory which he hath 'told you?' cries Allworthy. 'Nay, it is true, I 'promiſe you,' ſaid Nightingale, 'for I have the 'money now in my own hands, in five Bank bills, 'which I am to lay out either in a mortgage, or in 'ſome purchaſe in the North of England.' The Bank bills were no ſooner produced at Allworthy's deſire, than he bleſſed himſelf at the ſtrangeneſs of the diſcovery. He preſently told Nightingale, that theſe Bank bills were formerly his, and then acquainted him with the whole affair. As there are no men who complain more of the frauds of buſineſs than highwaymen, gameſters, and other thieves of that kind; ſo there are none who ſo bitterly exclaim againſt the frauds of gameſters, &c. as uſurers, brokers, and other thieves of this kind; whether it be that the one way of cheating is a diſcountenance or reflection upon the other, or that money, which is the common miſtreſs of all cheats, makes them regard each other in the light of rivals; but Nightingale no ſooner heard the ſtory, than he exclaimed againſt the fellow in terms much ſeverer than the juſtice and honeſty of Allworthy had beſtowed on him.

Allworthy deſired Nightingale to retain both the money and the ſecret till he ſhould hear farther from him; and if he ſhould in the mean time ſee the fellow, that he would not take the leaſt notice to him of the diſcovery which he had made. He then returned to his lodgings, where he found Mrs. Miller in a very dejected condition, on account of the information ſhe had received from her ſon in-law. Mr. Allworthy, with great cheerfulneſs, told her, that he had much good news to communicate; and with little further preface, acquainted her, that he had brought Mr. Nightingale to conſent to ſee his ſon, and did not in the leaſt doubt to effect a perfect reconciliation between them; though he found the father more ſoured by another accident of the ſame

kind, which had happened in his family. He then mentioned the running away of the uncle's daughter, which he had been told by the old gentleman, and which Mrs. Miller, and her ſon-in-law, did not yet know.

The reader may ſuppoſe Mrs. Miller received this account with great thankfulneſs and no leſs pleaſure; but ſo uncommon was her friendſhip to Jones, that I am not certain whether the uneaſineſs ſhe ſuffered for his ſake, did not overbalance her ſatisfaction at hearing a piece of news tending ſo much to the happineſs of her own family; nor whether even this very news, as it reminded her of the obligations ſhe had to Jones, did not hurt as well as pleaſe her; when her grateful heart ſaid to her, 'While my own 'family is happy, how miſerable is the poor creature, 'to whoſe generoſity we owe the beginning of all 'this happineſs!'

Allworthy having left her a little while to chew the cud (if I may uſe that expreſſion) on theſe firſt tidings, told her, he had ſtill ſomething more to impart, which he believed would give her pleaſure. 'I think,' ſaid he, 'I have diſcovered a pretty conſiderable 'treaſure belonging to the young gentleman, your 'friend; but perhaps, indeed, his preſent ſituation 'may be ſuch, that it will be of no ſervice to him.' The latter part of the ſpeech gave Mrs. Miller to underſtand who was meant, and ſhe anſwered with a ſigh, 'I hope not, Sir.' 'I hope ſo too,' cries Allworthy, 'with all my heart; but my nephew told 'me this morning, he had heard a very bad account 'of the affair.'——'Good heaven! Sir,' ſaid ſhe—'Well, I muſt not ſpeak, and yet it is certainly very 'hard to be obliged to hold one's tongue when one 'hears.'——'Madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'you may 'ſay whatever you pleaſe, you know me too well to 'think I have a prejudice againſt any one; and as for 'that young man, I aſſure you I ſhould be heartily 'pleaſed to find he could acquit himſelf of every 'thing,

'thing, and particularly of this ſad affair. You can 'teſtify the affection I have formerly borne him. 'The world, I know, cenſured me for loving him 'ſo much. I did not withdraw that affection from 'him without thinking I had the juſteſt cauſe. Be-'lieve me, Mrs. Miller, I ſhould be glad to find I 'have been miſtaken.' Mrs. Miller was going eagerly to reply, when a ſervant acquainted her, that a gentleman without deſired to ſpeak with her immediately. Allworthy then enquired for his nephew, and was told, that he had been for ſome time in his room with the gentleman who uſed to come to him, and whom Mr. Allworthy gueſſing rightly to be Mr. Dowling, he deſired preſently to ſpeak with him.

When Dowling attended, Allworthy put the caſe of the Bank notes to him, without mentioning any name, and aſked in what manner ſuch a perſon might be puniſhed. To which Dowling anſwered, he thought he might be indicted on the Black Act; but ſaid, as it was a matter of ſome nicety, it would be proper to go to counſel. He ſaid he was to attend counſel preſently upon an affair of Mr. Weſtern's, and if Mr. Allworthy pleaſed he would lay the caſe before them. This was agreed to; and then Mrs. Miller opening the door, cried, 'I aſk pardon, I did 'not know you had company;' but Allworthy deſired her to come in, ſaying, he had finiſhed his buſineſs. Upon which Mr. Dowling withdrew, and Mrs. Miller introduced Mr. Nightingale the younger, to return thanks for the great kindneſs done him by Allworthy; but ſhe had ſcarce patience to let the young gentleman finiſh his ſpeech before ſhe interrupted him, ſaying, 'O Sir! Mr. Nightingale brings great news 'about poor Mr. Jones; he hath been to ſee the 'wounded gentleman, who is out of all danger of 'death, and what is more, declares he fell upon 'poor Mr. Jones himſelf, and beat him. I am ſure, 'Sir, you would not have Mr. Jones be a coward.

'If

'If I was a man myſelf, I am ſure if any man was 'to ſtrike me, I ſhould draw my ſword. Do pray, 'my dear, tell Mr. Allworthy, tell him all your-'ſelf.' Nightingale then confirmed what Mrs. Miller had ſaid; and concluded with many handſome things of Jones, who was, he ſaid, one of the beſt-natured fellows in the world, and not in the leaſt inclined to be quarrelſome. Here Nightingale was going to ceaſe, when Mrs. Miller again begged him to relate all the many dutiful expreſſions he had heard him make uſe of towards Mr. Allworthy. 'To ſay 'the utmoſt good of Mr. Allworthy,' cries Night-ingale, 'is doing no more than ſtrict juſtice, and can 'have no merit in it; but indeed I muſt ſay, no 'man can be more ſenſible of the obligations he hath 'to ſo good a man, than is poor Jones. Indeed, Sir, 'I am convinced the weight of your diſpleaſure is 'the heavieſt burthen he lies under. He hath often 'lamented it to me, and hath as often proteſted in 'the moſt ſolemn manner he hath never been in-'tentionally guilty of any offence towards you; nay, 'he hath ſworn he would rather die a thouſand deaths 'than he would have his conſcience upbraid him 'with one diſreſpectful, ungrateful, or undutiful 'thought towards you. But I aſk pardon, Sir, I am 'afraid I preſume to intermeddle too far in ſo tender 'a point.' 'You have ſpoke no more than what a 'chriſtian ought,' cries Mrs. Miller. 'Indeed, Mr. 'Nightingale,' anſwered Allworthy, 'I applaud 'your generous friendſhip, and I wiſh he may merit 'it of you. I confeſs I am glad to hear the report 'you bring from this unfortunate gentleman; and if 'that matter ſhould turn out to be as you repreſent 'it (and indeed I doubt nothing of what you ſay) I 'may perhaps, in time, be brought to think better 'than lately I have of this young man; for this good 'gentlewoman here, nay, all who know me, can wit-'neſs that I loved him as dearly as if he had been my 'own ſon. Indeed, I have conſidered him as a child

'ſent by fortune to my care. I ſtill remember the in-
'nocent, the helpleſs ſituation in which I found him.
'I feel the tender preſſure of his little hands at this
'moment.——He was my darling, indeed he was.'
At which words he ceaſed, and the tears ſtood in his eyes.

As the anſwer which Mrs. Miller made may lead us into freſh matters, we will here ſtop to account for the viſible alteration in Mr. Allworthy's mind, and the abatement of his anger to Jones. Revolutions of this kind, it is true, do frequently occur in hiſtories and dramatic writers, for no other reaſon than becauſe the hiſtory or play draws to a concluſion, and are juſtified by authority of Authors; yet though we inſiſt upon as much authority as any Author whatever, we ſhall uſe this power very ſparingly, and never but when we are driven to it by neceſſity, which we do not at preſent foreſee will happen in this work.

This alteration then in the mind of Mr. Allworthy was occaſioned by a letter he had juſt received from Mr. Square, and which we ſhall give the reader in the beginning of the next chapter.

CHAP. IV.

Containing two letters in very different ſtiles.

"My worthy friend,

"I Informed you in my laſt, that I was forbidden "the uſe of the waters, as they were found by "experience rather to increaſe than leſſen the ſymp-"toms of my diſtemper. I muſt now acquaint you "with a piece of news, which, I believe, will afflict "my friends more than it hath afflicted me. Dr. "Harrington and Dr. Brewſter have informed me, "that there is no hopes of my recovery.

"I have

"I have ſomewhere read, that the great uſe of "philoſophy is to learn to die. I will not there-"fore ſo far diſgrace mine, as to ſhew any ſurprize "at receiving a leſſon which I muſt be thought to "have ſo long ſtudied. Yet, to ſay the truth, one "page of the Goſpel teaches this leſſon better than "all the volumes of ancient or modern philoſophers. "The aſſurance it gives us of another life is a much "ſtronger ſupport to a good mind, than all the con-"ſolations that are drawn from the neceſſity of na-"ture, the emptineſs or ſatiety of our enjoyments "here, or any other topic of thoſe declamations "which are ſometimes capable of arming our minds "with a ſtubborn patience in bearing the thoughts of "death; but never of raiſing them to a real con-"tempt of it, and much leſs of making us think "it is a real good. I would not here be underſtood "to throw the horrid cenſure of atheiſm, or even the "abſolute denial of immortality, on all who are "called philoſophers. Many of that ſect, as well "ancient as modern, have, from the light of reaſon, "diſcovered ſome hopes of a future ſtate; but, in "reality, that light was ſo faint and glimmering, "and the hopes were ſo uncertain and precarious, "that it may be juſtly doubted on which ſide their "belief turned. Plato himſelf concludes his Phædon "with declaring, that his beſt arguments amount "only to raiſe a probability; and Cicero himſelf "ſeems rather to profeſs an inclination to believe, "than any actual belief in the doctrines of im-"mortality. As to myſelf, to be very ſincere with "you, I never was much in earneſt in this faith, "till I was in earneſt a chriſtian.

"You will perhaps wonder at the latter expreſſion; "but I aſſure you it hath not been till very lately, "that I could, with truth, call myſelf ſo. The "pride of philoſophy had intoxicated my reaſon, "and the ſublimeſt of all wiſdom appeared to me, "as it did to the Greeks of old, to be fooliſhneſs.

"God hath however been ſo gracious to ſhew me "my error in time, and to bring me into the way of "truth, before I ſunk into utter darkneſs for ever.

"I find myſelf beginning to grow weak, I ſhall "therefore haſten to the main purpoſe of this "letter.

"When I reflect on the actions of my paſt life, "I know of nothing which ſits heavier upon my "conſcience, than the injuſtice I have been guilty "of to that poor wretch your adopted ſon. I have "indeed not only connived at the villany of others, "but been myſelf active in injuſtice towards him. "Believe me, my dear friend, when I tell you on "the word of a dying man, he hath been baſely in-"jured. As to the principal fact, upon the miſre-"preſentation of which you diſcarded him, I ſolemnly "aſſure you he is innocent. When you lay upon "your ſuppoſed deathbed, he was the only perſon "in the houſe who teſtified any real concern; and "what happened afterwards aroſe from the wildneſs "of his joy on your recovery; and, I am ſorry to "ſay it, from the baſeneſs of another perſon (but "it is my deſire to juſtify the innocent, and to accuſe "none). Believe me, my friend, this young man "hath the nobleſt generoſity of heart, the moſt "perfect capacity for friendſhip, the higheſt inte-"grity, and indeed every virtue which can ennoble a "man. He hath ſome faults, but among them is "not to be numbered the leaſt want of duty or "gratitude towards you. On the contrary, I am "ſatisfied when you diſmiſſed him from your houſe, "his heart bled for you more than for himſelf.

"Worldly motives were the wicked and baſe rea-"ſons of my concealing this from you ſo long: to "reveal it now I can have no inducement but the "deſire of ſerving the cauſe of truth, of doing right "to the innocent, and of making all the amends "in my power for a paſt offence. I hope this de-"claration therefore will have the effect deſired, and

" will reſtore this deſerving young man to your fa-
" vour; the hearing of which, while I am yet alive,
" will afford the utmoſt conſolation to,

" SIR,

" Your moſt obliged,

" Obedient humble ſervant,

" THOMAS SQUARE."

The reader will, after this, ſcarce wonder at the revolution ſo viſibly appearing in Mr. Allworthy, notwithſtanding he received from Thwackum, by the ſame poſt, another letter of a very different kind, which we ſhall here add, as it may poſſibly be the laſt time we ſhall have occaſion to mention the name of that gentleman.

'SIR,

'I am not at all ſurprized at hearing from your 'worthy nephew a freſh inſtance of the villany of 'Mr. Square the atheiſt's young pupil. I ſhall not 'wonder at any murders he may commit; and I 'heartily pray that your own blood may not ſeal up 'his final commitment to the place of wailing and 'gnaſhing of teeth.

'Though you cannot want ſufficient calls to re-'pentance for the many unwarrantable weakneſſes ex-'emplified in your behaviour to this wretch, ſo 'much to the prejudice of your own lawful family, 'and of your character. I ſay, though theſe may 'ſufficiently be ſuppoſed to prick and goad your 'conſcience at this ſeaſon; I ſhould yet be wanting 'to my duty, if I ſpared to give you ſome admonition 'in order to bring you to a due ſenſe of your errors. 'I therefore pray you ſeriouſly to conſider the judg-

'ment which is likely to overtake this wicked villain; and let it ſerve at leaſt as a warning to you, 'that you may not for the future deſpiſe the advice 'of one who is ſo indefatigable in his prayers for 'your welfare.

'Had not my hand been withheld from due 'correction, I had ſcourged much of this diabolical 'ſpirit out of a boy, of whom from his infancy I 'diſcovered the devil had taken ſuch entire poſſeſſion; 'but reflections of this kind now come too late.

'I am ſorry you have given away the living of 'Weſterton ſo haſtily. I ſhould have applied on 'that occaſion earlier, had I thought you would 'not have acquainted me previous to the diſpoſition.———Your objection to pluralities is being 'righteous over-much. If there were any crime in 'the practice, ſo many godly men would not agree 'to it. If the vicar of Aldergrove ſhould die (as 'we hear he is in a declining way) I hope you will 'think of me, ſince I am certain you muſt be convinced of my moſt ſincere attachment to your 'higheſt welfare. A welfare to which all worldly 'conſiderations are as trifling as the ſmall tithes mentioned in ſcripture are, when compared to the weighty 'matters of the law.

'I am, SIR,

'Your faithful humble ſervant,

'ROGER THWACKUM.'

This was the firſt time Thwackum ever wrote in this authoritative ſtile to Allworthy, and of this he had afterwards ſufficient reaſon to repent, as in the caſe of thoſe who miſtake the higheſt degree of goodneſs for the loweſt degree of weakneſs. Allworthy had indeed never liked this man. He knew him to be proud and ill-natured; he alſo knew that his

his divinity itſelf was tinctured with his temper, and ſuch as in many reſpects he himſelf did by no means approve; but he was at the ſame time an excellent ſcholar, and moſt indefatigable in teaching the two lads. Add to this, the ſtrict ſeverity of his life and manners, an unimpeached honeſty, and a moſt devout attachment to religion. So that upon the whole, though Allworthy did not eſteem nor love the man, yet he could never bring himſelf to part with a tutor to the boys, who was, both by learning and induſtry, extremely well qualified for his office; and he hoped, that as they were bred up in his own houſe, and under his own eye, he ſhould be able to correct whatever was wrong in Thwackum's inſtructions.

CHAP. V.

In which the hiſtory is continued.

MR. Allworthy, in his laſt ſpeech, had recollected ſome tender ideas concerning Jones, which had brought tears into the good man's eyes. This Mrs. Miller obſerving, ſaid, 'Yes, yes, Sir, 'your goodneſs to this poor young man is known, 'notwithſtanding all your care to conceal it; but 'there is not a ſingle ſyllable of truth in what thoſe 'villains ſaid. Mr. Nightingale hath now diſcovered 'the whole matter. It ſeems theſe fellows were em-'ployed by a lord, who is a rival of poor Mr. Jones, 'to have preſſed him on board a ſhip.——— I 'aſſure them I don't know who they will preſs next. 'Mr. Nightingale here hath ſeen the officer himſelf, 'who is a very pretty gentleman, and hath told 'him all, and is very ſorry for what he undertook, 'which he would never have done, had he known 'Mr. Jones to have been a gentleman; but he was 'told that he was a common ſtrolling vagabond.'

Allworthy ſtared at all this, and declared he was a ſtranger to every word ſhe ſaid. 'Yes, Sir,' anſwered

ſhe, 'I believe you are.—— It is a very different 'ſtory, I believe, from what thoſe fellows told the 'lawyer.'

'What lawyer, Madam? what is it you mean?' ſaid Allworthy. 'Nay, nay,' ſaid ſhe, 'this is ſo 'like you to deny your own goodneſs; but Mr. 'Nightingale here ſaw him.' 'Saw whom, Madam?' anſwered he. 'Why, your lawyer, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'that you ſo kindly ſent to enquire into the affair.' 'I am ſtill in the dark, upon my honour,' ſaid Allworthy. 'Why then do you tell him, my dear Sir,' cries ſhe. 'Indeed, Sir,' ſaid Nightingale, 'I did 'ſee that very lawyer who went from you when I 'came into the room, at an alehouſe in Alderſgate, 'in company with two of the fellows who were em-'ployed by lord Fellamar to preſs Mr. Jones, and 'who were by that means preſent at the unhappy 'rencounter between him and Mr. Fitzpatrick.' 'I 'own, Sir,' ſaid Mrs. Miller, 'when I ſaw this gen-'tleman come into the room to you, I told Mr. 'Nightingale that I apprehended you had ſent him 'thither to enquire into the affair.' Allworthy ſhewed marks of aſtoniſhment in his countenance at this news, and was indeed for two or three minutes ſtruck dumb by it. At laſt, addreſſing himſelf to Mr. Nightingale, he ſaid, 'I muſt confeſs myſelf, 'Sir, more ſurprized at what you tell me, than I 'have ever been before at any thing in my whole 'life. Are you certain this was the gentleman?' 'I am moſt certain,' anſwered Nightingale. 'At 'Alderſgate?' cries Allworthy. 'And was you in 'company with this lawyer and the two fellows?'— 'I was Sir,' ſaid the other, 'very near half an 'hour.'—— 'Well, Sir,' ſaid Allworthy, 'and in 'what manner did the lawyer behave? did you hear 'all that paſt between him and the fellows?' 'No, 'Sir,' anſwered Nightingale, 'they had been to-'gether before I came.—In my preſence the lawyer 'ſaid little; but after I had ſeveral times examined

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'the fellows, who perſiſted in a ſtory directly con-
'trary to what I had heard from Mr. Jones, and
'which I find by Mr. Fitzpatrick was a rank falſehood;
'the lawyer then deſired the fellows to ſay nothing
'but what was the truth, and ſeemed to ſpeak ſo
'much in favour of Mr. Jones, that when I ſaw
'the ſame perſon with you, I concluded your good-
'neſs had prompted you to ſend him thither.'—
'And did you not ſend him thither?' ſays Mrs. Mil-
ler.—'Indeed I did not,' anſwered Allworthy; 'nor
'did I know he had gone on ſuch an errand till this
'moment.'—'I ſee it all!' ſaid Mrs. Miller, 'upon
'my ſoul, I ſee it all! No wonder they have been
'cloſeted ſo cloſe lately. Son Nightingale, let me
'beg you run for theſe fellows immediately——find
'them out if they are above ground. I will go my-
'ſelf.'——'Dear Madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'be pa-
'tient, and do me the favour to ſend a ſervant up-
'ſtairs to call Mr. Dowling hither, if he be in the
'houſe, or if not, Mr. Blifil.' Mrs. Miller went out muttering ſomething to herſelf, and preſently returned with an anſwer, 'That Mr. Dowling was
'gone; but that the t'other, as ſhe called him, was
'coming.'

Allworthy was of a cooler diſpoſition than the good woman, whoſe ſpirits were all up in arms in the cauſe of her friend. He was not however without ſome ſuſpicions which were near akin to hers. When Blifil came into the room, he aſked him with a very ſerious countenance, and with a leſs friendly look than he had ever before given him, 'Whether he knew
'any thing of Mr. Dowling's having ſeen any of the
'perſons who were preſent at the duel between Jones
'and another gentleman?'

There is nothing ſo dangerous as a queſtion which comes by ſurprize on a man, whoſe buſineſs it is to conceal truth, or to defend falſehood. For which reaſon thoſe worthy perſonages, whoſe noble office it is to ſave the lives of their fellow-creatures at the Old-Bailey,

Bailey, take the utmoſt care, by frequent previous examination, to divine every queſtion, which may be aſked their clients on the day of trial, that they may be ſupplied with proper and ready anſwers, which the moſt fertile invention cannot ſupply in an inſtant. Beſides, the ſudden and violent impulſe on the blood, occaſioned by theſe ſurprizes, cauſes frequently ſuch an alteration in the countenance, that the man is obliged to give evidence againſt himſelf. And ſuch indeed were the alterations which the countenance of Blifil underwent from this ſudden queſtion, that we can ſcarce blame the eagerneſs of Mrs. Miller, who immediately cried out, 'Guilty, upon my 'honour! guilty, upon my ſoul!'

Mr. Allworthy ſharply rebuked her for this impetuoſity; and then turning to Blifil, who ſeemed ſinking into the earth, he ſaid, 'Why do you heſitate, 'Sir, at giving me an anſwer? You certainly muſt 'have employed him? for he would not, of his own 'accord, I believe, have undertaken ſuch an errand, 'and eſpecially without acquainting me.'

Blifil then anſwered, 'I own, Sir, I have been 'guilty of an offence, yet may I hope your par-'don?'——'My pardon,' ſaid Allworthy very angrily.——'Nay, Sir,' anſwered Blifil, 'I knew you 'would be offended; yet ſurely my dear uncle will 'forgive the effects of the moſt amiable of human 'weakneſſes. Compaſſion for thoſe who do not de-'ſerve it, I own, is a crime; and yet it is a crime 'from which you yourſelf are not entirely free. I 'know I have been guilty of it in more than one 'inſtance to this very perſon; and I will own I did 'ſend Mr. Dowling, not on a vain and fruitleſs en-'quiry, but to diſcover the witneſſes, and to en-'deavour to ſoften their evidence. This, Sir, is 'the truth; which, though I intended to conceal 'from you, I will not deny.'

'I con-

'I confeſs,' ſaid Nightingale, 'this is the light 'in which it appeared to me from the gentleman's 'behaviour.'

'Now, Madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'I believe you 'will once in your life own you have entertained a 'wrong ſuſpicion, and are not ſo angry with my ne-'phew as you was.'

Mrs. Miller was ſilent; for though ſhe could not ſo haſtily be pleaſed with Blifil, whom ſhe looked upon to have been the ruin of Jones, yet in this particular inſtance he had impoſed upon her as well as upon the reſt; ſo entirely had the devil ſtood his friend. And indeed, I look upon the vulgar obſervation, "That the Devil often deſerts his Friends, and leaves "them in the lurch," to be a great abuſe on that gentleman's character. Perhaps he may ſometimes deſert thoſe who are only his cup acquaintance; or who, at moſt, are but half his; but he generally ſtands by thoſe who are thoroughly his ſervants, and helps them off in all extremities, till their bargain expires.

As a conquered rebellion ſtrengthens a government, or as health is more perfectly eſtabliſhed by recovery from ſome diſeaſes; ſo anger, when removed, often gives new life to affection. This was the caſe of Mr. Allworthy; for Blifil having wiped off the greater ſuſpicion, the leſſer, which had been raiſed by Square's letter, ſunk of courſe, and was forgotten; and Thwackum, with whom he was greatly offended, bore alone all the reflections which Square had caſt on the enemies of Jones.

As for that young man, the reſentment of Mr. Allworthy began more and more to abate towards him. He told Blifil, 'He did not only forgive the extra-'ordinary efforts of his good-nature, but would give 'him the pleaſure of following his example.' Then turning to Mrs. Miller, with a ſmile which would have become an angel, he cried, 'What ſay you, Madam; 'ſhall we take a hackney-coach, and all of us to-

'gether

'gether pay a viſit to your friend? I promiſe you 'it is not the firſt viſit I have made in a priſon.'

Every reader, I believe, will be able to anſwer for the worthy woman; but they muſt have a great deal of good-nature, and be well acquainted with friendſhip, who can feel what ſhe felt on this occaſion. Few, I hope, are capable of feeling what now paſt in the mind of Blifil; but thoſe who are, will acknowledge, that it was impoſſible for him to raiſe any objection to this viſit. Fortune, however, or the gentleman lately mentioned above, ſtood his friend, and prevented his undergoing ſo great a ſhock; for at the very inſtant when the coach was ſent for, Partridge arrived, and having called Mrs. Miller from the company, acquainted her with the dreadful accident lately come to light; and hearing Mr. Allworthy's intention, begged her to find ſome means of ſtopping him: 'For,' ſays he, 'the matter muſt at all ha-'zards be kept a ſecret from him; and if he ſhould 'now go, he will find Mr. Jones, and his mother, 'who arrived juſt as I left him, lamenting over one 'another the horrid crime they have ignorantly com-'mitted.'

The poor woman, who was almoſt deprived of her ſenſes at his dreadful news, was never leſs capable of invention than at preſent. However, as women are much readier at this than men, ſhe bethought herſelf of an excuſe, and returning to Allworthy ſaid, 'I 'am ſure, Sir, you will be ſurprized at hearing any 'objection from me to the kind propoſal you juſt 'now made; and yet I am afraid of the conſequence 'of it, if carried immediately into execution. You 'muſt imagine, Sir, that all the calamities which 'have lately befallen this poor young fellow, muſt 'have thrown him into the loweſt dejection of ſpirits; 'and now, Sir, ſhould we all on a ſudden fling him 'into ſuch a violent fit of joy, as I know your pre-'ſence will occaſion, it may, I am afraid, produce

'ſome

'ſome fatal miſchief, eſpecially as his ſervant, who is 'without, tells me he is very far from being well.'

'Is his ſervant without?' cries Allworthy; 'pray 'call him hither. I will aſk him ſome queſtions con-'cerning his maſter.'

Partridge was at firſt afraid to appear before Mr. Allworthy; but was at length perſuaded, after Mrs. Miller, who had often heard his whole ſtory from his own mouth, had promiſed to introduce him.

Allworthy recollected Partridge the moment he came into the room, though many years had paſſed ſince he had ſeen him. Mrs. Miller therefore might have ſpared here a formal oration, in which indeed ſhe was ſomething prolix; for the reader, I believe, may have obſerved already, that the good woman, among other things, had a tongue always ready for the ſervice of her friends.

'And are you,' ſaid Allworthy to Partridge, 'the 'ſervant of Mr. Jones?' 'I can't ſay, Sir,' anſwered he, 'that I am regularly a ſervant, but I live with 'him, an't pleaſe your honour, at preſent. *Non ſum* '*qualis eram*, as your honour very well knows.'

Mr. Allworthy then aſked him many queſtions concerning Jones, as to his health, and other matters; to all which Partridge anſwered, without having the leaſt regard to what was, but conſidered only what he would have things appear; for a ſtrict adherence to truth was not among the articles of this honeſt fellow's morality, or his religion.

During this dialogue Mr. Nightingale took his leave, and preſently after Mrs. Miller left the room, when Allworthy likewiſe diſpatched Blifil; for he imagined that Partridge, when alone with him, would be more explicit than before company. They were no ſooner left in private together, than Allworthy began as in the following chapter:

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

In which the hiſtory is farther continued.

'SURE, friend,' ſaid the good man, 'you are 'the ſtrangeſt of all human beings. Not only to 'have ſuffered as you have formerly, for obſtinately 'perſiſting in a falſehood; but to perſiſt in it thus to 'the laſt, and to paſs thus upon the world for a ſer-'vant of your own ſon? What intereſt can you have 'in all this? What can be your motive?

'I ſee, Sir,' ſaid Partridge, falling down upon his knees, 'that your honour is prepoſſeſſed againſt me, 'and reſolved not to believe any thing I ſay, and 'therefore what ſignifies my proteſtations? but yet 'there is one above who knows that I am not the 'father of this young man.'

'How!' ſaid Allworthy, 'will you yet deny what 'you was formerly convicted of upon ſuch unan-'ſwerable, ſuch manifeſt evidence? Nay, what a 'confirmation is your being now found with this very 'man, of all which twenty years ago appeared againſt 'you. I thought you had left the country; nay, I 'thought you had been long ſince dead.——In what 'manner did you know any thing of this young man? 'Where did you meet with him, unleſs you had kept 'ſome correſpondence together? Do not deny this; 'for I promiſe you it will greatly raiſe your ſon in 'my opinion, to find that he hath ſuch a ſenſe of 'filial duty, as privately to ſupport his father for ſo 'many years.'

'If your honour will have patience to hear me,' ſaid Partridge, 'I will tell you all.'—Being bid go on, he proceeded thus: 'When your honour con-'ceived that diſpleaſure againſt me, it ended in my 'ruin ſoon after; for I loſt my little ſchool; and the 'miniſter, thinking I ſuppoſe it would be agreeable 'to your honour, turned me out from the office of

'clerk;

'clerk; ſo that I had nothing to truſt to but the 'barber's ſhop, which, in a country place like that, 'is a poor livelihood; and when my wife died (for 'till that time I received a penſion of 12 l. a year 'from an unknown hand, which indeed I believe 'was your honour's own, for no body that ever I 'heard of doth theſe things beſides) but as I was 'ſaying, when ſhe died, this penſion forſook me; ſo 'that now as I owed two or three ſmall debts, which 'began to be troubleſome to me, particularly one * 'which an attorney brought up by law-charges from '15 s. to near 30 l. and as I found all my uſual 'means of living had forſook me, I packed up my 'little all as well as I could, and went off.

'The firſt place I came to was Saliſbury, where I 'got into the ſervice of a gentleman belonging to 'the law, and one of the beſt gentlemen that ever I 'knew, for he was not only good to me, but I know 'a thouſand good and charitable acts which he did 'while I ſtaid with him; and I have known him of-'ten refuſe buſineſs, becauſe it was paultry and op-'preſſive.'—'You need not be ſo particular,' ſaid Allworthy; 'I know this gentleman, and a very 'worthy man he is, and an honour to his profeſ-'ſion.'——'Well, Sir,' continued Partridge, 'from 'hence I removed to Lymington, where I was above 'three years in the ſervice of another lawyer, who 'was likewiſe a very good ſort of a man, and to be 'ſure one of the merrieſt gentlemen in England. 'Well, Sir, at the end of the three years I ſet up a 'little ſchool, and was likely to do well again, had

* This is a fact which I knew happen to a poor clergyman in Dorſetſhire, by the villany of an attorney, who not contented with the exorbitant coſts to which the poor man was put by a ſingle action, brought afterwards another action on the judgment, as it was called. A method frequently uſed to oppreſs the poor, and bring money into the pockets of attornies, to the great ſcandal of the law, of the nation, of chriſtianity, and even of human nature itſelf.

'it not been for a moſt unlucky accident. Here I 'kept a pig; and one day, as ill fortune would have 'it, this pig broke out, and did a treſpaſs I think 'they call it, in a garden belonging to one of my 'neighbours, who was a proud, revengeful man, 'and employed a lawyer, one—one—I can't think 'of his name; but he ſent for a writ againſt me, and 'had me to Size. When I came there, Lord of 'mercy upon me—to hear what the counſellors ſaid. 'There was one that told my lord a parcel of the 'confoundeſt lies about me; he ſaid, that I uſed to 'drive my hogs into other folks gardens, and a great 'deal more; and at laſt he ſaid, He hoped I had at 'laſt brought my hogs to a fair market. To be ſure, 'one would have thought, that inſtead of being 'owner only of one poor little pig, I had been the 'greateſt hog-merchant in England. Well'—'Pray,' ſaid Allworthy, 'do not be ſo particular. I have 'heard nothing of your ſon yet.' 'O it was a great 'many years,' anſwered Partridge, 'before I ſaw 'my ſon, as you are pleaſed to call him.——I went 'over to Ireland after this, and taught ſchool at Cork; '(for that one ſuit ruined me again, and I lay ſeven 'years in Wincheſter gaol.)'——'Well,' ſaid All-'worthy, 'paſs that over till your return to England.' —'Then, Sir,' ſaid he, 'it was about half a year 'ago that I landed at Briſtol, where I ſtaid ſome time, 'and not finding it do there, and hearing of a place 'between that and Glouceſter, where the barber was 'juſt dead, I went thither, and there I had been 'about two months, when Mr. Jones came thither.' He then gave Allworthy a very particular account of their firſt meeting, and of every thing as well as he could remember, which had happened from that day to this; frequently interlarding his ſtory with panegyrics on Jones, and not forgetting to inſinuate the great love and reſpect which he had for Allworthy. He concluded with ſaying, 'Now, Sir, I have told your 'honour the whole truth.' And then repeated a

moſt

moſt ſolemn proteſtation, 'That he was no more the 'father of Jones than of the pope of Rome;' and imprecated the moſt bitter curſes on his head, if he did not ſpeak truth.

'What am I to think of this matter?' cries Allworthy. 'For what purpoſe ſhould you ſo ſtrongly 'deny a fact, which I think it would be rather your 'intereſt to own?'—'Nay, Sir,' anſwered Partridge, (for he could hold no longer) 'if your honour will 'not believe me, you are like ſoon to have ſatis-'faction enough. I wiſh you had miſtaken the 'mother of this young man, as well as you have 'his father.'—And now being aſked what he meant, with all the ſymptoms of horror, both in his voice and countenance, he told Allworthy the whole ſtory, which he had a little before expreſſed ſuch deſire to Mrs. Miller to conceal from him.

Allworthy was almoſt as much ſhocked at this diſcovery as Partridge himſelf had been while he related it. 'Good heavens!' ſays he, 'in what miſerable 'diſtreſſes do vice and imprudence involve men! 'How much beyond our deſigns are the effects of 'wickedneſs ſometimes carried!' He had ſcarce uttered theſe words, when Mrs. Waters came haſtily and abruptly into the room. Partridge no ſooner ſaw her, than he cried, 'Here, Sir, here is the very wo-'man herſelf. This is the unfortunate mother of 'Mr. Jones; I am ſure ſhe will acquit me before 'your honour.—Pray, Madam.'—

Mrs. Waters, without paying any regard to what Partridge ſaid, and almoſt without taking any notice of him, advanced to Mr. Allworthy. 'I believe, 'Sir, it is ſo long ſince I had the honour of ſeeing 'you, that you do not recollect me.'—'Indeed,' anſwered Allworthy, 'you are ſo very much altered, 'on many accounts, that had not this man already 'acquainted me who you are, I ſhould not have 'immediately called you to my remembrance. Have 'you, Madam, any particular buſineſs which brings

'you to me?'—Allworthy ſpoke this with great reſerve; for the reader may eaſily believe he was not well pleaſed with the conduct of this lady; neither with what he had formerly heard, nor with what Partridge now delivered.

Mrs. Waters anſwered,——'Indeed, Sir, I have 'very particular buſineſs with you; and it is ſuch 'as I can impart only to yourſelf.——I muſt deſire 'therefore the favour of a word with you alone; 'for I aſſure you what I have to tell you is of the 'utmoſt importance.'

Partridge was then ordered to withdraw, but before he went, he begged the lady to ſatisfy Mr. Allworthy that he was perfectly innocent. To which ſhe anſwered,—'You need be under no apprehenſion, 'Sir, I ſhall ſatisfy Mr. Allworthy very perfectly of 'that matter.'

Then Partridge withdrew, and that paſt between Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Waters which is written in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

Continuation of the hiſtory.

MRS. Waters remaining a few moments ſilent, Mr. Allworthy could not refrain from ſaying, 'I am ſorry, Madam, to perceive, by what I have ſince 'heard, that you have made ſo very ill a uſe'—— 'Mr. Allworthy,' ſays ſhe, interrupting him, 'I know 'I have faults, but ingratitude to you is not one of 'them. I never can nor ſhall forget your goodneſs, 'which I own I have very little deſerved; but be 'pleaſed to wave all upbraiding me at preſent, as I 'have ſo important an affair to communicate to you 'concerning this young man, to whom you have 'given my maiden name of Jones.'

'Have I then,' ſaid Allworthy, 'ignorantly puniſh-'ed an innocent man, in the perſon of him who hath

juſt

'juſt left us? Was he not the father of the child?'—'Indeed he was not,' ſaid Mrs. Waters. 'You 'may be pleaſed to remember, Sir, I formerly told 'you, you ſhould one day know; and I acknowledge 'myſelf to have been guilty of a cruel neglect, in 'not having diſcovered it to you before. Indeed, I 'little knew how neceſſary it was.'—'Well, Madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'be pleaſed to proceed.' 'You 'muſt remember, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'a young fellow, 'whoſe name was Summer.' 'Very well,' cries Allworthy, 'he was the ſon of a clergyman of great 'learning and virtue, for whom I had the higheſt 'friendſhip.' 'So it appeared, Sir,' anſwered ſhe; 'for I believe you bred the young man up, and 'maintained him at the Univerſity; where, I think, 'he had finiſhed his ſtudies, when he came to reſide 'at your houſe; a finer man, I muſt ſay, the ſun 'never ſhone upon; for, beſides the handſomeſt perſon I ever ſaw, he was ſo genteel, and had ſo much 'wit and good breeding.' 'Poor gentleman,' ſaid Allworthy, 'he was indeed untimely ſnatched away; 'and little did I think he had any ſins of this kind to 'anſwer for; for I plainly perceive you are going to 'tell me he was the father of your child.'

'Indeed, Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'he was not.' 'How?' ſaid Allworthy, 'to what then tends all this preface?' 'To a ſtory, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'which I am concerned 'falls to my lot to unfold to you.—O, Sir! prepare to 'hear ſomething which will ſurprize you, will grieve 'you.' 'Speak,' ſaid Allworthy, 'I am conſcious of 'no crime, and cannot be afraid to hear.'—'Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'that Mr. Summer, the ſon of your 'friend, educated at your expence, who, after living 'a year in the houſe as if he had been your own ſon, 'died there of the ſmall-pox, was tenderly lamented 'by you, and buried as if he had been your own; 'that Summer, Sir, was the father of this child.'—'How!' ſaid Allworthy, 'you contradict yourſelf.'—'That I do not,' anſwered ſhe, 'he was indeed

'the father of this child, but not by me.' 'Take 'care, Madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'do not, to ſhun 'the imputation of any crime, be guilty of falſehood. 'Remember there is one from whom you can conceal 'nothing, and before whoſe tribunal falſehood will 'only aggravate your guilt.' 'Indeed, Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'I am not his mother; nor would I now think my-'ſelf ſo for the world.' 'I know your reaſon,' ſaid Allworthy, 'and ſhall rejoice as much as you to 'find it otherwiſe; yet you muſt remember, you 'yourſelf confeſt it before me.'—'So far what I 'confeſt,' ſaid ſhe, 'was true, that theſe hands con-'veyed the infant to your bed; conveyed it thither 'at the command of its mother; at her commands 'I afterwards owned it, and thought myſelf, by her 'generoſity, nobly rewarded, both for my ſecrecy 'and my ſhame.' 'Who could this woman be?' ſaid Allworthy. 'Indeed, I tremble to name her,' anſwered Mrs. Waters. 'By all this preparation I 'am to gueſs that ſhe was a relation of mine,' cried he. 'Indeed, ſhe was a near one.' At which words Allworthy ſtarted, and ſhe continued—'You had a 'ſiſter, Sir,'—'A ſiſter!' repeated he, looking aghaſt. ——'As there is truth in heaven,' cries ſhe, 'your 'ſiſter was the mother of that child you found be-'tween your ſheets.' 'Can it be poſſible?' cries he, 'good heavens!' 'Have patience, Sir,' ſaid Mrs. Waters, 'and I will unfold to you the whole 'ſtory. Juſt after your departure for London, Miſs 'Bridget came one day to the houſe of my mother. 'She was pleaſed to ſay, ſhe had heard an extraordi-'nary character of me, for my learning and ſuperior 'underſtanding to all the young women there, ſo 'ſhe was pleaſed to ſay. She then bid me come to 'her to the great houſe; where when I attended, 'ſhe employed me to read to her. She expreſſed 'great ſatisfaction in my reading, ſhewed great kind-'neſs to me, and made me many preſents. At 'laſt ſhe began to catechiſe me on the ſubject of

'ſecrecy,

'ſecrecy, to which I gave her ſuch ſatisfactory an-
'ſwers, that, at laſt, having locked the door of her
'room, ſhe took me into her cloſet, and then lock-
'ing that door likewiſe, ſhe ſaid, ſhe ſhould convince
'me of the vaſt reliance ſhe had on my integrity, by
'communicating a ſecret in which her honour, and
'conſequently her life was concerned. She then
'ſtopt, and after a ſilence of a few minutes, during
'which ſhe often wiped her eyes, ſhe enquired of
'me, if I thought my mother might ſafely be con-
'fided in. I anſwered, I would ſtake my life on her
'fidelity. She then imparted to me the great ſecret
'which laboured in her breaſt, and which, I believe,
'was delivered with more pains than ſhe afterwards
'ſuffered in child-birth. It was then contrived,
'that my mother and myſelf only ſhould attend at
'the time, and that Mrs. Wilkins ſhould be ſent out
'of the way, as ſhe accordingly was, to the very
'furtheſt part of Dorſetſhire, to enquire the character
'of a ſervant; for the lady had turned away her
'own maid near three months before; during all
'which time I officiated about her perſon upon trial,
'as ſhe ſaid, though, as ſhe afterwards declared,
'I was not ſufficiently handy for the place. This,
'and many other ſuch things which ſhe uſed to ſay
'of me, were all thrown out to prevent any ſuſpicion
'which Wilkins might hereafter have, when I was
'to own the child; for ſhe thought it could never be
'believed ſhe would venture to hurt a young woman
'with whom ſhe had intruſted ſuch a ſecret. You
'may be aſſured, Sir, I was well paid for all theſe
'affronts, which, together with being informed with
'the occaſion of them, very well contented me.
'Indeed, the lady had a greater ſuſpicion of Mrs.
'Wilkins than of any other perſon; not that ſhe
'had the leaſt averſion to the gentlewoman, but ſhe
'thought her incapable of keeping a ſecret, eſpeci-
'ally from you, Sir: for I have often heard Miſs
'Bridget ſay, that if Mrs. Wilkins had committed

'a murder, ſhe believed ſhe would acquaint you 'with it. At laſt the expected day came, and Mrs. 'Wilkins, who had been kept a week in readineſs, 'and put off from time to time, upon ſome pre-'tence or other, that ſhe might not return too ſoon, 'was diſpatched. Then the child was born, in the 'preſence only of myſelf and my mother, and was 'by my mother conveyed to her own houſe, where 'it was privately kept by her till the evening of 'your return, when I, by the command of Miſs 'Bridget, conveyed it into the bed where you found 'it. And all ſuſpicions were afterwards laid aſleep 'by the artful conduct of your ſiſter, in pretending 'ill-will to the boy, and that any regard ſhe ſhewed 'him was out of meer complaiſance to you.'

Mrs. Waters then made many proteſtations of the truth of this ſtory, and concluded by ſaying, 'Thus, Sir, you have at laſt diſcovered your ne-'phew; for ſo I am ſure you will hereafter think 'him, and I queſtion not but he will be both an 'honour and a comfort to you under that appella-'tion.'

'I need not, Madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'expreſs 'my aſtoniſhment at what you have told me; and 'yet ſurely you would not, and could not, have put 'together ſo many circumſtances to evidence an un-'truth. I confeſs, I recollect ſome paſſages relating 'to that Summer, which formerly gave me a con-'ceit that my ſiſter had ſome liking to him. I 'mentioned it to her; for I had ſuch a regard to 'the young man, as well on his own account, as 'on his father's, that I ſhould willingly have con-'ſented to a match between them; but ſhe expreſt 'the higheſt diſdain of my unkind ſuſpicion, as 'ſhe called it; ſo that I never ſpoke more on the 'ſubject. Good heavens! Well! the Lord diſpoſ-'eth all things.——Yet ſure it was a moſt unjuſ-'tifiable conduct in my ſiſter to carry this ſecret 'with her out of the world.' 'I promiſe you, Sir,' ſaid

ſaid Mrs. Waters, 'ſhe always profeſt a contrary 'intention, and frequently told me, ſhe intended 'one day to communicate it to you. She ſaid indeed, 'ſhe was highly rejoiced that her plot had ſucceeded 'ſo well, and that you had of your own accord 'taken ſuch a fancy to the child, that it was yet 'unneceſſary to make any expreſs declaration. Oh! 'Sir, had that lady lived to have ſeen this poor 'young man turned like a vagabond from your 'houſe; nay, Sir, could ſhe have lived to hear that 'you had yourſelf employed a lawyer to proſecute 'him for a murder of which he was not guilty—— 'Forgive me, Mr. Allworthy, I muſt ſay it was un-'kind.——Indeed, you have been abuſed, he never 'deſerved it of you.' 'Indeed, Madam,' ſaid All-worthy, 'I have been abuſed by the perſon, who-'ever he was, that told you ſo.' 'Nay, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'I would not be miſtaken, I did not preſume 'to ſay you were guilty of any wrong. The gentle-'man who came to me, propoſed no ſuch matter; 'he only ſaid, taking me for Mr. Fitzpatrick's 'wife, that if Mr. Jones had murdered my huſ-'band, I ſhould be aſſiſted with any money I wanted 'to carry on the proſecution, by a very worthy gen-'tleman, who, he ſaid, was well apprized what a 'villain I had to deal with. It was by this man I 'found out who Mr. Jones was; and this man, 'whoſe name is Dowling, Mr. Jones tells me, is 'your ſteward. I diſcovered his name by a very 'odd accident; for he himſelf refuſed to tell it 'me; but Partridge, who met him at my lodgings 'the ſecond time he came, knew him formerly at 'Saliſbury.'

'And did this Mr. Dowling,' ſays Allworthy, with great aſtoniſhment in his countenance, 'tell 'you, that I would aſſiſt in the proſecution?'—— 'No, Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'I will not charge him 'wrongfully. He ſaid I ſhould be aſſiſted, but 'he mentioned no name.—Yet you muſt pardon

'me, Sir, if from circumſtances I thought it could 'be no other.'——'Indeed, Madam,' ſays Allworthy, 'from circumſtances I am too well con-'vinced it was another.——Good heaven! by 'what wonderful means is the blackeſt and deepeſt 'villany ſometimes diſcovered!—Shall I beg you, 'Madam, to ſtay till the perſon you have men-'tioned comes; for I expect him every minute; nay 'he may be, perhaps, already in the houſe.'

Allworthy then ſtept to the door, in order to call a ſervant, when in came, not Mr. Dowling, but the gentleman who will be ſeen in the next chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

Further continuation.

THE gentleman who now arrived was no other than Mr. Weſtern. He no ſooner ſaw Allworthy, than, without conſidering in the leaſt the preſence of Mrs. Waters, he began to vociferate in the following manner: 'Fine doings at my houſe! 'A rare kettle of fiſh I have diſcovered at laſt! who 'the devil would be plagued with a daughter?' 'What's the matter, neighbour?' ſaid Allworthy. 'Matter enough,' anſwered Weſtern, 'when I 'thought ſhe was a juſt coming too; nay, when ſhe 'had in a manner promiſed me to do as I would ha 'her, and when I was a hoped to have had no-'thing more to do than to have ſent for the lawyer, 'and finiſhed all; what do you think I have found 'out? that the little b—— hath bin playing tricks 'with me all the while, and carrying on a corre-'ſpondence with that baſtard of yours. Siſter Weſ-'tern, whom I have quarrelled with upon her ac-'count, ſent me word o't, and I ordered her poc-'kets to be ſearched when ſhe was aſleep, and here 'I have got un ſigned with the ſon of a whore's 'own name. I have not had patience to read half

'o't,

'o't, for 'tis longer than one of parſon Supple's 'ſermons; but I find plainly it is all about love; 'and indeed what ſhould it be elſe? I have packed 'her up in chamber again, and to-morrow morn-'ing down ſhe goes into the country, unleſs ſhe 'conſents to be married directly, and there ſhe ſhall 'live in a garret upon bread and water all her days; 'and the ſooner ſuch a b—— breaks her heart the 'better, though d——n her, that I believe is too 'tough. She will live long enough to plague me.' 'Mr. Weſtern,' anſwered Allworthy, 'you know I 'have always proteſted againſt force, and you your-'ſelf conſented that none ſhould be uſed.' 'Ay,' cries he, 'that was only upon condition that ſhe 'would conſent without. What the devil and 'doctor Fauſtus! ſhan't I do what I will with my 'own daughter, eſpecially when I deſire nothing 'but her own good?' 'Well, neighbour,' anſwered Allworthy, 'if you will give me leave, I will un-'dertake once to argue with the young lady.' 'Will 'you?' ſaid Weſtern; 'why that is kind now and 'neighbourly, and mayhap you will do more than I 'have been able to do with her; for I promiſe you 'ſhe hath a very good opinion of you.' 'Well, 'Sir,' ſaid Allworthy, 'if you will go home, and 'releaſe the young lady from her captivity, I will 'wait upon her within this half hour.'——'But 'ſuppoſe,' ſaid Weſtern, 'ſhe ſhould run away with 'un in the mean time? For lawyer Dowling tells 'me, there is no hopes of hanging the fellow at 'laſt; for that the man is alive, and like to do 'well, and that he thinks Jones will be out of 'priſon again preſently.'———'How,' ſaid All-worthy, 'what did you employ him then to enquire 'or to do any thing in that matter?' 'Not I,' an-ſwered Weſtern, 'he mentioned it to me juſt now 'of his own accord.'—'Juſt now!' cries Allwor-thy, 'why where did you ſee him then? I want 'much to ſee Mr. Dowling.'—'Why you may ſee

'un

'un an you will preſently at my lodgings; for there 'is to be a meeting of lawyers there this morning, 'about a mortgage.——'Icod! I ſhall loſe two 'or dree thouſand pounds, I believe, by that honeſt 'gentleman, Mr. Nightingale.'—'Well, Sir,' ſaid Allworthy, 'I will be with you within the half 'hour.' 'And do for once,' cries the 'ſquire, 'take a fool's advice; never think of dealing with 'her by gentle methods, take my word for it thoſe 'will never do. I have tried 'um long enough. She 'muſt be frightened into it, there is no other way. 'Tell her I'm her father; and of the horrid ſin of 'diſobedience, and of the dreadful puniſhment of it 'in t'other world, and then tell her about being 'locked up all her life in a garret in this, and being 'kept only on bread and water.' 'I will do all I 'can,' ſaid Allworthy; 'for I promiſe you, there 'is nothing I wiſh for more than an alliance with this 'amiable creature.' 'Nay, the girl is well enough 'for matter o'that,' cries the 'ſquire, 'a man may 'go farther and meet with worſe meat; that I may 'declare o' her, thof ſhe be my own daughter. 'And if ſhe will but be obedient to me, there is 'narrow a father within a hundred miles o' the 'place, that loves a daughter better than I do: but 'I ſee you are buſy with the lady here, ſo I will go 'huome and expect you, and ſo your humble ſer-'vant.'

As ſoon as Mr. Weſtern was gone, Mrs. Waters ſaid, 'I ſee, Sir, the 'ſquire hath not the leaſt re-'membrance of my face. I believe, Mr. Allworthy, 'you would not have known me neither. I am very 'conſiderably altered ſince that day when you ſo 'kindly gave me that advice, which I had been 'happy had I followed.'——'Indeed, Madam,' cries Allworthy, 'it gave me great concern when I 'firſt heard the contrary.' 'Indeed, Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'I was ruined by a very deep ſcheme of vil-'lany, which if you knew, though I pretend not to

'think

'think it would juſtify me in your opinion, it 'would at leaſt mitigate my offence, and induce you 'to pity me; you are not now at leiſure to hear my 'whole ſtory; but this I aſſure you, I was betrayed 'by the moſt ſolemn promiſes of marriage; nay, 'in the eye of heaven I was married to him; for 'after much reading on the ſubject, I am convinced 'that particular ceremonies are only requiſite to give 'a legal ſanction to marriage, and have only a worldly 'uſe in giving a woman the privileges of a wife; 'but that ſhe who lives conſtant to one man, after 'a ſolemn private affiance, whatever the world 'may call her, hath little to charge on her own con-'ſcience.' 'I am ſorry, Madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'you made ſo ill an uſe of your learning. Indeed, 'it would have been well that you had been poſſeſ-'ſed of much more, or had remained in a ſtate of 'ignorance. And yet, Madam, I am afraid you 'have more than this ſin to anſwer for.' 'During 'his life,' anſwered ſhe, 'which was above a dozen 'years, I moſt ſolemnly aſſure you, I had not. 'And conſider, Sir, on my behalf, what is in the 'power of a woman ſtript of her reputation, and 'left deſtitute; whether the good-natured world 'will ſuffer ſuch a ſtray ſheep to return to the road 'of virtue, even if ſhe was never ſo deſirous. I 'proteſt then, I would have choſe it had it been in 'my power; but neceſſity drove me into the arms 'of captain Waters, with whom, though ſtill un-'married, I lived as a wife for many years, and 'went by his name. I parted with this gentleman at 'Worceſter, on his march againſt the rebels, and it 'was then I accidentally met with Mr. Jones, who 'reſcued me from the hands of a villain. Indeed, 'he is the worthieſt of men. No young gentle-'man of his age is, I believe, freer from vice, and 'few have the twentieth part of his virtues; nay, 'whatever vices he hath had, I am firmly perſuad-'ed he hath now taken a reſolution to abandon 'them.'

'them.' 'I hope he hath,' cries Allworthy, 'and 'I hope he will preſerve that reſolution. I muſt 'ſay I have ſtill the ſame hopes with regard to 'yourſelf. The world, I do agree, are apt to be 'too unmerciful on theſe occaſions; yet time and 'perſeverance will get the better of this their diſin-'clination, as I may call it, to pity; for though 'they are not, like heaven, ready to receive a peni-'tent ſinner; yet a continued repentance will at 'length obtain mercy even with the world. This 'you may be aſſured of, Mrs. Waters, that when-'ever I find you are ſincere in ſuch good intentions, 'you ſhall want no aſſiſtance in my power to make 'them effectual.'

Mrs. Waters fell now upon her knees before him, and, in a flood of tears, made him many moſt paſſi-onate acknowledgments of his goodneſs, which, as ſhe truly ſaid, ſavoured more of the divine than hu-man nature.

Allworthy raiſed her up, and ſpoke in the moſt tender manner, making uſe of every expreſſion which his invention could ſuggeſt to comfort her, when he was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Dowling, who, upon his firſt entrance, ſeeing Mrs. Waters, ſtarted, and appeared in ſome confuſion; from which he ſoon recovered himſelf as well as he could, and then ſaid, he was in the utmoſt haſte to attend council at Mr. Weſtern's lodgings; but however, thought it his duty to call and acquaint him with the opinion of council, upon the caſe which he had before told him, which was, that the converſion of the monies in that caſe could not be queſtioned in a criminal cauſe, but that an action of trover might be brought, and if it appeared to the jury to be the monies of plaintiff, that plaintiff would recover a verdict for the value.

Allworthy, without making any anſwer to this, bolted the door, and then advancing with a ſtern look to Dowling, he ſaid, 'Whatever be your haſte,

'Sir,

'Sir, I muſt firſt receive an anſwer to ſome queſ-
'tions. Do you know this lady?'——'That lady,
'Sir!' anſwered Dowling, with great heſitation.
Allworthy then, with the moſt ſolemn voice, ſaid,
'Look you, Mr. Dowling, as you value my favour,
'or your continuance a moment longer in my ſer-
'vice, do not heſitate nor prevaricate; but anſwer
'faithfully and truly to every queſtion I aſk.——
'Do you know this lady?'——'Yes, Sir,' ſaid
Dowling, 'I have ſeen the lady.' 'Where, Sir?'
'At her own lodgings.'—'Upon what buſineſs did
'you go thither, Sir; and who ſent you?' 'I
'went, Sir, to enquire, Sir, about Mr. Jones.'
'And who ſent you to enquire about him?' 'Who,
'Sir; why, Sir, Mr. Blifil ſent me.' 'And what
'did you ſay to the lady concerning that matter?'
'Nay, Sir, it is impoſſible to recollect every word.'
'Will you pleaſe, Madam, to aſſiſt the gentleman's
'memory?' "He told me, Sir," ſaid Mrs. Waters,
"that if Mr. Jones had murdered my huſband,
"I ſhould be aſſiſted by any money I wanted to carry
"on the proſecution, by a very worthy gentleman,
"who was well apprized what a villain I had to
"deal with." 'Theſe, I can ſafely ſwear, were the
'very words he ſpoke.'——'Were theſe the
'words, Sir?' ſaid Allworthy. 'I cannot charge
'my memory exactly,' cries Dowling, 'but I believe
'I did ſpeak to that purpoſe.'——'And did Mr.
'Blifil order you to ſay ſo?' 'I am ſure, Sir, I
'ſhould not have gone on my own accord, nor have
'willingly exceeded my authority in matters of this
'kind. If I ſaid ſo, I muſt have ſo underſtood
'Mr. Blifil's inſtructions.' 'Look you, Mr. Dow-
'ling,' ſaid Allworthy, 'I promiſe you before this
'lady, that whatever you have done in this affair by
'Mr. Blifil's order, I will forgive, provided you
'now tell me ſtrictly the truth; for I believe what
'you ſay, that you would not have acted of your
'own accord, and without authority, in this matter.

'——Mr.

'——Mr. Blifil then likewiſe ſent you to examine 'the two fellows at Alderſgate?'——'He did, Sir.' 'Well, and what inſtructions did he then give you? 'Recollect as well as you can, and tell me, as near 'as poſſible, the very words he uſed.'———'Why, 'Sir, Mr. Blifil ſent me to find out the perſons who 'were eye-witneſſes of this fight. He ſaid, he feared 'they might be tampered with by Mr. Jones, or 'ſome of his friends. He ſaid, blood required 'blood; and that not only all who concealed a mur-'derer, but thoſe who omitted any thing in their 'power to bring him to juſtice, were ſharers in his 'guilt. He ſaid, he found you was very deſirous 'of having the villain brought to juſtice, though 'it was not proper you ſhould appear in it.'——'He 'did ſo?' ſays Allworthy.—'Yes, Sir,' cries Dowling; 'I ſhould not, I am ſure, have proceeded ſuch 'lengths for the ſake of any other perſon living but 'your worſhip.'—'What lengths, Sir,' ſaid Allworthy.—'Nay, Sir,' cries Dowling, 'I would not 'have your worſhip think I would, on any account, 'be guilty of ſubordination of perjury; but there are 'two ways of delivering evidence. I told them 'therefore, that if any offers ſhould be made them 'on the other ſide, they ſhould refuſe them, and 'that they might be aſſured they ſhould loſe nothing 'by being honeſt men, and telling the truth. I 'ſaid, we were told, that Mr. Jones had aſſaulted 'the gentleman firſt, and that if that was the truth, 'they ſhould declare it; and I did give them ſome 'hints, that they ſhould be no loſers.'—'I think 'you went lengths indeed,' cries Allworthy.——'Nay, Sir,' anſwered Dowling, 'I am ſure I did 'not deſire them to tell an untruth;———nor 'ſhould I have ſaid what I did, unleſs it had been to 'oblige you.'——'You would not have thought, I 'believe,' ſays Allworthy, 'to have obliged me, 'had you known that this Mr. Jones was my own 'nephew.'——'I am ſure, Sir,' anſwered he, 'it

'did

'did not become me to take any notice of what I 'thought you desired to conceal.'—'How!' cries Allworthy, 'and did you know it then?'—'Nay, 'Sir,' answered Dowling, 'if your worship bids me 'speak the truth, I am sure I shall do it.—Indeed, 'Sir, I did know it; for they were almost the last 'words which Madam Blifil ever spoke, which she 'mentioned to me as I stood alone by her bedside, 'when she delivered me the letter, I brought your 'worship from her.'—'What letter?' cries Allworthy.—'The letter, Sir,' answered Dowling, 'which 'I brought from Salisbury, and which I delivered 'into the hands of Mr. Blifil.'——'O heavens!' cries Allworthy, 'Well, and what were the words? 'What did my sister say to you?'—'She took me 'by the hand,' answered he, 'and as she delivered 'me the letter, said, "I scarce know what I have "written. Tell my brother, Mr. Jones is his ne-"phew—He is my son.—Bless him," says she, and 'then fell backward, as if dying away. I presently 'called in the people, and she never spoke more to 'me, and died within a few minutes afterwards.'—Allworthy stood a minute silent, lifting up his eyes and then turning to Dowling, said,——'How came 'you, Sir, not to deliver me this message?' Your 'worship,' answered he, 'must remember that you 'was at that time ill in bed; and being in a violent 'hurry, as indeed I always am, I delivered the letter 'and message to Mr. Blifil, who told me he would 'carry them both to you, which he hath since told 'me he did, and that your worship, partly out 'of friendship to Mr. Jones, and partly out of 'regard to your sister, would never have it men-'tioned; and did intend to conceal it from the world; 'and therefore, Sir, if you had not mentioned 'it to me first, I am certain I should never have 'thought it belonged to me to say any thing of the 'matter, either to your worship, or any other 'person.'

We have remarked ſomewhere already, that it is poſſible for a man to convey a lie in the words of truth; this was the caſe at preſent; for Blifil had, in fact, told Dowling what he now related; but had not impoſed upon him, nor indeed had imagined he was able ſo to do. In reality, the promiſes which Blifil had made to Dowling, were the motives which had induced him to ſecrecy; and as he now very plainly ſaw Blifil would not be able to keep them, he thought proper now to make this confeſſion, which the promiſes of forgiveneſs, joined to the threats, the voice, the looks of Allworthy, and the diſcoveries he had made before, extorted from him, who was beſides taken unawares, and had no time to conſider of evaſions.

Allworthy appeared well ſatisfied with this relation, and having enjoined on Dowling ſtrict ſilence as to what had paſt, conducted that gentleman himſelf to the door, leſt he ſhould ſee Blifil, who was returned to his chamber, where he exulted in the thoughts of this laſt deceit on his uncle, and little ſuſpected what had ſince paſſed below ſtairs.

As Allworthy was returning to his room, he met Mrs. Miller in the entry, who, with a face all pale and full of terror, ſaid to him, 'O! Sir, I find this 'wicked woman hath been with you, and you know 'all; yet do not on this account abandon the poor 'young man. Conſider, Sir, he was ignorant it was 'his own mother; and the diſcovery itſelf will moſt 'probably break his heart, without your unkindneſs.'

'Madam,' ſays Allworthy, 'I am under ſuch an 'aſtoniſhment at what I have heard, that I am 'really unable to ſatisfy you; but come with me into 'my room. Indeed, Mrs. Miller, I have made 'ſurprizing diſcoveries, and you ſhall ſoon know 'them.'

The poor woman followed him trembling; and now Allworthy going up to Mrs. Waters, took her by the hand, and then turning to Mrs. Miller ſaid, 'What

'reward

'reward ſhall I beſtow upon this gentlewoman for 'the ſervices ſhe hath done me?—O! Mrs. Miller, 'you have a thouſand times heard me call the young 'man to whom you are ſo faithful a friend, my ſon. 'Little did I then think he was indeed related to me 'at all.—Your friend, Madam, is my nephew; he 'is the brother of that wicked viper which I have 'ſo long nouriſhed in my boſom.—She will herſelf 'tell you the whole ſtory, and how the youth came 'to paſs for her ſon. Indeed, Mrs. Miller, I am 'convinced that he hath been wronged, and that I 'have been abuſed; abuſed by one whom you too 'juſtly ſuſpected of being a villain. He is, in truth, 'the worſt of villains.'

The joy which Mrs. Miller now felt, bereft her of the power of ſpeech, and might perhaps have deprived her of her ſenſes, if not of life, had not a friendly ſhower of tears come ſeaſonably to her relief. At length recovering ſo far from her tranſport as to be able to ſpeak, ſhe cried: 'And is my dear Mr. 'Jones then your nephew, Sir? and not the ſon 'of this lady? And are your eyes opened to him at 'laſt? And ſhall I live to ſee him as happy as he de-'ſerves?' 'He certainly is my nephew,' ſays Allworthy, 'and I hope all the reſt.'—'And is this 'the dear good woman, the perſon,' cries ſhe, 'to 'whom all this diſcovery is owing?'—'She is in-'deed,' ſays Allworthy.—'Why then,' cried Mrs. Miller, upon her knees, 'may heaven ſhower down 'its choiceſt bleſſings upon her head, and for this 'one good action forgive her all her ſins, be they 'never ſo many.'

Mrs. Waters then informed them, that ſhe believed Jones would very ſhortly be releaſed; for that the ſurgeon was gone, in company with a nobleman, to the juſtice who committed him, in order to certify that Mr. Fitzpatrick was out of all manner of danger, and to procure his priſoner his liberty.

Allworthy ſaid, he ſhould be glad to find his nephew there at his return home; but that he was then obliged to go on ſome buſineſs of conſequence. He then called to a ſervant to fetch him a chair, and preſently left the two ladies together.

Mr. Blifil hearing the chair ordered, came down ſtairs to attend upon his uncle; for he never was deficient in ſuch acts of duty. He aſked his uncle if he was going out? which is a civil way of aſking a man, whither he is going: to which the other making no anſwer, he again deſired to know, when he would be pleaſed to return?—Allworthy made no anſwer to this neither, till he was juſt going into his chair, and then turning about, he ſaid.—'Harkee, 'Sir, do you find out, before my return, the letter 'which your mother ſent me on her deathbed.' Allworthy then departed, and left Blifil in a ſituation to be envied only by a man who is juſt going to be hanged.

CHAP. IX.

A further continuation.

ALLWORTHY took an opportunity whilſt he was in the chair, of reading the letter from Jones to Sophia, which Weſtern delivered him; and there were ſome expreſſions in it concerning himſelf, which drew tears from his eyes. At length he arrived at Mr. Weſtern's, and was introduced to Sophia.

When the firſt ceremonies were paſt, and the gentleman and lady had taken their chairs, a ſilence of ſome minutes enſued; during which the latter, who had been prepared for the viſit by her father, ſat playing with her fan, and had every mark of confuſion both in her countenance and behaviour. At length Allworthy, who was himſelf a little diſconcerted, began thus: 'I am afraid, Miſs Weſtern, 'my family hath been the occaſion of giving you

'ſome

'ſome uneaſineſs! to which, I fear, I have innocent-
'ly become more inſtrumental than I intended.
'Be aſſured, Madam, had I at firſt known how diſ-
'agreeable the propoſals had been, I ſhould not have
'ſuffered you to have been ſo long perſecuted. I
'hope therefore, you will not think the deſign of this
'viſit is to trouble you with any further ſolicitations
'of that kind, but entirely to relieve you from
'them.'

'Sir,' ſaid Sophia, with a little modeſt heſitation,
'this behaviour is moſt kind and generous, and
'ſuch as I could expect only from Mr. Allworthy;
'but as you have been ſo kind to mention this
'matter, you will pardon me for ſaying, it hath in-
'deed given me great uneaſineſs, and hath been the
'occaſion of my ſuffering much cruel treatment from
'a father, who was, till that unhappy affair, the
'tendereſt and fondeſt of all parents. I am con-
'vinced, Sir, you are too good and generous to
'reſent my refuſal of your nephew. Our inclina-
'tions are not in our own power; and whatever
'may be his merit, I cannot force them in his fa-
'vour.' 'I aſſure you, moſt amiable young lady,'
ſaid Allworthy, 'I am capable of no ſuch reſent-
'ment, had the perſon been my own ſon, and had
'I entertained the higheſt eſteem for him. For you
'ſay truly, Madam, we cannot force our inclina-
'tions, much leſs can they be directed by another.'
'Oh! Sir,' anſwered Sophia, 'every word you ſpeak
'proves you to deſerve that good, that great, that
'benevolent character the whole world allows you.
'I aſſure you, Sir, nothing leſs than the certain proſ-
'pect of future miſery could have made me reſiſt the
'commands of my father.' 'I ſincerely believe you,
'Madam,' replied Allworthy, 'and I heartily con-
'gratulate you on your prudent foreſight, ſince by ſo
'juſtifiable a reſiſtance you have avoided miſery in-
'deed.' 'You ſpeak now, Mr. Allworthy,' cries
ſhe, 'with a delicacy which few men are capable of

'feeling; but ſurely, in my opinion, to lead our lives 'with one to whom we are indifferent, muſt be a 'ſtate of wretchedneſs——Perhaps that wretchedneſs 'would be even increaſed by a ſenſe of the merits 'of an object to whom we cannot give our affec-'tions. If I had married Mr. Blifil'—'Pardon my 'interrupting you, Madam,' anſwered Allworthy, 'but I cannot bear the ſuppoſition.—Believe me, 'Miſs Weſtern, I rejoice from my heart, I rejoice 'in your eſcape.——I have diſcovered the wretch 'for whom you have ſuffered all this cruel violence 'from your father, to be a villain.' 'How, Sir!' cries Sophia,—'you muſt believe this ſurprizes me.' ——'It hath ſurprized me, Madam,' anſwered All-worthy, 'and ſo it will the world—But I have ac-'quainted you with the real truth.' 'Nothing but 'truth,' ſays Sophia, 'can, I am convinced, come 'from the lips of Mr. Allworthy.——Yet, Sir, ſuch 'ſudden, ſuch unexpected news——Diſcovered, you 'ſay——may villany be ever ſo.'——'You will 'ſoon enough hear the ſtory,' cries Allworthy,—— 'at preſent let us not mention ſo deteſted a name.— 'I have another matter of a very ſerious nature to 'propoſe.—O! Miſs Weſtern, I know your vaſt 'worth, nor can I ſo eaſily part with the ambition of 'being allied to it.—I have a near relation, Madam, 'a young man whoſe character is, I am convinced, 'the very oppoſite to that of this wretch, and whoſe 'fortune I will make equal to what his was to have 'been.—Could I, Madam, hope you would admit 'a viſit from him?' Sophia, after a minute's ſilence, anſwered, 'I will deal with the utmoſt ſincerity with Mr. Allworthy. His character, and the o-'ligation I have juſt received from him, demand it. 'I have determined at preſent to liſten to no ſuch 'propoſals from any perſon. My only deſire is to 'be reſtored to the affection of my father, and to 'be again the miſtreſs of his family. This, Sir, I 'hope to owe to your good offices. Let me beſeech

'you, let me conjure you by all the goodneſs which 'I, and all who know you, have experienced; do 'not the very moment when you have releaſed me 'from one perſecution, do not engage me in another 'as miſerable and as fruitleſs.' 'Indeed, Miſs Weſ-'tern,' replied Allworthy, 'I am capable of no 'ſuch conduct; and if this be your reſolution, he 'muſt ſubmit to the diſappointment, whatever tor-'ments he may ſuffer under it.' 'I muſt ſmile now, 'Mr. Allworthy,' anſwered Sophia, 'when you 'mention the torments of a man whom I do not 'know, and who can conſequently have ſo little 'acquaintance with me.' 'Pardon me, dear young 'lady,' cries Allworthy, 'I begin now to be afraid, 'he hath had too much acquaintance for the repoſe 'of his future days; ſince, if ever man was capable 'of a ſincere, violent, and noble paſſion, ſuch, I am 'convinced, is my unhappy nephew's for Miſs Weſ-'tern.' 'A nephew of yours! Mr. Allworthy,' an-ſwered Sophia. 'It is ſurely ſtrange, I never heard 'of him before.' 'Indeed! Madam,' cries All-worthy, 'it is only the circumſtance of his being 'my nephew to which you are a ſtranger, and 'which till this day, was a ſecret to me.—Mr. Jones, 'who has long loved you, he! he is my nephew!' 'Mr. Jones your nephew, Sir!' cries Sophia, 'Can 'it be poſſible?'—'He is indeed, Madam,' anſwered Allworthy; 'he is my own ſiſter's ſon——as ſuch I 'ſhall always own him; nor am I aſhamed of own-'ing him. I am much more aſhamed of my paſt 'behaviour to him; but I was as ignorant of his 'merit as of his birth. Indeed, Miſs Weſtern, I 'have uſed him cruelly——Indeed I have.'——Here the good man wiped his eyes, and after a ſhort pauſe proceeded—'I never ſhall be able to reward him for 'his ſufferings without your aſſiſtance.——Believe 'me, moſt amiable young lady, I muſt have a great 'eſteem of that offering which I make to your worth. 'I know he hath been guilty of faults; but there

'is great goodneſs of heart at the bottom. Believe 'me, Madam, there is.'—Here he ſtopped, ſeeming to expect an anſwer, which he preſently received from Sophia, after ſhe had a little recovered herſelf from the hurry of ſpirits into which ſo ſtrange and ſudden information had thrown her: 'I ſincerely 'wiſh you joy, Sir, of a diſcovery in which you 'ſeem to have ſuch ſatisfaction. I doubt not but 'you will have all the comfort you can promiſe your-'ſelf from it. The young gentleman hath certainly a 'thouſand good qualities, which makes it impoſſible 'he ſhould not behave well to ſuch an uncle.'—'I 'hope, Madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'he hath thoſe 'good qualities which muſt make him a good huſ-'band.—He muſt, I am ſure, be of all men the 'moſt abandoned, if a lady of your merit ſhould 'condeſcend'—'You muſt pardon me, Mr. Allwor-'thy,' anſwered Sophia; 'I cannot liſten to a pro-'poſal of this kind. Mr. Jones, I am convinced, hath 'much merit; but I ſhall never receive Mr. Jones 'as one who is to be my huſband——Upon my ho-'nour I never will.'—'Pardon me, Madam,' cries Allworthy, 'if I am a little ſurprized, after what 'I have heard from Mr. Weſtern——I hope the un-'happy young man hath done nothing to forfeit your 'good opinion, if he had ever the honour to enjoy 'it.—Perhaps, he may have been miſrepreſented to 'you, as he was to me. The ſame villany may 'have injured him every where.—He is no murder-'er, I aſſure you, as he hath been called.'——'Mr. 'Allworthy,' anſwered Sophia, 'I have told you my 'reſolution. I wonder not at what my father hath 'told you; but whatever his apprehenſions or fears 'have been, if I know my heart, I have given no 'occaſion for them; ſince it hath always been a fixed 'principle with me, never to have married without 'his conſent. This is, I think, the duty of a child 'to a parent; and this, I hope, nothing could ever 'have prevailed with me to ſwerve from. I do not

'indeed

'indeed conceive, that the authority of any parent 'can oblige us to marry, in direct oppoſition to 'our inclinations. To avoid a force of this kind, 'which I had reaſon to ſuſpect, I left my father's 'houſe, and ſought protection elſewhere. This is 'the truth of my ſtory; and if the world, or my 'father, carry my intentions any farther, my own 'conſcience will acquit me.' 'I hear you, Miſs 'Weſtern,' cries Allworthy, with admiration. 'I 'admire the juſtneſs of your ſentiments; but ſurely 'there is more in this. I am cautious of offend-'ing you, young lady; but am I too look on all 'which I have hitherto heard or ſeen, as a dream 'only? And have you ſuffered ſo much cruelty 'from your father on the account of a man to whom 'you have been always abſolutely indifferent?' I 'beg, Mr. Allworthy,' anſwered Sophia, 'you will 'not inſiſt on my reaſons;—Yes, I have ſuffered 'indeed: I will not, Mr. Allworthy, conceal——I 'will be very ſincere with you—I own I had a great 'opinion of Mr. Jones—I believe—I know I have 'ſuffered for my opinion——I have been treated 'cruelly by my aunt, as well as by my father; but 'that is now paſt—I beg I may not be farther preſ-'ſed; for whatever hath been, my reſolution is now 'fixed. Your nephew, Sir, hath many virtues—he 'hath great virtues, Mr. Allworthy. I queſtion not 'but he will do you honour in the world, and make 'you happy.'——'I wiſh I could make him ſo, 'Madam,' replied Allworthy; 'but that I am con-'vinced is only in your power. It is that conviction 'which hath made me ſo earneſt a ſolicitor in his 'favour.' 'You are deceived indeed, Sir; you are 'deceived,' ſaid Sophia—'I hope not by him—It 'is ſufficient to have deceived me.' Mr. Allworthy, 'I muſt inſiſt on being preſt no farther on this ſub-'ject.—I ſhould be ſorry—Nay, I will not injure 'him in your favour. I wiſh Mr. Jones very well. 'I ſincerely wiſh him well; and I repeat it again to

'you, whatever demerit he may have to me, I am 'certain he hath many good qualities. I do not dif- 'own my former thoughts; but nothing can ever 'recal them. At preſent there is not a man upon 'earth whom I would more reſolutely reject than 'Mr. Jones; nor would the addreſſes of Mr. Blifil 'himſelf be leſs agreeable to me.'

Weſtern had been long impatient for the event of this conference, and was juſt now arrived at the door to liſten; when having heard the laſt ſenti- ments of his daughter's heart, he loſt all temper, and burſting open the door in a rage, cried out,— 'It is a lie. It is a d—n'd lie. It is all owing to 'that d—n'd raſcal Jones; and if ſhe could get at 'un, ſhe'd ha un any hour of the day.' Here Allworthy interpoſed, and addreſſing himſelf to the 'ſquire with ſome anger in his look, he ſaid, 'Mr. 'Weſtern, you have not kept your word with me. 'You promiſed to abſtain from all violence.'—— 'Why ſo I did,' cries Weſtern, 'as long as it was 'poſſible; but to hear a wench telling ſuch con- 'founded lies.——Zounds! doth ſhe think if ſhe 'can make vools of other volk, ſhe can make one 'of me?——No, no, I know her better than thee 'doſt.' 'I am ſorry to tell you, Sir,' anſwered Allworthy, 'it doth not appear by your behaviour 'to this young lady, that you know her at all. I 'aſk pardon for what I ſay; but I think our intima- 'cy, your own deſires, and the occaſion, juſtify me. 'She is your daughter, Mr. Weſtern, and I think ſhe 'doth honour to your name. If I was capable of 'envy, I ſhould ſooner envy you on this account, 'than any other man whatever.'—'Od-rabbit-it,' cries the 'ſquire, 'I wiſh ſhe was thine with all my 'heart—wouldſt ſoon be glad to be rid of the trou- 'ble o' her.'—'Indeed, my good friend,' anſwered Allworthy, 'you yourſelf are the cauſe of all the 'trouble you complain of. Place that confidence in 'the young lady which ſhe ſo well deſerves, and I

'am

'am certain you will be the happieſt father on 'earth.'——I confidence in her!' cries the 'ſquire, —'Sblood! what confidence can I place in her, 'when ſhe won't do as I wou'd ha her? Let her gi 'but her conſent to marry as I wou'd ha her, and 'I'll place as much confidence in her as wouldſt ha 'me.'——'You have no right neighbour,' anſwered Allworthy, 'to inſiſt on any ſuch conſent. A nega-'tive voice your daughter allows you, and God and 'Nature have thought proper to allow you no more.' 'A negative voice?' cries the 'ſquire——'Ay! ay! 'I'll ſhew you what a negative voice I ha—Go along, 'go into your chamber, go, you ſtubborn'——'Indeed, 'Mr. Weſtern,' ſaid Allworthy,—'indeed, you uſe 'her cruelly—I cannot bear to ſee this—You ſhall, 'you muſt behave to her in a kinder manner. She 'deſerves the beſt of treatment.' 'Yes, yes,' ſaid the 'ſquire, 'I know what ſhe deſerves: now ſhe's gone, 'I'll ſhew you what ſhe deſerves.—See here, Sir, here 'is a letter from my couſin, my lady Bellaſton, in 'which ſhe is ſo kind to gi me to underſtand, that 'the fellow is got out of priſon again; and here ſhe 'adviſes me to take all the care I can o' the wench. 'Odzookers! neighbour Allworthy, you don't know 'what it is govern a daughter.'

The 'ſquire ended his ſpeech with ſome compli-ments to his own ſagacity; and then Allworthy, after a formal preface, acquainted him with the whole diſcovery which he had made concerning Jones, with his anger to Bliſil, and with every par-ticular which had been diſcloſed to the reader in the preceding chapters.

Men over violent in their diſpoſitions, are, for the moſt part, as changeable in them. No ſooner then was Weſtern informed of Mr. Allworthy's intention to make Jones his heir, than he joined heartily with the uncle in every commendation of the nephew, and became as eager for her marriage with Jones, as he had before been to couple her to Bliſil.

Here

Here Mr. Allworthy was again forced to interpoſe, and to relate what had paſſed between him and Sophia, at which he teſtified great ſurprize.

The 'ſquire was ſilent a moment, and looked wild with aſtoniſhment at this account.——At laſt he cried out, 'Why, what can be the meaning of this, neigh-'bour Allworthy? Vond o un ſhe was, that I'll be 'ſworn to.——Odzookers! I have hit o't. As ſure 'as a gun I have hit o' the very right o't. It's all 'along o' ziſter. The girl hath got a hankering after 'this ſon of a whore of a lord. I vound 'em toge-'ther at my couſin, my lady Bellaſton's. He hath 'turned the head o' her, that's certain—but d—n me 'if he ſhall ha her—I'll ha no lords nor courtiers in 'my vamily.'

Allworthy now made a long ſpeech, in which he repeated his reſolution to avoid all violent mea-ſures, and very earneſtly recommended gentle me-thods to Mr. Weſtern, as thoſe by which he might be aſſured of ſucceeding beſt with his daughter. He then took his leave, and returned back to Mrs. Miller, but was forced to comply with the earneſt entreaties of the 'ſquire, in promiſing to bring Mr. Jones to viſit him that afternoon, that he might, as he ſaid, 'make all matters up with the young gen-'tleman.' At Mr. Allworthy's departure, Weſtern promiſed to follow his advice in his behaviour to Sophia, ſaying, 'I don't know how 'tis, but d——n 'me, Allworthy, if you don't make me always do 'juſt as you pleaſe; and yet I have as good an 'eſteate as you, and am in the commiſſion of the 'peace as well as yourſelf.'

CHAP. X.

Wherein the hiſtory begins to draw towards a Concluſion.

WHEN Allworthy returned to his lodgings, he heard Mr. Jones was juſt arrived before him. He hurried therefore inſtantly into an empty chamber, whither he ordered Mr. Jones to be brought to him alone.

It is impoſſible to conceive a more tender or moving ſcene, than the meeting between the uncle and nephew (for Mrs. Waters, as the reader may well ſuppoſe, had at her laſt viſit diſcovered to him the ſecret of his birth). The firſt agonies of joy which were felt on both ſides, are indeed beyond my power to deſcribe: I ſhall not therefore attempt it. After Allworthy had raiſed Jones from his feet, where he had proſtrated himſelf, and received him into his arms, 'O my child!' he cried! 'how have I been to 'blame! how have I injured you! What amends 'can I ever make you for thoſe unkind, thoſe unjuſt 'ſuſpicions which I have entertained; and for all the 'ſufferings they have occaſioned to you?' 'Am I 'not now made amends? cries Jones, 'Would not 'my ſufferings, if they had been ten times greater, 'have been now richly repaid? O my dear uncle! 'this goodneſs, this tenderneſs overpowers, unmans, 'deſtroys me. I cannot bear the tranſports which 'flow ſo faſt upon me. To be again reſtored to 'your preſence, to your favour; to be once more 'thus kindly received by my great, my noble, my 'generous benefactor'—'Indeed, child,' cries Allworthy, 'I have uſed you cruelly.'——He then explained to him all the treachery of Blifil, and again repeated expreſſions of the utmoſt concern, for having been induced by that treachery to uſe him ſo ill. 'O talk not ſo!' anſwered Jones; 'indeed, Sir, you 'have uſed me nobly. The wiſeſt man might be deceived

'deceived as you were, and, under ſuch a deception, 'the beſt muſt have acted juſt as you did. Your 'goodneſs diſplayed itſelf in the midſt of your an-'ger, juſt as it then ſeemed. I owe every thing to 'that goodneſs of which I have been moſt unwor-'thy. Do not put me on ſelf-accuſation, by carry-'ing your generous ſentiments too far. Alas! Sir, I 'have not been puniſhed more than I have deſerved; 'and it ſhall be the whole buſineſs of my future life 'to deſerve that happineſs you now beſtow on me; 'for believe me, my dear uncle, my puniſhment 'hath not been thrown away upon me: Though I 'have been a great, I am not a hardened ſinner; I 'thank heaven, I have had time to reflect on my paſt 'life, where, though I cannot charge myſelf with 'any groſs villany, yet I can diſcern follies and vices 'more than enough to repent and to be aſhamed of; 'follies which have been attended with dreadful con-'ſequences to myſelf, and have brought me to the 'brink of deſtruction.' 'I am rejoiced, my dear 'child,' anſwered Allworthy, 'to hear you talk 'thus ſenſibly; for as I am convinced hypocriſy '(good heaven! how have I been impoſed on by it 'in others!) was never among your faults; ſo I 'can readily believe all you ſay. You now ſee, 'Tom, to what dangers imprudence alone may 'ſubject virtue (for virtue, I am now convinced, 'you love in a great degree). Prudence is indeed 'the duty which we owe to ourſelves; and if we 'will be ſo much our own enemies as to neglect it, 'we are not to wonder if the world is deficient in 'diſcharging their duty to us; for when a man lays 'the foundation of his own ruin, others will, I am 'afraid, be too apt to build upon it. You ſay, 'however, you have ſeen your errors, and will re-'form them. I firmly believe you, my dear child; 'and therefore, from this moment, you ſhall never 'be reminded of them by me. Remember them 'only yourſelf ſo far, as for the future to teach you

'the

'the better to avoid them; but ſtill remember, for 'your comfort, that there is this great difference 'between thoſe faults which candor may conſtrue 'into imprudence, and thoſe which can be deduced 'from villany only. The former, perhaps, are 'even more apt to ſubject a man to ruin; but if 'he reforms, his character will, at length, be totally 'retrieved; the world, though not immediately, 'will, in time, be reconciled to him; and he may 'reflect, not without ſome mixture of pleaſure, on 'the dangers he hath eſcaped; but villany, my 'boy, when once diſcovered, is irretrievable; the 'ſtains which this leaves behind, no time will waſh 'away. The cenſures of mankind will purſue the 'wretch, their ſcorn will abaſh him in public; 'and if ſhame drives him into retirement, he will go 'to it with all thoſe terrors with which a weary child, 'who is afraid of hobgoblins, retreats from com-'pany to go to bed alone. Here his murdered con-'ſcience will haunt him. Repoſe, like a falſe friend, 'will fly from him. Wherever he turns his eyes, 'horror preſents itſelf; if he looks backward, un-'available repentance treads on his heels; if forward, 'incurable deſpair ſtares him in the face; till, like 'a condemned priſoner confined in a dungeon, he 'deteſts his preſent condition, and yet dreads the 'conſequence of that hour which is to relieve him 'from it. Comfort yourſelf, I ſay, my child, that 'this is not your caſe; and rejoice, with thankful-'neſs to him who hath ſuffered you to ſee your er-'rors, before they have brought on you that deſtruc-'tion, to which a perſiſtance in even thoſe errors 'muſt have led you. You have deſerted them; 'and the proſpect now before you is ſuch, that hap-'pineſs ſeems in your own power.'—At theſe words Jones fetched a deep ſigh; upon which, when Allworthy remonſtrated, he ſaid, 'Sir, I will conceal 'nothing from you: I fear there is one conſequence 'of my vices I ſhall never be able to retrieve. O, my

'dear,

'dear uncle! I have loſt a treaſure.'—'You need 'ſay no more,' anſwered Allworthy; 'I will be ex-'plicit with you; I know what you lament; I have 'ſeen the young lady, and have diſcourſed with her 'concerning you. This I muſt inſiſt on, as an 'earneſt of your ſincerity in all you have ſaid, and 'of the ſtedfaſtneſs of your reſolution, that you 'obey me in one inſtance. To abide intirely by the 'determination of the young lady, whether it ſhall 'be in your favour, or no. She hath already ſuffered 'enough from ſolicitations which I hate to think of; 'ſhe ſhall owe no further conſtraint to my family: 'I know her father will be as ready to torment her 'now on your account, as he hath formerly been on 'another's; but I am determined ſhe ſhall ſuffer no 'more confinement, no more violence, no more un-'eaſy hours.'—'O, my dear uncle!' anſwered Jones, 'lay, I beſeech you, ſome command on me, in which 'I ſhall have ſome merit in obedience. Believe me, 'Sir, the only inſtance in which I could diſobey 'you, would be to give an uneaſy moment to my 'Sophia. No, Sir, if I am ſo miſerable to have in-'curred her diſpleaſure beyond all hope of forgive-'neſs, that alone, with the dreadful reflection of 'cauſing her miſery, will be ſufficient to overpower 'me. To call Sophia mine is the greateſt, and now 'the only additional bleſſing which heaven can beſtow; 'but it is a bleſſing which I muſt owe to her alone.' 'I will not flatter you child,' cries Allworthy; 'I fear 'your caſe is deſperate: I never ſaw ſtronger marks 'of an unalterable reſolution in any perſon, than ap-'peared in her vehement declarations againſt receiving 'your addreſſes; for which, perhaps, you can ac-'count better than myſelf.'—'Oh, Sir! I can account 'too well,' anſwered Jones; 'I have ſinned againſt 'her beyond all hope of pardon; and guilty as I 'am, my guilt unfortunately appears to her in ten 'times blacker than the real colours. O, my dear 'uncle!

'uncle, I find my follies are irretrievable; and all 'your goodneſs cannot ſave me from perdition.'

A ſervant now acquainted them, that Mr. Weſtern was below ſtairs; for his eagerneſs to ſee Jones could not wait till the afternoon. Upon which Jones, whoſe eyes were full of tears, begged his uncle to entertain Weſtern a few minutes, till he a little recovered himſelf; to which the good man conſented, and having ordered Mr. Weſtern to be ſhewn into a parlour, went down to him.

Mrs. Miller no ſooner heard that Jones was alone, (for ſhe had not yet ſeen him ſince his releaſe from priſon) than ſhe came eagerly into the room, and advancing towards Jones, wiſhed him heartily joy of his new-found uncle, and his happy reconciliation; adding, "I wiſh I could give you joy on another ac- "count, my dear child; but any thing ſo inexorable "I never ſaw."

Jones, with ſome appearance of ſurprize, aſked her what ſhe meant. 'Why then,' ſays ſhe, 'I 'have been with your young lady, and have explain- 'ed all matters to her, as they were told me by my 'ſon Nightingale. She can have no longer any 'doubt about the letter; of that I am certain; for 'I told her my ſon Nightingale was ready to take his 'oath, if ſhe pleaſed, that it was all his own inven- 'tion, and the letter of his inditing. I told her the 'very reaſon of ſending the letter ought to recom- 'mend you to her the more, as it was all upon her 'account, and a plain proof, that you was reſolved 'to quit all your profligacy for the future; that you 'had never been guilty of a ſingle inſtance of infi- 'delity to her ſince your ſeeing her in town: I am 'afraid I went too far there; but heaven forgive me: 'I hope your future behaviour will be my juſtifica- 'tion. I am ſure I have ſaid all I can; but all to 'no purpoſe. She remains inflexible. She ſays, ſhe 'had forgiven many faults on account of youth; 'but expreſſed ſuch deteſtation of the character of a 'libertine,

'libertine, that ſhe abſolutely ſilenced me. I often 'attempted to excuſe you; but the juſtneſs of her 'accuſation flew in my face. Upon my honour, ſhe 'is a lovely woman, and one of the ſweeteſt and 'moſt ſenſible creatures I ever ſaw. I could have 'almoſt kiſſed her for one expreſſion ſhe made uſe of. 'It was a ſentiment worthy of Seneca, or of a biſhop.'

"I once fancied, Madam," ſaid ſhe, "I had diſ-"covered great goodneſs of heart in Mr. Jones; and "for that I own I had a ſincere eſteem; but an entire "profligacy of manners will corrupt the beſt heart "in the world; and all which a good-natured liber-"tine can expect, is, that we ſhould mix ſome grains "of pity with our contempt and abhorrence." 'She 'is an angelic creature, that is the truth on't.'—'O, 'Mrs. Miller!' anſwered Jones, 'can I bear to think 'I have loſt ſuch an angel!' 'Loſt! no,' cries Mrs. Miller; 'I hope you have not loſt her yet. Reſolve 'to leave ſuch vicious courſes, and you may yet have 'hopes; nay, if ſhe ſhould remain inexorable, there 'is another young lady, a ſweet pretty young lady, 'and a ſwinging fortune, who is abſolutely dying for 'love of you. I heard of it this very morning, and 'I told it to Miſs Weſtern; nay, I went a little be-'yond the truth again; for I told her you had 'refuſed her; but indeed I knew you would refuſe 'her.——And here I muſt give you a little com-'fort; when I mentioned the young lady's name, 'who is no other than the pretty widow Hunt, I 'thought ſhe turned pale; but when I ſaid you had 'refuſed her, I will be ſworn her face was all over 'ſcarlet in an inſtant; and theſe were her very words, "I will not deny but that I believe he has ſome af-"fection for me."

Here the converſation was interrupted by the arrival of Weſtern, who could no longer be kept out of the room even by the authority of Allworthy himſelf; though this, as we have often ſeen, had a wonderful power over him.

Weſtern

Weſtern immediately went up to Jones, crying out, 'My old friend Tom, I am glad to ſee thee 'with all my heart. All paſt muſt be forgotten. I 'could not intend any affront to thee, becauſe, as 'Allworthy here knows, nay, doſt know it thyſelf, 'I took thee for another perſon; and where a body 'means no harm, what ſignifies a haſty word or two? 'One chriſtian muſt forget and forgive another.' 'I hope, Sir,' ſaid Jones, 'I ſhall never forget the 'many obligations I have had to you; but as for any 'offence towards me, I declare I am an utter ſtranger.' ——'A't,' ſays Weſtern, 'then give me thy fiſt, 'a't as hearty an honeſt cock as any in the kingdom. 'Come along with me; I'll carry thee to thy miſtreſs 'this moment.' Here Allworthy interpoſed; and the 'ſquire being unable to prevail either with the uncle or nephew, was, after ſome litigation, obliged to conſent to delay introducing Jones to Sophia till the afternoon; at which time Allworthy, as well in compaſſion to Jones, as in compliance with the eager deſires of Weſtern, was prevailed upon to promiſe to attend at the tea-table.

The converſation which now enſued was pleaſant enough; and with which, had it happened earlier in our hiſtory, we would have entertained our reader; but as we have now leiſure only to attend to what is very material, it ſhall ſuffice to ſay, that matters being entirely adjuſted as to the afternoon viſit, Mr. Weſtern again returned home.

CHAP. XI.

The hiſtory draws nearer to a concluſion.

WHEN Mr. Weſtern was departed, Jones began to inform Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller, that his liberty had been procured by two noble lords, who, together with two ſurgeons, and a friend of Mr. Nightingale's, had attended the ma-

giſtrate by whom he had been committed, and by whom, on the ſurgeons oaths, that the wounded perſon was out of all manner of danger from his wound, he was diſcharged.

One only of theſe lords, he ſaid, he had ever ſeen before, and that no more than once; but the other had greatly ſurprized him, by aſking his pardon for an offence he had been guilty of towards him, occaſioned, he ſaid, entirely by his ignorance who he was.

Now the reality of the caſe, with which Jones was not acquainted till afterwards, was this: The lieutenant whom lord Fellamar had employed, according to the advice of lady Bellaſton, to preſs Jones, as a vagabond, into the ſea-ſervice, when he came to report to his lordſhip the event which we have before ſeen, ſpoke very favourably of the behaviour of Mr. Jones on all accounts, and ſtrongly aſſured that lord, that he muſt have miſtaken the perſon, for that Jones was certainly a gentleman; inſomuch that his lordſhip, who was ſtrictly a man of honour, and would by no means have been guilty of an action which the world in general would have condemned, began to be much concerned for the advice which he had taken.

Within a day or two after this, lord Fellamar happened to dine with the Iriſh peer, who, in a converſation upon the duel, acquainted his company with the character of Fitzpatrick; to which indeed he did not do ſtrict juſtice, eſpecially in what related to his lady. He ſaid, ſhe was the moſt innocent, the moſt injured woman alive, and that from compaſſion alone he had undertaken her cauſe. He then declared an intention of going the next morning to Fitzpatrick's lodgings, in order to prevail with him, if poſſible, to conſent to a ſeparation from his wife, who, the peer ſaid, was in apprehenſions for her life, if ſhe ſhould ever return to be under the power of her huſband. Lord Fellamar agreed to go with him, that he might ſatisfy himſelf more concerning Jones, and the circumſtances

cumſtances of the duel; for he was by no means eaſy concerning the part he had acted. The moment his lordſhip gave a hint of his readineſs to aſſiſt in the delivery of the lady, it was eagerly embraced by the other nobleman, who depended much on the authority of lord Fellamar, as he thought it would greatly contribute to awe Fitzpatrick into a compliance; and perhaps he was in the right; for the poor Iriſhman no ſooner ſaw theſe noble peers had undertaken the cauſe of his wife, than he ſubmitted, and articles of ſeparation were ſoon drawn up, and ſigned between the parties.

Fitzpatrick had been ſo well ſatisfied by Mrs. Waters concerning the innocence of his wife with Jones at Upton, or perhaps, from ſome other reaſons, was now become ſo indifferent to that matter, that he ſpoke highly in favour of Jones to lord Fellamar, took all the blame upon himſelf, and ſaid the other had behaved very much like a gentleman, and a man of honour; and upon that lord's further enquiry concerning Mr. Jones, Fitzpatrick told him, he was nephew to a gentleman of very great faſhion and fortune, which was the account he had juſt received from Mrs. Waters, after her interview with Dowling.

Lord Fellamar now thought it behoved him to do every thing in his power to make ſatisfaction to a gentleman whom he had ſo groſsly injured, and without any conſideration of rivalſhip, (for he had now given over all thoughts of Sophia) determined to procure Mr. Jones's liberty, being ſatisfied, as well from Fitzpatrick as his ſurgeon, that the wound was not mortal. He therefore prevailed with the Iriſh peer to accompany him to the place where Jones was confined, to whom he behaved as we have already related.

When Allworthy returned to his lodgings, he immediately carried Jones into his room, and then acquainted him with the whole matter, as well what he

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When Allworthy returned to his lodgings, he immediately carried Jones into his room, and then acquainted him with the whole matter, as well what he

had heard from Mrs. Waters, as what he had diſcovered from Mr. Dowling.

Jones expreſſed great aſtoniſhment and no leſs concern at this account; but without making any comment or obſervation upon it. And now a meſſage was brought from Mr. Blifil, deſiring to know if his uncle was at leiſure, that he might wait upon him. Allworthy ſtarted and turned pale, and then in a more paſſionate tone than I believe he had ever uſed before, bid the ſervant tell Blifil, he knew him not. 'Conſider, dear Sir,'—cries Jones, in a trembling voice.—'I have conſidered,' anſwered Allworthy, 'and you yourſelf ſhall carry my meſſage to the vil-'lain.——No one can carry him the ſentence of 'his own ruin ſo properly, as the man whoſe ruin 'he hath ſo villanouſly contrived.'——'Pardon me, 'dear Sir,' ſaid Jones; 'a moment's reflection will, 'I am ſure, convince you of the contrary. What 'might perhaps be but juſtice from another tongue, 'would from mine be inſult? and to whom?—My 'own brother, and your nephew.——Nor did he 'uſe me ſo barbarouſly.——Indeed that would have 'been more inexcuſable than any thing he hath done. 'Fortune may tempt men of no very bad diſpoſitions 'to injuſtice; but inſults proceed only from black 'and rancorous minds, and have no temptations to 'excuſe them.——Let me beſeech you, Sir, to do 'nothing by him in the preſent height of your anger. 'Conſider, my dear uncle, I was not myſelf con-'demned unheard.' Allworthy ſtood ſilent a moment, and then embracing Jones, he ſaid, with tears guſhing from his eyes, 'O my child! to what good-'neſs have I been ſo long blind!'

Mrs. Miller entring the room at that moment, after a gentle rap, which was not perceived, and ſeeing Jones in the arms of his uncle, the poor woman, in an agony of joy, fell upon her knees, and burſt forth into the moſt ecſtatic thankſgivings to heaven, for what had happened.——Then running

to

to Jones, ſhe embraced him eagerly, crying, 'My 'deareſt friend, I wiſh you joy a thouſand and a 'thouſand times of this bleſt day;' and next Mr. Allworthy himſelf received the ſame congratulations. To which he anſwered, 'Indeed, indeed, Mrs. Miller, 'I am beyond expreſſion happy.' Some few more raptures having paſſed on all ſides, Mrs. Miller deſired them both to walk down to dinner in the parlour, where ſhe ſaid there were a very happy ſet of people aſſembled; being indeed no other than Mr. Nightingale and his bride, and his couſin Harris with her bridegroom.

Allworthy excuſed himſelf from dining with the company, ſaying he had ordered ſome little thing for him and his nephew in his own apartment; for that they had much private buſineſs to diſcourſe of, but could not reſiſt promiſing the good woman, that both he and Jones would make part of her ſociety at ſupper.

Mrs. Miller then aſked what was to be done with Blifil; 'for indeed,' ſays ſhe, 'I cannot be eaſy while 'ſuch a villain is in my houſe.'—Allworthy anſwered, 'He was as uneaſy as herſelf on the ſame account.' 'O!' cries ſhe, 'if that be the caſe, leave the matter 'to me; I'll ſoon ſhew him the outſide of my doors, 'I warrant you. Here are two or three luſty fellows 'below ſtairs.' 'There will be no need of any vio-'lence,' cries Allworthy; 'if you will carry him a 'meſſage from me, he will, I am convinced, depart 'of his own accord.' 'Will I?' ſaid Mrs. Miller, 'I never did any thing in my life with a better will.' Here Jones interfered, and ſaid, 'He had conſidered 'the matter better, and would, if Mr. Allworthy 'pleaſed, be himſelf the meſſenger.' 'I know,' ſays he, 'already enough of your pleaſure, Sir, and I beg 'leave to acquaint him with it by my own words. 'Let me beſeech you, Sir,' added he, 'to reflect on 'the dreadful conſequences of driving him to violent 'and ſudden deſpair. How unfit, alas! is this poor

'man to die in his preſent ſituation.' This ſuggeſtion had not the leaſt effect on Mrs. Miller. She left the room, crying, 'You are too good, Mr. Jones, infi-'nitely too good to live in this world.' But it made a deeper impreſſion on Allworthy. 'My good child,' ſaid he, 'I am equally aſtoniſhed at the goodneſs of 'your heart, and the quickneſs of your underſtand-'ing. Heaven indeed forbid that this wretch ſhould 'be deprived of any means or time for repentance. 'That would be a ſhocking conſideration indeed. 'Go to him therefore, and uſe your own diſcretion; 'yet do not flatter him with any hopes of my for-'giveneſs; for I never ſhall forgive villany farther 'than my religion obliges me, and that extends not 'either to our bounty or our converſation.'

Jones went up to Blifil's room, whom he found in a ſituation which moved his pity, though it would have raiſed a leſs amiable paſſion in many beholders. He caſt himſelf on his bed, where he lay abandoning himſelf to deſpair, and drowned in tears; not in ſuch tears as flow from contrition, and waſh away guilt from minds which have been ſeduced or ſurprized into it unawares, againſt the bent of their natural diſpoſitions, as will ſometimes happen from human frailty, even to the good; no, theſe tears were ſuch as the frighted thief ſheds in his cart, and are indeed the effects of that concern which the moſt ſavage natures are ſeldom deficient in feeling for themſelves.

It would be unpleaſant and tedious to paint this ſcene in full length. Let it ſuffice to ſay, that the behaviour of Jones was kind to exceſs. He omitted nothing which his invention could ſupply, to raiſe and comfort the drooping ſpirits of Blifil, before he communicated to him the reſolution of his uncle, that he muſt quit the houſe that evening. He offered to furniſh him with any money he wanted, aſſured him of his hearty forgiveneſs of all he had done againſt him, that he would endeavour to live with him here-

after

after as a brother, and would leave nothing unattempted to effectuate a reconciliation with his uncle.

Blifil was at firſt ſullen and ſilent, balancing in his mind whether he ſhould yet deny all; but finding at laſt the evidence too ſtrong againſt him, he betook himſelf at laſt to confeſſion. He then aſked pardon of his brother in the moſt vehement manner, proſtrated himſelf on the ground, and kiſſed his feet; in ſhort, he was now as remarkably mean, as he had been before remarkably wicked.

Jones could not ſo far check his diſdain, but that it a little diſcovered itſelf in his countenance at this extreme ſervility. He raiſed his brother the moment he could from the ground, and adviſed him to bear his afflictions more like a man; repeating, at the ſame time, his promiſes, that he would do all in his power to leſſen them; for which Blifil, making many profeſſions of his unworthineſs, poured forth a profuſion of thanks; and then he having declared he would immediately depart to another lodging, Jones returned to his uncle.

Among other matters, Allworthy now acquainted Jones with the diſcovery which he made concerning the 500l. Bank-notes. 'I have,' ſaid he, 'already 'conſulted a lawyer, who tells me, to my great aſton-'iſhment, that there is no puniſhment for a fraud 'of this kind. Indeed, when I conſider the black in-'gratitude of this fellow toward you, I think a high-'wayman, compared to him, is an innocent perſon.'

'Good heaven!' ſays Jones, 'is it poſſible?—'I am ſhocked beyond meaſure at this news. I 'thought there was not an honeſter fellow in the 'world.——The temptation of ſuch a ſum was too 'great for him to withſtand; for ſmaller matters have 'come ſafe to me through his hand. Indeed, my 'dear uncle, you muſt ſuffer me to call it weakneſs 'rather than ingratitude; for I am convinced the 'poor fellow loves me, and hath done me ſome 'kindneſſes, which I can never forget; nay, I believe

'he hath repented of this very act; for it is not 'above a day or two ago, when my affairs ſeemed in 'the moſt deſperate ſituation, that he viſited me in 'my confinement, and offered me any money I 'wanted. Conſider, Sir, what a temptation to a man 'who hath taſted ſuch bitter diſtreſs, it muſt be, to 'have a ſum in his poſſeſſion, which muſt put him 'and his family beyond any future poſſibility of ſuf-'fering the like.'

'Child,' cries Allworthy, 'you carry this forgiv-'ing temper too far. Such miſtaken mercy is not 'only weakneſs but borders on injuſtice, and is very 'pernicious to ſociety, as it encourages vice. The 'diſhoneſty of this fellow I might perhaps have par-'doned, but never his ingratitude. And give me 'leave to ſay, when we ſuffer any temptation to atone 'for diſhoneſty itſelf, we are as candid and merciful 'as we ought to be; and ſo far I confeſs I have 'gone; for I have often pitied the fate of a high-'wayman, when I have been on the grand jury; and 'have more than once applied to the judge on the 'behalf of ſuch as have had any mitigating circum-'ſtances in their caſe; but when diſhoneſty is attended 'with any blacker crime, ſuch as cruelty, murder, 'ingratitude, or the like, compaſſion and forgiveneſs 'then become faults. I am convinced the fellow is 'a villain, and he ſhall be puniſhed; at leaſt as far 'as I can puniſh him.'

This was ſpoke with ſo ſtern a voice, that Jones did not think proper to make any reply; beſides, the hour appointed by Mr. Weſtern now drew ſo near, that he had barely time left to dreſs himſelf. Here therefore ended the preſent dialogue, and Jones retired to another room, where Partridge attended, according to order, with his clothes.

Partridge had ſcarce ſeen his maſter ſince the happy diſcovery. The poor fellow was unable either to contain or expreſs his tranſports. He behaved like one frantic, and made almoſt as many miſtakes while he

he was dreſſing Jones, as I have ſeen made by Harlequin in dreſſing himſelf on the ſtage.

His memory, however, was not in the leaſt deficient. He recollected now many omens and preſages of this happy event, ſome of which he had remarked at the time, but many more he now remembered; nor did he omit the dreams he had dreamt that evening before his meeting with Jones; and concluded with ſaying, 'I always told your honour ſomething 'boded in my mind, that you would one time or 'other have it in your power to make my fortune.' Jones aſſured him, that this boding ſhould as certainly be verified with regard to him, as all the other omens had been to himſelf; which did not a little add to all the raptures which the poor fellow had already conceived on account of his maſter.

CHAP. XII.

Approaching ſtill nearer to the end.

JONES being now completely dreſſed, attended his uncle to Mr. Weſtern's. He was indeed one of the fineſt figures ever beheld, and his perſon alone would have charmed the greater part of womankind; but we hope it hath already appeared in this hiſtory, that nature, when ſhe formed him, did not totally rely, as ſhe ſometimes doth, on this merit only, to recommend her work.

Sophia, who, angry as ſhe was, was likewiſe ſet forth to the beſt advantage, for which I leave my female readers to account, appeared ſo extremely beautiful that even Allworthy, when he ſaw her, could not forbear whiſpering Weſtern, that he believed ſhe was the fineſt creature in the world. To which Weſtern anſwered, in a whiſper overheard by all preſent, 'So much the better for Tom;——for 'd—n me if he ſhan't ha the touſling her.' Sophia was all over ſcarlet at theſe words, while Tom's coun-

countenance was altogether as pale, and he was almoſt ready to ſink from his chair.

The tea-table was ſcarce removed, before Weſtern lugged Allworthy out of the room, telling him, he had buſineſs of conſequence to impart, and muſt ſpeak to him that inſtant in private before he forgot it.

The lovers were now alone, and it will, I queſtion not, appear ſtrange to many readers, that thoſe who had ſo much to ſay to one another when danger and difficulty attended their converſation; and who ſeemed ſo eager to ruſh into each other's arms, when ſo many bars lay in their way, now that with ſafety they were at liberty to ſay or do whatever they pleaſed, ſhould both remain for ſome time ſilent and motionleſs; inſomuch that a ſtranger of moderate ſagacity might have well concluded, they were mutually indifferent; but ſo it was, however ſtrange it may ſeem; both ſat with their eyes caſt downwards on the ground, and for ſome minutes continued in perfect ſilence.

Mr. Jones, during this interval, attempted once or twice to ſpeak, but was abſolutely incapable, muttering only, or rather ſighing out ſome broken words; when Sophia at length, partly out of pity to him, and partly to turn the diſcourſe from the ſubject which ſhe knew well enough he was endeavouring to open, ſaid;——

'Sure, Sir, you are the moſt fortunate man in the 'world in this diſcovery.' 'And can you really, 'Madam, think me ſo fortunate,' ſaid Jones, ſighing, 'while I have incurred your diſpleaſure?'—'Nay, 'Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'as to that, you beſt know whether 'you have deſerved it.' 'Indeed, Madam,' anſwered he, 'you yourſelf are as well apprized of all my 'demerits. Mrs. Miller hath acquainted you with 'the whole truth. O! my Sophia, am I never to 'hope for forgiveneſs?'——'I think, Mr. Jones,' ſaid ſhe, 'I may almoſt depend on your own juſtice, 'and leave it to yourſelf to paſs ſentence on your 'own conduct.——'Alas! Madam,' anſwered he,

'it

'it is mercy, and not juſtice, which I implore at your 'hands. Juſtice I know muſt condemn me.——— 'Yet not for the letter I ſent to lady Bellaſton. Of 'that I moſt ſolemnly declare, you have had a true 'account.' He then inſiſted much on the ſecurity given him by Nightingale, of a fair pretence for breaking off, if, contrary to their expectations, her ladyſhip ſhould have accepted his offer; but confeſt, that he had been guilty of a great indiſcretion, to put ſuch a letter as that into her power, 'which,' ſaid he, 'I 'have dearly paid for, in the effect it has upon you.' 'I do not, I cannot,' ſays ſhe, 'believe otherwiſe of 'that letter than you would have me. My conduct, 'I think, ſhews you clearly I do not believe there 'is much in that. And yet, Mr. Jones, have I not 'enough to reſent? After what paſt at Upton, ſo 'ſoon to engage in a new amour with another wo-'man, while I fancied, and you pretended, your 'heart was bleeding for me!——Indeed, you have 'acted ſtrangely. Can I believe the paſſion you 'have profeſt to me to be ſincere? Or, if I can, 'what happineſs can I aſſure myſelf of with a man 'capable of ſo much inconſtancy?' 'O! my Sophia,' cries he, 'do not doubt the ſincerity of the pureſt 'paſſion that ever inflamed a human breaſt. Think, 'moſt adorable creature, of my unhappy ſituation, 'of my deſpair.——Could I, my Sophia, have 'flattered myſelf with the moſt diſtant hopes of 'being ever permitted to throw myſelf at your feet 'in the manner I do now, it would not have been in 'the power of any other woman to have inſpired a 'thought which the ſevereſt chaſtity could have con-'demned. Inconſtancy to you! O Sophia! if you 'can have goodneſs enough to pardon what is paſt, 'do not let any cruel future apprehenſions ſhut your 'mercy againſt me.———No repentance was ever 'more ſincere. O! let it reconcile me to my heaven 'in this dear boſom.' 'Sincere repentance, Mr. 'Jones,' anſwered ſhe, 'will obtain the pardon of a

'ſinner, but it is from one who is a perfect judge of 'that ſincerity. A human mind may be impoſed on; 'nor is there any infallible method to prevent it. You 'muſt expect however, that if I can be prevailed on 'by your repentance to pardon you, I will at leaſt 'inſiſt on the ſtrongeſt proof of its ſincerity.'—— 'Name any proof in my power,' anſwered Jones eagerly. 'Time,' replied ſhe; 'Time alone, Mr. 'Jones, can convince me that you are a true penitent, 'and have reſolved to abandon theſe vicious courſes, 'which I ſhould deteſt you for, if I imagined you 'capable of perſevering in them.' 'Do not imagine 'it,' cries Jones. 'On my knees I intreat, I implore 'your confidence, a confidence which it ſhall be the 'buſineſs of my life to deſerve.' 'Let it then,' ſaid ſhe, 'be the buſineſs of ſome part of your life to 'ſhew me you deſerve it. I think I have been explicit 'enough in aſſuring you, that when I ſee you merit 'my confidence, you will obtain it. After what is 'paſt, Sir, can you expect I ſhould take you upon 'your word?'

He replied, 'Don't believe me upon my word; I 'have a better ſecurity, a pledge for my conſtancy, 'which it is impoſſible to ſee and to doubt.' 'What 'is that?' ſaid Sophia, a little ſurprized. 'I will 'ſhow you, my charming angel,' cries Jones, ſeizing her hand, and carrying her to the glaſs. 'There, 'behold it there in that lovely figure, in that face, 'that ſhape, thoſe eyes, that mind which ſhines 'through theſe eyes; can the man who ſhall be in 'poſſeſſion of theſe be inconſtant? Impoſſible! my 'Sophia; they would fix a Dorimant, a lord Ro-'cheſter. You could not doubt it, if you could ſee 'yourſelf with any eyes but your own.' Sophia bluſhed, and half ſmiled; but forcing again her brow into a frown, 'If I am to judge,' ſaid ſhe, 'of the 'future by the paſt, my image will no more remain 'in your heart when I am out of your ſight, than it 'will in this glaſs when I am out of the room.' 'By

'heaven,

'heaven, by all that is ſacred,' ſaid Jones, 'it never 'was out of my heart. The delicacy of your ſex 'cannot conceive the groſſneſs of ours, nor how little 'one ſort of amour has to do with the heart.' 'I 'will never marry a man,' replied Sophia, very gravely, 'who ſhall not learn refinement enough to 'be as incapable as I am myſelf of making ſuch a 'diſtinction.' 'I will learn it,' ſaid Jones. 'I have 'learnt it already. The firſt moment of hope that 'my Sophia might be my wife, taught it me at once; 'and all the reſt of her ſex from that moment be-'came as little the objects of deſire to my ſenſe, as 'of paſſion to my heart.' 'Well,' ſaid Sophia, 'the 'proof of this muſt be from time. Your ſituation, 'Mr. Jones, is now altered, and I aſſure you I have 'great ſatisfaction in the alteration. You will now 'want no opportunity of being near me, and con-'vincing me that your mind is altered too.' 'O! 'my angel,' cries Jones, 'how ſhall I thank thy 'goodneſs? And are you ſo good to own, that you 'have a ſatisfaction in my proſperity?——Believe 'me, believe me, Madam, it is you alone have given 'a reliſh to that proſperity, ſince I owe to it the dear 'hope——O! my Sophia, let it not be a diſtant one. '—I will be all obedience to your commands. I 'will not dare to preſs any thing further than you 'permit me. Yet let me intreat you to appoint a 'ſhort trial. O! tell me, when I may expect you 'will be convinced of what is moſt ſolemnly true.' 'When I have gone voluntarily thus far, Mr. Jones,' ſaid ſhe, 'I expect not to be preſſed. Nay, I will 'not.'—'O! don't look unkindly thus, my Sophia,' cries he. 'I do not, I dare not preſs you.—Yet per-'mit me at leaſt once more to beg you would fix the 'period. O! conſider the impatience of love.'—— 'A twelvemonth, perhaps,' ſaid ſhe. 'O! my So-'phia,' cries he, 'you have named an eternity.'— 'Perhaps, it may be ſomething ſooner,' ſays ſhe, 'I 'will not be teazed. If your paſſion for me be what

'I would

'I would have it, I think you may now be eaſy.'—'Eaſy, Sophia, call not ſuch an exulting happineſs 'as mine by ſo cold a name.——O! tranſporting 'thought! am I not aſſured that the bleſſed day will 'come, when I ſhall call you mine; when fears ſhall 'be no more; when I ſhall have that dear, that vaſt, 'that exquiſite, ecſtatic delight of making my Sophia 'happy?'——'Indeed, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'that day is 'in your own power.'——'O! my dear, my divine 'angel,' cried he, 'theſe words have made me mad 'with joy.———But I muſt, I will thank thoſe dear 'lips which have ſo ſweetly pronounced my bliſs.' He then caught her in his arms, and kiſſed her with an ardour he had never ventured before.

At this inſtant Weſtern, who had ſtood ſome time liſtening, burſt into the room, and with his hunting voice and phraſe, cried out, 'To her, boy, 'to her, go to her.——That's it, little honeys, O 'that's it! Well, what is it all over? Hath ſhe 'appointed the day, boy? What, ſhall it be to-mor-'row or next day? It ſhan't be put off a minute 'longer than next day I am reſolved.' 'Let me 'beſeech you, Sir,' ſays Jones, 'don't let me be 'the occaſion'—'Beſeech mine a——,' cries Weſtern, 'I thought thou had'ſt been a lad of higher 'mettle, than to give way to a parcel of maideniſh 'tricks.——I tell thee 'tis all flimflam. Zoodikers! 'ſhe'd have the wedding to night with all her heart. 'Would'ſt not, Sophy? Come confeſs, and be an 'honeſt girl for once. What, art dumb? Why doſt 'not ſpeak?' 'Why ſhould I confeſs, Sir,' ſays Sophia, 'ſince it ſeems you are ſo well acquainted 'with my thoughts.'——'That's a good girl,' cries he, 'and doſt conſent then?' 'No indeed, Sir,' ſays Sophia, 'I have given no ſuch conſent.'——'And 'wunt nut ha un then to-morrow, nor next day?' ſays Weſtern.——'Indeed, Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'I have 'no ſuch intention.' 'But I can tell thee,' replied he, 'why haſt nut, only becauſe thou doſt love to be

'diſobe-

'diſobedient, and to plague and vex thy father.' 'Pray, Sir,' ſaid Jones interfering——'I tell thee 'thou art a puppy,' cries he. 'When I vorbid 'her, then it was all nothing but ſighing and whin-'ing, and languiſhing and writing; now I am vor 'thee, ſhe is againſt thee. All the ſpirit of contrary, 'that's all. She is above being guided and governed 'by her father, that is the whole truth on't. It is 'only to diſoblige and contradict me.' 'What 'would my papa have me do?' cries Sophia. 'What would I ha thee do?' ſays he, 'why gi 'un thy hand this moment.'——'Well, Sir,' ſaid Sophia, 'I will obey you.—There is my hand, Mr. 'Jones.' 'Well, and will you conſent to ha un 'to-morrow morning?' ſays Weſtern. ——'I will 'be obedient to you, Sir,' cries ſhe.——'Why then 'to-morrow morning be the day,' cries he.—'Why 'then to-morrow morning ſhall be the day, papa, 'ſince you will have it ſo,' ſays Sophia. Jones then fell upon his knees, and kiſſed her hand in an agony of joy, while Weſtern began to caper and dance about the room, preſently crying out,—'Where the 'devil is Allworthy? He is without now, a talking 'with that d——d lawyer Dowling, when he ſhould 'be minding other matters.' He then ſallied out in queſt of him, and very opportunely left the lovers to enjoy a few tender minutes alone.

But he ſoon returned with Allworthy, ſaying, 'If 'you won't believe me, you may aſk her yourſelf. 'Haſt nut gin thy conſent, Sophy, to be married 'to-morrow?' 'Such are your commands, Sir,' cries Sophia, 'and I dare not be guilty of diſobedience.' 'I hope, Madam,' cries Allworthy, 'my nephew, 'will merit ſo much goodneſs, and will be always 'as ſenſible as myſelf, of the great honour you have 'done my family. An alliance with ſo charming 'and ſo excellent a young lady would indeed be an 'honour to the greateſt in England.' 'Yes,' cries Weſtern, 'but if I had ſuffered her to ſtand ſhill I

'ſhall

'ſhall I, dilly dally, you might not have had that 'honour yet a while; I was forced to uſe a little 'fatherly authority to bring her to.' 'I hope not, 'Sir,' cries Allworthy. 'I hope there is not the 'leaſt conſtraint.' 'Why, there,' cries Weſtern, 'you may bid her unſay all again, if you will. Do'ſt 'repent heartily of thy promiſe, doſt not, Sophy?' 'Indeed, papa,' cries ſhe, 'I do not repent, nor do 'I believe I ever ſhall, of any promiſe in favour of 'Mr. Jones.' 'Then, nephew,' cries Allworthy, 'I felicitate you moſt heartily; for I think you are 'the happieſt of men. And, Madam, you will 'give me leave to congratulate you on this joyful 'occaſion: Indeed, I am convinced you have beſtowed 'yourſelf on one who will be ſenſible of your great 'merit, and who will at leaſt uſe his beſt endeavours 'to deſerve it.' 'His beſt endeavours!' cries Weſtern, 'that he will, I warrant un.——Harkee, Allworthy, 'I'll bet thee five pound to a crown we have a boy to-'morrow nine months; but prithee tell me what 'wut ha! Wut ha Burgundy, Champaigne, or what? 'for pleaſe Jupiter, we'll make a night on't.' 'In-'deed, Sir,' ſaid Allworthy, 'you muſt excuſe me; 'both my nephew and I were engaged, before I ſuſ-'pected this near approach of his happineſs.'—— 'Engaged!' quoth the 'ſquire, 'never tell me.—I 'won't part with thee to-night upon any occaſion. 'Shalt ſup here, pleaſe the lord Harry.' 'You muſt 'pardon me, my dear neighbour,' anſwered Allwor-thy; 'I have given a ſolemn promiſe, and that you 'know I never break.' 'Why, prithee, who art 'engaged to?' cries the 'ſquire.——Allworthy then informed him, as likewiſe of the company.——— 'Odzookers!' anſwered the 'ſquire, 'I will go with 'thee, and ſo ſhall Sophy; for I won't part with thee 'to-night; and it would be barbarous to part Tom 'and the girl.' This offer was preſently embraced by Allworthy; and Sophia conſented, having firſt ob-tained a private promiſe from her father, that he would not mention a ſyllable concerning her marriage.

CHAP. *The laſt.*

In which the hiſtory is concluded.

YOUNG Nightingale had been that afternoon by appointment, to wait on his father, who received him much more kindly than he expected. There likewiſe he met his uncle, who was returned to town in queſt of his new-married daughter.

This marriage was the luckieſt incident which could have happened to the young gentleman; for theſe brothers lived in a conſtant ſtate of contention about the government of their children, both heartily deſpiſing the method which each other took. Each of them therefore now endeavoured as much as he could to palliate the offence which his own child had committed, and to aggravate the match of the other. This deſire of triumphing over his brother, added to the many arguments which Allworthy had uſed, ſo ſtrongly operated on the old gentleman, that he met his ſon with a ſmiling countenance, and actually agreed to ſup with him that evening at Mrs. Miller's.

As for the other, who really loved his daughter with the moſt immoderate affection, there was little difficulty in inclining him to a reconciliation. He he was no ſooner informed by his nephew, where his daughter and her huſband were, than he declared he would inſtantly go to her. And when he arrived there, he ſcarce ſuffered her to fall upon her knees, before he took her up, and embraced her with a tenderneſs which affected all who ſaw him; and in leſs than a quarter of an hour was as well reconciled to both her and her huſband, as if he had himſelf joined their hands.

In this ſituation were affairs when Mr. Allworthy and his company arrived to complete the happineſs of Mrs. Miller, who no ſooner ſaw Sophia, than ſhe

gueſſed every thing that had happened; and ſo great was her friendſhip to Jones, that it added not a few tranſports to thoſe ſhe felt on the happineſs of her own daughter.

There have not, I believe, been many inſtances of a number of people met together, where every one was ſo perfectly happy, as in this company. Amongſt whom, the father of young Nightingale enjoyed the leaſt perfect content; for notwithſtanding his affection for his ſon; notwithſtanding the authority and the arguments of Allworthy, together with the other motive mentioned before, he could not ſo entirely be ſatisfied with his ſon's choice; and perhaps, the preſence of Sophia herſelf tended a little to aggravate and heighten his concern, as a thought now and then ſuggeſted itſelf, that his ſon might have had that lady, or ſome ſuch other. Not that any of the charms which adorned either the perſon or mind of Sophia, created the uneaſineſs; it was the contents of her father's coffers which ſet his heart a longing. Theſe were the charms which he could not bear to think his ſon had ſacrificed to the daughter of Mrs. Miller.

The brides were both very pretty women; but ſo totally were they eclipſed by the beauty of Sophia, that had they not been two of the beſt-tempered girls in the world, it would have raiſed ſome envy in their breaſts; for neither of their huſbands could long keep his eyes from Sophia, who ſat at the table like a queen receiving homage, or rather like a ſuperior being receiving adoration from all around her. But it was an adoration which they gave, not which ſhe exacted; for ſhe was as much diſtinguiſhed by her modeſty and affability, as by all her other perfections.

The evening was ſpent in much true mirth. All were happy, but thoſe the moſt, who had been moſt unhappy before. Their former ſufferings and fears gave ſuch a reliſh to their felicity, as even love and fortune in their fulleſt flow could not have given without the advantage of ſuch a compariſon. Yet as great

great joy, eſpecially after a ſudden change and revolution of circumſtances, is apt to be ſilent, and dwells rather in the heart than on the tongue, Jones and Sophia appeared the leaſt merry of the whole company. Which Weſtern obſerved with great impatience, often crying out to them, 'Why do'ſt not 'talk boy! Why do'ſt look ſo grave! Haſt loſt thy 'tongue, girl! Drink another glaſs of wine, ſha't 'drink another glaſs.' And the more to enliven her, he would ſometimes ſing a merry ſong, which bore ſome relation to matrimony, and the loſs of a maidenhead. Nay, he would have proceeded ſo far on that topic, as to have driven her out of the room, if Mr. Allworthy had not checked him ſometimes by looks, and once or twice by a—Fie! Mr. Weſtern! He began indeed once to debate the matter, and aſſert his right to talk to his own daughter as he thought fit; but as no body ſeconded him, he was ſoon reduced to order.

Notwithſtanding this little reſtraint, he was ſo pleaſed with the cheerfulneſs and good-humour of the company, that he inſiſted on their meeting the next day at his lodgings. They all did ſo; and the lovely Sophia, who was now in private become a bride too, officiated as the miſtreſs of the ceremonies, or, in the polite phraſe, did the honours of the table. She had that morning given her hand to Jones, in the chapel at Doctors-Commons, where Mr. Allworthy, Mr. Weſtern, and Mrs. Miller, were the only perſons preſent.

Sophia had earneſtly deſired her father, that no others of the company, who were that day to dine with him, ſhould be acquainted with her marriage. The ſame ſecrecy was enjoined to Mrs. Miller, and Jones undertook for Allworthy. This ſomewhat reconciled the delicacy of Sophia to the public entertainment, which, in compliance with her father's will, ſhe was obliged to go to, greatly againſt her own inclinations. In confidence of this ſecrecy, ſhe

went through the day pretty well, till the 'ſquire, who was now advanced into the ſecond bottle, could contain his joy no longer, but, filling out a bumper, drank a health to the bride. The health was immediately pledged by all preſent, to the great confuſion of our poor bluſhing Sophia, and the great concern of Jones upon her account. To ſay truth, there was not a perſon preſent made wiſer by this diſcovery; for Mrs. Miller had whiſpered it to her daughter, her daughter to her huſband, her huſband to his ſiſter, and ſhe to all the reſt.

Sophia now took the firſt opportunity of withdrawing with the ladies, and the 'ſquire ſat in to his cups, in which he was, by degrees, deſerted by all the company, except the uncle of young Nightingale, who loved his bottle as well as Weſtern himſelf. Theſe two therefore ſat ſtoutly to it, during the whole evening, and long after that happy hour which had ſurrendered the charming Sophia to the eager arms of her enraptured Jones.

Thus, reader, we have at length brought our hiſtory to a concluſion, in which, to our great pleaſure, though contrary perhaps to thy expectation, Mr. Jones appears to be the happieſt of all human kind; for what happineſs this world affords equal to the poſſeſſion of ſuch a woman as Sophia, I ſincerely own I have never yet diſcovered.

As to the other perſons who have made any conſiderable figure in this hiſtory, as ſome may deſire to know a little more concerning them, we will proceed in as few words as poſſible, to ſatisfy their curioſity.

Allworthy hath never yet been prevailed upon to ſee Blifil, but he hath yielded to the importunity of Jones, backed by Sophia, to ſettle 200*l.* a year upon him; to which Jones hath privately added a third. Upon this income he lives in one of the northern counties, about 200 miles diſtant from London, and lays up 200*l.* a year out of it, in order to purchaſe a ſeat in the next parliament from a neigh-

a neighbouring borough, which he has bargained for with an attorney there. He is alſo lately turned methodiſt, in hopes of marrying a very rich widow of that ſect, whoſe eſtate lies in that part of the kingdom.

Square died ſoon after he writ the before-mentioned letter; and as to Thwackum, he continues at his vicarage. He hath made many fruitleſs attempts to regain the confidence of Allworthy, or to ingratiate himſelf with Jones, both of whom he flatters to their faces, and abuſes behind their backs. But in his ſtead, Mr. Allworthy hath lately taken Mr. Abraham Adams into his houſe, of whom Sophia is grown immoderately fond, and declares he ſhall have the tuition of her children.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick is ſeparated from her huſband, and retains the little remains of her fortune. She lives in reputation at the polite end of the town, and is ſo good an œconomiſt, that ſhe ſpends three times the income of her fortune, without running in debt. She maintains a perfect intimacy with the lady of the Iriſh peer; and in acts of friendſhip to her repays all the obligations ſhe owes to her huſband.

Mrs. Weſtern was ſoon reconciled to her niece Sophia, and hath ſpent two months together with her in the country. Lady Bellaſton made the latter a formal viſit at her return to town, where ſhe behaved to Jones, as to a perfect ſtranger, and, with great civility, wiſhed him joy on his marriage.

Mr. Nightingale hath purchaſed an eſtate for his ſon in the neighbourhood of Jones, where the young gentleman, his lady, Mrs. Miller, and her little daughter reſide, and the moſt agreeable intercourſe ſubſiſts between the two families.

As to thoſe of lower account, Mrs. Waters returned into the country, had a penſion of 60 *l.* a year ſettled upon her by Mr. Allworthy, and is married to parſon Supple, on whom, at the inſtance of Sophia, Weſtern hath beſtowed a conſiderable living.

Black George hearing the diſcovery that had been made, run away, and was never ſince heard of; and Jones beſtowed the money on his family, but not in equal proportions, for Molly had much the greateſt ſhare.

As for Partridge, Jones hath ſettled 50 *l.* a year on him; and he hath again ſet up a ſchool, in which he meets with much better encouragement than formerly; and there is now a treaty of marriage on foot between him and Miſs Molly Seagrim, which, through the mediation of Sophia, is likely to take effect.

We now return to take leave of Mr. Jones and Sophia, who, within two days after their marriage, attended Mr. Weſtern and Mr. Allworthy into the country. Weſtern hath reſigned his family-ſeat, and the greater part of his eſtate, to his ſon-in-law, and hath retired to a leſſer houſe of his, in another part of the country, which is better for hunting. Indeed, he is often as a viſitant with Mr. Jones, who, as well as his daughter, hath an infinite delight in doing every thing in their power to pleaſe him. And this deſire of theirs is attended with ſuch ſucceſs, that the old gentleman declares he was never happy in his life till now. He hath here a parlour and antichamber to himſelf, where he gets drunk with whom he pleaſes; and his daughter is ſtill as ready as formerly to play to him whenever he deſires it; for Jones hath aſſured her that, as next to pleaſing her, one of his higheſt ſatisfactions is to contribute to the happineſs of the old man; ſo the great duty which ſhe expreſſes and performs to her father, renders her almoſt equally dear to him, with the love which ſhe beſtows on himſelf.

Sophia hath already produced him two fine children, a boy and a girl, of whom the old gentleman is ſo fond, that he ſpends much of his time in the nurſery, where he declares the tattling of his little granddaughter,

daughter, who is above a year and a half old, is ſweeter muſic than the fineſt cry of dogs in England.

Allworthy was likewiſe greatly liberal to Jones on the marriage, and hath omitted no inſtance of ſhewing his affection to him and his lady, who love him as a father. Whatever in the nature of Jones had a tendency to vice, has been corrected by continual converſation with this good man, and by his union with the lovely and virtuous Sophia. He hath alſo, by reflection on his paſt follies, acquired a diſcretion and prudence very uncommon in one of his lively parts.

To conclude, as there are not to be found a worthier man and woman, than this fond couple, ſo neither can any be imagined more happy. They preſerve the pureſt and tendereſt affection for each other, an affection daily encreaſed and confirmed by mutual endearments, and mutual eſteem. Nor is their conduct towards their relations and friends leſs amiable, than towards one another. And ſuch is their condeſcenſion, their indulgence, and their beneficence to thoſe below them, that there is not a neighbour, a tenant, or a ſervant, who doth not moſt gratefully bleſs the day when Mr. Jones was married to his Sophia.

THE END OF THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS.

For the YEAR 1742-3.

The CONTENTS.

Several Papers *relating to the* Terreſtrial CHRYSIPUS, GOLDEN-FOOT, *or* GUINEA, *an* Inſect, *or* Vegetable, *which has this ſurpriſing* Property, *that being cut into ſeveral pieces, each piece lives, and in a ſhort time becomes as perfect an Inſect, or Vegetable, as that of which it was originally only a Part.*

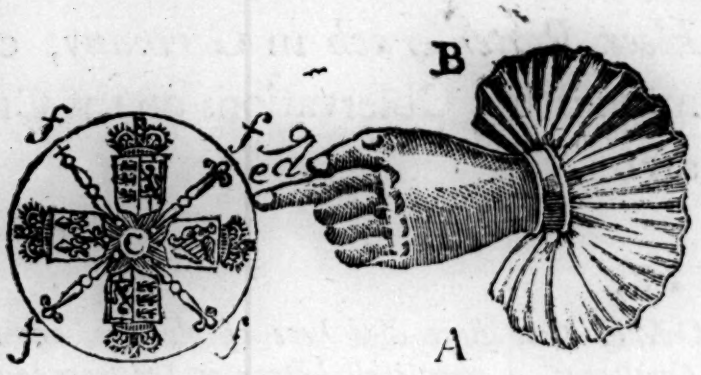
Abſtract of *Part* of a Letter from the *Heer Rottenſcrach* in *Germany*, communicating Obſervations on the CHRYSIPUS.

SIR,

SOME time ſince died here of old age, one Petrus Gualterus, a man well known in the learned world, and famous for nothing ſo much as for an extraordinary collection which he had made of the Chryſipi, *an animal or vegetable; of which I doubt not but there are ſtill ſome to be found in England: however, if that ſhould be difficult, it may be eaſy to ſend ſome over to you; as they are at preſent very plentiful in theſe parts. I can anſwer for the truth of the facts contained in the paper I ſend you, as there is not one of them but what I have ſeen repeated above twenty times; and I wiſh others may be encouraged to try the experiments over again, and ſatisfy themſelves of the truth by their own eyes. The accounts of the* Chryſipi, *as well as the collection itſelf, were found in the cabinet of the above-mentioned Petrus, after his death; for he could never be prevailed on to communicate a ſight of either while alive. I am,*

SIR, &c.

The Figure of the TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS *ſticking to a Finger.*



Obſervations and experiments upon the TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS, *or* GUINEA, *by Mynheer* Petrus Gualterus.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH *by* P. H. I. Z. C. G. S.

THE animal in queſtion is a terreſtrial vegetable or inſect, of which mention is made in the *Philoſophical Tranſactions* for ſeveral years, as may be ſeen in N° ooo. Art. oooo. and N° oo. Art. co2. and N°——Art. 18.

This animal or vegetable is of a rotund, orbicular, or round form, as repreſented in the figure annexed. In which *A.* denotes the ruffle. *B.* the hand. *G.* the thumb of that hand. *D.* the finger. *E.* the part of that finger to which the CHRYSIPUS ſticks. *F. f. f. f.* four tubes, repreſenting the Πέος*, or *man's*

* See *Philoſ. Tranſact.* concerning the *arbor vitæ*, *anno* 1732.

ſtaff,

ſtaff, mentioned by Galen in his Treatiſe *de Uſu Partium*; and by Ariſtotle, in that little book called his Ἀρχιβιβλιόν, or *Maſter-piece*. The το θηλυκον, or *woman's-pipe*, an oblong perforated ſubſtance, to which the ſaid Πεῆ directly tend, is repreſented by the letter *C*. *The mouth of the* Chryſipus *is in this anteriour middle, it opens into the ſtomach, which takes up the whole length of the body.* The whole body forms but one pipe, a ſort of gut which can be opened but at one end, *i. e.* at letter *C*.

The ſize of the body of a Chryſipus varies according to its different ſpecies.

I know two ſpecies only, differing in extent almoſt one half; which, for diſtinction ſake, I call the *whole Chryſipus*, and the *hemi-Chryſipus*. The latter of theſe is by no means ſo valuable as the former. The length of the Πεῆ differ likewiſe in proportion to the different ſize or extenſion of theſe two.

The Πεῆ of thoſe of a modern growth are ſo imperfect and inviſible to the naked eye, that it is much to be feared the ſpecies will ſoon be entirely loſt among us; and indeed, in England, they are obſerved of late to be much rarer than formerly, eſpecially in the country, where at preſent there are very few of them to be found; but at the ſame time it is remarked, that in ſome places of the Continent, particularly in a certain part of Germany, they are much plentier; being to be found in great numbers, where formerly there were ſcarce any to be met with.

I have not, after the minuteſt obſervation, been able to ſettle with any degree of certainty, whether this be really an animal or vegetable, or whether it be not ſtrictly neither, or rather both. For as I have, by the help of my microſcope, diſcovered ſome of its parts to reſemble thoſe of a lion; I have at other times taken notice of ſomething not unlike the *Flower de-luce*. Not to repeat thoſe parts above-mentioned, which bear great analogy to the Ἄιδοια of the human body. On their extremities (if they are not

not very old) may be ſeen certain letters forming the names of ſeveral of our kings; whence I have been almoſt inclined to conclude, that theſe are the flowers mentioned by Virgil, and which appear to have been ſo extremely ſcarce in his time.

Dic quibus in terris inſcripti nomina Regum
Naſcuntur flores.

Particularly as he adds,

——*Et Phyllida ſolus habeto.*

Of which we ſhall take notice hereafter, when we come to ſpeak of its properties. What hath principally diſſuaded me from an opinion of its being an animal, is, that I could never obſerve any ſymptoms of voluntary motion; but indeed the ſame may be ſaid of an oyſter, which I think is not yet ſettled by the learned to be *abſolutely* a vegetable.

But though it hath not, or ſeems not to have any progreſſive motion of its own, yet is it very eaſy to communicate a motion to it. Indeed, ſome perſons have made them fly all over the town with great velocity.

What is ſaid of the *Polypus*, in a late excellent paper communicated to the Royal Society, is likewiſe applicable to the *Chryſipus*.

"They make uſe of their progreſſive motion, "when communicated to them, to place themſelves "conveniently, ſo as to catch their prey. They "are voracious animals; their Πεῖ are ſo many ſnares "which they ſet for numbers of ſmall *inſects*. As "ſoon as any of them touches one of the Πεῖ, it is "caught."

But then it differs from the *Polypus* in the conſequence; for inſtead of making the *inſect* its prey, it becomes itſelf a prey to it, and inſtead of conveying an *inſect* twice as large as its own mouth into it, in

in imitation of the *Polypus*, the poor *Chryſipus* is itſelf conveyed into the *Loculus* or pouch of an *inſect* a thouſand times as large as itſelf. Notwithſtanding which, this wretched animal (for ſo I think we may be allowed to call it) is ſo eager after its prey, that if the *inſect* (which ſeldom happens) makes any reſiſtance, it ſummons other *Chryſipi* to its aid, which in the end hardly ever fail of ſubduing it, and getting into its pouch.

The learned *Gualterus* goes on in theſe words: "A "*Chryſipus*, by the ſimple contact of my own finger, "has ſo cloſely attached itſelf to my hand, that by "the joint and indefatigable labour of ſeveral of my "friends, it could by no means be ſevered, or made "to quit its hold."

As to the generation of the *Chryſipus*, it differs from all other animals or vegetables whatever; for though it ſeems the beſt ſupplied for this natural function, nature having provided each female part with four male ones, which one would think ſufficient; yet it may be ſaid, as of the *Polypus*, they have no diſtinguiſhed place by which they bring forth their young.

Gualterus judiciouſly remarks*: "I have (ſays he) "ſome of them, that have greatly *multiplied under* "*my eyes*, and of which I might almoſt ſay, that "they have produced young ones from all the ex-"terior parts of their body.

"I have learned by a *continual attention* to the "two ſpecies of them, that all the individuals of "theſe ſpecies produce young ones.

"I have for ſixty years had under my eye thou-"ſands of them; and though I have OBSERVED "THEM CONSTANTLY, and with ATTENTION, ſo "as to watch them night and day, I never obſerved "any thing like the common animal-copulation.

* Vid. Remarks on the *Polypus*, pag. 6.

"I tried at firſt two of them; but theſe I found "would not produce a complete *Chryſipus*; at leaſt "I had reaſon to think the operation would be ſo "ſlow, that I muſt have waited ſome years for its "completion. Upon this, I tried a hundred of "them together; by whoſe marvellous union (whe-"ther it be, that they mix total, like thoſe hea-"venly ſpirits mentioned by Milton, or by any "other proceſs not yet revealed to human wit) they "were found in the year's end to produce three, "four, and ſometimes five complete *Chryſipi*. I "have indeed often made them in that ſpace produce "ten or twenty; but this hath been by ſome held a "dangerous experiment, not only to the parent "*Chryſipi* themſelves, which have by theſe means been "utterly loſt and deſtroyed, but even to the phi-"loſopher who hath attempted it; for as ſome cu-"rious perſons have, by hermetic experiments, en-"dangered the loſs of their teeth, ſo we, by a too "intenſe application to this *Chryſipean* philoſophy, "have been ſometimes found to endanger our ears."
He then proceeds thus:

* "Another fact, which I have obſerved, has "proved to me, that they have the faculty of mul-"tiplying, before they are ſevered from their parent. "I have ſeen a *Chryſipus*, ſtill adhering, bring forth "young ones; and thoſe young ones themſelves "have alſo brought forth others. Upon ſuppoſition, "that perhaps there was ſome *copulation between* "*the parent and young ones*, whilſt they were yet "united; or between the young ones coming from "the body of the ſame parent; I made divers expe-"riments to be ſure of the fact; but not one of "thoſe experiments ever led me to any thing that "could give the idea of a copulation."

I now proceed to the ſingularities reſulting from the operation I have tried upon them.

* Remarks, pag. 7.

A CHRY-

A *Chryſipus* of the larger kind may be divided into one-and-twenty ſubſtances (whether animal or vegetable we determine not) every ſubſtance being at leaſt as large as the original *Chryſipus*. Theſe may again be ſubdivided, each of them into twenty-four; and what is very remarkable, every one of theſe parts is heavier, and rather larger than the firſt *Chryſipus*. The only difference in this change, is that of the colour; for the firſt ſort are yellow, the ſecond white, and the third reſemble the complexion and ſubſtance of many human faces.

Theſe ſubdivided parts are by ſome obſerved to loſe in a great degree their adhereſcent quality; notwithſtanding which, *Gualterus* writes, that, from the minuteſt obſervations upon his own experience, they all adhered with equal tenacity to his own fingers.

The manner of dividing a *Chryſipus* differs, however, greatly from that of the *Polypus*; for whereas we are taught in that excellent treatiſe above-mentioned, that

* " If the body of a *Polypus* is cut into two parts " tranſverſly, each of thoſe parts becomes a com- " plete *Polypus*: on the very day of the operation, " the firſt part, or anterior end of the *Polypus*, that " is, the head, the mouth, and the arms: this part, " I ſay, lengthens itſelf, it creeps, and eats.

" The ſecond part, *which has no head, gets one*; a " mouth forms itſelf at the anterior end; and ſhoots " forth arms. This reproduction comes about more " or leſs quickly, according as the weather is more " or leſs warm. In Summer, I have ſeen arms begin " to ſprout out 24 hours after the operation, and " *the new head perfected in every reſpect in a few* " *days.*

" Each of thoſe parts thus become a perfect *Poly-* " *pus*, performs abſolutely all its functions. It creeps,

* See *Polypus*, pag. 8, 9, 10.

" it eats, it grows, and it multiplies; *and all that,*
" as much as a *Polypus* which never had been cut.

" In whatever place the body of a *Polypus* is cut,
" whether in the middle, or more or leſs near the
" head, or the poſterior part, the experiment has
" always the ſame ſucceſs.

" If a *Polypus* is cut tranſverſly at the ſame mo-
" ment, into three or four parts, they all equally
" become ſo many complete ones.

" The animal is too ſmall to be cut at the ſame
" time into a great number of parts; *I therefore did*
" *it ſucceſſively.* I firſt cut a *Polypus* into four parts,
" and let them grow; next, I cut thoſe quarters
" again; and at this rate I proceeded, *till I had*
" *made* 50 *out of one ſingle one:* and here I ſtopp'd,
" for there would have been *no end of the experi-*
" *ment.*

" I have now actually by me ſeveral parts of the
" ſame *Polypus* cut into pieces above a year ago;
" ſince which time they have produced a great
" number of young ones.

" *A Polypus may alſo be cut in two, lengthways.*
" *Beginning by the head, one firſt ſplits the ſaid head,*
" *and afterwards the ſtomach:* the *Polypus* being in
" the form of a pipe, each half of what is thus cut
" lengthways forms a half pipe; the anterior ex-
" tremity of which is terminated by the half of the
" head, the half of the mouth, and part of the
" arms. It is not long before the two edges of
" thoſe half-pipes cloſe after the operation; they
" generally begin at the poſterior part, and cloſe up
" by degrees to the anterior part. *Then each half-*
" *pipe becomes a whole one, complete:* a ſtomach is
" formed, in which nothing is wanting; and *out*
" *of each half-mouth a whole one is formed alſo.*"

" I have ſeen all this done in leſs than an hour;
" and that the *Polypus* produced from each of thoſe
" halves, at the end of that time, did not differ from
" the

" the whole ones, except that it had fewer arms;
" but in a few days more grew out.

" I have cut a *Polypus* lengthways, between ſeven
" and eight in the morning; and between two and
" three in the afternoon, *each of the parts has been*
" *able to eat a worm as long as itſelf.*

" If a *Polypus* is cut lengthways, beginning at
" the head, and the ſection is not carried quite
" through; the reſult is, a *Polypus* with two bodies,
" two heads, and one tail. Some of thoſe bodies
" and heads may again be cut lengthways ſoon after.
" In this manner I have *produced a* Polypus *that had*
" *ſeveral bodies, as many heads, and one tail.* I after-
" wards at once cut off the ſeven heads of this
" new *Hydra:* ſeven others grew again; *and the heads*
" *that were cut off, became each a complete* Polypus.

" I cut a *Polypus*, tranſverſly, into two parts:
" I put theſe two parts cloſe to each other again,
" and they re-united where they had been cut. The
" *Polypus*, thus re-united, eat the day after it had
" undergone this operation: it is ſince grown, and
" has multiplied.

" *I took the poſterior part of one* Polypus, *and the*
" *anterior of another, and I have brought them to re-*
" *unite in the ſame manner as the foregoing.* Next
" day, the *Polypus that reſulted*, eat: it has continued
" well theſe two months ſince the operation: it is
" grown, and has put forth young ones, from each
" of the parts of which it was formed. The two
" foregoing experiments do not always ſucceed; it
" often happens, that the two parts will not join
" again.

" In order to comprehend the experiment I am
" now going to ſpeak of, one ſhould recollect, that
" the whole body of a *Polypus* forms only one pipe,
" a ſort of gut, or pouch.

" *I have been able to turn that pouch, that body of*
" *the* Polypus, INSIDE-OUTWARDS; AS ONE MAY
" TURN A STOCKING.

" I have ſeveral by me, that have remained turned " in this manner; THEIR INSIDE IS BECOME THEIR " OUTSIDE, AND THEIR OUTSIDE THEIR INSIDE: " they eat, they grow, and they multiply, as if they " had never been turned."

Now, in the diviſion and ſubdiviſion of our *Chryſipus*, we are forced to proceed in quite a different manner; namely, by the metabolic or mutative, not by the ſchyſtic or diviſive. Some have indeed attempted this latter method; but, like that great philoſopher the elder Pliny, they have periſhed in their diſquiſitions, as he did, by ſuffocation. Indeed, there is a method called the *Kleptiſtic*, which hath been preferred to the metabolic: but this too is dangerous; the ingenious Gualterus never carried it farther than the metabolic, contenting himſelf ſometimes to divide the original *Chryſipus* into twenty-two parts, and again to ſubdivide theſe into twenty-five; but this requires great art.

It can't be doubted but that Mr. Trembley will, in the work he is pleaſed to promiſe us, give ſome account of the longevity of the *Polypus*. As to the age of the *Chryſipus*, it differs extremely; ſome being of equal duration with the life of man, and ſome of ſcarce a moment's exiſtence. The beſt method of preſerving them is, I believe, in bags or cheſts, in large numbers; for they ſeldom live long when they are alone. The great Gualterus ſays, he thought he could never put enough of them together. If you carry them in your pockets ſingly, or in pairs, as ſome do, they will laſt a very little while, and in ſome pockets not a day.

* We are told of the *Polypus*, " That they are " to be looked for in ſuch ditches whoſe water is " ſtocked with ſmall inſects. Pieces of wood, leaves, " aquatic plants, in ſhort, every thing is to he taken " out of the water, that is met with at the bottom,

* *Polypus*, pag. 1, 2.

" or

" or on the ſurface of the water, on the edges, and " in the middle of the ditches. What is thus taken " out, muſt be put into a glaſs of clear water, and " theſe inſects, if there are any, will ſoon diſcover " themſelves; eſpecially if the glaſs is let ſtand a " little, without moving it: for thus the inſects, " which contract themſelves when they are firſt " taken out, will again extend themſelves when they " are at reſt, and become thereby ſo much the more " remarkable."

The *Chryſipus* is to be looked for in ſcrutores, and behind wainſcots in old houſes. In ſearching for them, particular regard is to be had to the perſons who inhabit, or have inhabited in the ſame houſes, by obſerving which rule, you may often prevent throwing away your labour. They love to be rather with old than young perſons, and deteſt finery ſo much, that they are ſeldom to be found in the pockets of laced clothes, and hardly ever in gilded palaces. They are ſometimes very difficult to be met with, even though you know where they are, by reaſon of *pieces of wood*, *iron*, &c. which muſt be removed away before you can come at them. There are, however, ſeveral ſure methods of procuring them, which are all aſcertained in a treatiſe on that ſubject, compoſed by Petrus Gualterus, which, now he is dead, will ſhortly ſee the light.

I come now, in the laſt place, to ſpeak of the virtues of the *Chryſipus:* In theſe it exceeds not only the *Polypus*, of which not one ſingle virtue is recorded, but all other animals and vegetables whatever. Indeed, I intend here only to ſet down ſome of its chief qualities; for to enumerate all, would require a large volume.

Firſt, then, A ſingle *Chryſipus* ſtuck on to the finger, will make a man talk for a full hour, nay, will make him ſay whatever the perſon who ſticks it on deſires: and again, if you deſire ſilence, it will as effectually ſtop the moſt loquacious tongue. Some-

times, indeed, one or two, or even twenty, are not ſufficient; but if you apply the proper number, they ſeldom or never fail of ſucceſs. It will likewiſe make men blind or deaf, as you think proper; and all this without doing the leaſt injury to the ſeveral organs.

Secondly, It hath a moſt miraculous quality of turning black into white, or white into black. Indeed it hath the powers of the priſmatic glaſs, and can, from any object, reflect what colour it pleaſes.

Thirdly, It is the ſtrongeſt love-powder in the world, and hath ſuch efficacy on the female ſex, that it hath often produced love in the fineſt women to the moſt worthleſs and ugly, old and decrepit of our ſex.

To give the ſtrongeſt idea in one inſtance, of the ſalubrious quality of the *Chryſipus:* it is a medicine which the phyſicians are ſo fond of taking themſelves, that few of them care to viſit a patient, without ſwallowing a doſe of it.

To conclude, *facts like theſe I have related, to be admitted*, require the moſt convincing proofs. *I venture to ſay, I am able to produce ſuch proofs.* In the mean time, I refer my curious reader to the treatiſe I have above-mentioned, which is not yet publiſhed, and perhaps never may.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since I compoſed the above treatiſe, I have been informed, that theſe animals ſwarm in England all over the country, like the locuſts, once in SEVEN years; and like them too, they generally cauſe much miſchief, and greatly ruin the country in which they have ſwarmed.

THE FIRST
OLYNTHIAC
OF
DEMOSTHENES.

THE FIRST

OLYNTHIAC

OF

DEMOSTHENES.

THE FIRST OLYNTHIAC OF DEMOSTHENES.

The ARGUMENT.

Olynthus *was a powerful free city of* Thrace, *on the confines of* Macedonia. *By certain alluring offers,* Philip *had tempted them into an alliance with him, the terms of which were a joint war againſt the* Athenians, *and if a peace, a joint peace. The* Olynthians, *ſome time after, becoming jealous of his growing power, detach themſelves from his alliance, and make a ſeparate peace with the* Athenians. Philip, *exclaiming againſt this, as a breach of their former treaty, and glad of an opportunity, which he had long been ſeeking, immediately declares war againſt them, and beſieges their city. Upon this, they diſpatch an Embaſſy to* Athens *for ſuccour. The ſubject of this embaſſy coming to be debated among the* Athenians, Demoſthenes *gives his ſentiments in the following oration.*

NO treaſures, O Athenians, can, I am confident, be ſo deſirable in your eyes, as to diſcover what is moſt advantageous to be done for this city, in the affair now before you. And ſince it

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is of ſo important a nature, the ſtricteſt attention ſhould be given to all thoſe who are willing to deliver their opinions; for not only the ſalutary counſels which any one may have premeditated, are to be heard and received, but I conſider it as peculiar to your fortune and good genius, that many things, highly expedient, may ſuggeſt themſelves to the ſpeakers, even extemporarily, and without premeditation; and then you may eaſily, from the whole, collect the moſt uſeful reſolutions. The preſent occaſion wants only a tongue to declare, that the poſture of theſe affairs requires your immediate application, if you have any regard for your preſervation. I know not what diſpoſition we all entertain; but my own opinion is, that we vote a ſupply of men to the Olynthians, and that we ſend them immediately; and thus by lending them our aſſiſtance now, we ſhall prevent the accidents which we have formerly felt, from falling again on us. Let an embaſſy be diſpatched, not only to declare theſe our intentions, but to ſee them executed. For my greateſt apprehenſion is, that the artful Philip, who well knows to improve every opportunity, by conceſſions, where they are moſt convenient, and by threats, which we may believe him capable of fulfilling, at the ſame time objecting our abſence to our allies, may draw from the whole ſome conſiderable advantage to himſelf. This however, O Athenians, will give ſome comfort, that the very particular circumſtance which adds the greateſt ſtrength to Philip, is likewiſe favourable to us. In his own perſon he unites the ſeveral powers of general, of king, and of treaſurer; he preſides abſolutely in all councils, and is conſtantly at the head of his army. This indeed will contribute greatly to his ſucceſſes in the field, but will have a contrary effect, with regard to that truce which he is ſo deſirous to make with the Olynthians; who will find their contention not to be for glory, nor for the enlargement of dominion;

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the ſubverſion or ſlavery of their country is what they fight againſt. They have ſeen in what manner he hath treated thoſe Amphipolitans, who ſurrendered their city to him; and thoſe Pydnæans, who received him into theirs: and indeed, univerſally, a kingly ſtate is, in my opinion, a thing in which republics will never truſt; and above all, if their territories border on each other. Theſe things therefore, O Athenians, being well known to you, when you enter on this debate, your reſolutions muſt be for war, and to proſecute it with as much vigour as you have formerly ſhewn on any occaſion. You muſt reſolve to raiſe ſupplies with the utmoſt alacrity; to muſter yourſelves; to omit nothing; for no longer can a reaſon be aſſigned, or excuſe alleged, why you ſhould decline what the preſent exigency requires. For the Olynthians, whom with ſuch univerſal clamours you have formerly inſiſted on our fomenting againſt Philip, are now embroiled with him by meer accident; and this moſt advantageouſly for you; ſince had they undertaken the war at your requeſt, their alliance might have been leſs ſtable, and only to ſerve a preſent turn: but ſince their animoſity ariſes from injuries offered to themſelves, their hoſtility will be firm; as well on account of their fears, as of their reſentment. The opportunity which now offers is not, O Athenians, to be loſt, nor ſhould you ſuffer what you have already often ſuffered. For had we, when we returned from ſuccouring the Eubæans, when Hierax and Stratrocles from the Amphipolitans, in this very place, beſought you to ſail to their aſſiſtance, and to receive their city into your protection; had we then conſulted our own intereſt with the ſame zeal with which we provided for the ſafety of the Eubæans, we had then poſſeſſed ourſelves of Amphipolis, and eſcaped the troubles which have ſince perplexed us. Again, when we were firſt acquainted with the ſieges of Pydna, Potidæa, Methone, Pagaſæ, and others, (for I will not waſte

waſte time in enumerating all) had we then aſſiſted only one of theſe with proper vigour, we ſhould have found Philip much humbler, and eaſier to be dealt with: whereas now, by conſtantly pretermitting the opportunities when they preſented themſelves, and truſting in fortune for the good ſucceſs of future events, we have encreaſed the power, O Athenians, of Philip ourſelves, and have raiſed him higher than any king of Macedonia ever was. Now then an opportunity is come. What is it? why this which the Olynthians have of their own accord offered to this city; nor is it inferior to any of thoſe we have formerly loſt. To me, O Athenians, it appears, that if we ſettle a juſt account with the gods, notwithſtanding all things are not as they ought to be, they are entitled to our liberal thankſgivings. For as to our loſſes in war, they are juſtly to be ſet down to our own neglect: but that we formely ſuffered not theſe misfortunes, and that an alliance now appears to balance theſe evils, if we will but accept it: this, in my opinion, muſt be referred to the benevolence of the gods. But it happens as in the affair of riches, of which, I think, it is proverbially ſaid, that if a man preſerves the wealth he attains, he is greatly thankful to fortune; but if he inſenſibly conſumes it, his gratitude to fortune is conſumed at the ſame time. So in public affairs, if we make not a right improvement of opportunities, we forget the good offered us by the gods; for from the final event, we generally form our judgments of all that preceded. It is therefore highly neceſſary, O Athenians, to take effectual care, that by making a right uſe of the occaſion now offered us, we wipe off the ſtains contracted by our former conduct; for ſhould we, O Athenians, deſert theſe people likewiſe, and Philip be enabled to deſtroy Olynthus, will any man tell me what afterwards ſhall ſtop his future progreſs, whereever he deſires to extend it? But conſider, O Athenians, and ſee, by what means this Philip, once ſo inconſiderable,

derable, is now become ſo great. He firſt became maſter of Amphipolis, ſecondly of Pydna, next of Potidea, and then of Methone. After theſe conqueſts, he turned his arms towards Theſſaly, where having reduced Phera, Pagaſæ, Magneſia, he marched on to Thrace. Here, after he had dethroned ſome kings, and given crowns to others, he fell ſick. On a ſmall amendment of health, inſtead of refreſhing himſelf with repoſe, he fell preſently on the Olynthians. His expeditions againſt the Illyrians, the Pæonians againſt Arymba, and who can recount all the other nations, I omit. But ſhould any man ſay, why therefore do you commemorate theſe things to us now? my anſwer is, that you may know, O Athenians, and ſenſibly perceive theſe two things. Firſt, how pernicious it is to neglect the leaſt article of what ought to be done; and, ſecondly, that you may diſcern the reſtleſs diſpoſition of Philip to undertake, and his alacrity to execute: whence we may conclude, he will never think he hath done enough, nor indulge himſelf in eaſe. If then his diſpoſition be to aim ſtill at greater and greater conqueſts, and ours to neglect every brave meaſure for our defence; conſider, in what event we can hope theſe things ſhould terminate! Good gods! is there any of you ſo infatuated, that he can be ignorant that the war will come home to us, if we neglect it? and if this ſhould happen, I fear, O Athenians, that we ſhall imitate thoſe who borrow money at great uſury, who, for a ſhort affluence of preſent wealth, are afterwards turned out of their original patrimony. So we ſhall be found to pay dearly for our ſloth, and by giving our minds entirely up to pleaſure, ſhall bring on ourſelves many and grievous calamities, againſt our will ſhall be at laſt reduced to a neceſſity of action, and to contend even for our own country. Perhaps ſome one may object, that to find fault is eaſy, and within any man's capacity; but to adviſe proper meaſures to be taken in the preſent exigency, is the part of a counſellor. I

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am not ignorant, O Athenians, that not those who have been the first causes of the misfortune, but those who have afterwards delivered their opinions concerning it, fall often under your severe displeasure, when the success doth not answer their expectations. Be that as it will, I do not so tender my own safety, that from any regard to that, I should conceal what I imagine may conduce to your welfare.

The measures you are to take are, in my opinion, two. First, to preserve the Olynthian cities, by sending a supply of men to their assistance; secondly, to ravage the country of the enemy; and this by attacking it both by sea and land. If either of these be neglected, I much fear the success of your expedition: for should he, while you are wasting his territories, by submitting to suffer this, take Olynthus; he will be easily able to return home, and defend his own. On the other hand, if you only send succours to the Olynthians; when Philip perceives himself safe at home, he will set down before Olynthus, and employing every artifice against the town, will at length master it. We must therefore assist the Olynthians with numerous forces, and in two several places. This is my advice concerning the manner of our assisting them. As for the supply of money to be raised; you have a treasury, O Athenians, you have a treasury fuller of money, set apart for military uses, than any other city of Greece: this fund you may apply according to your pleasure, on this occasion: if the army be supplied this way, you will want no tax: if not, you will hardly find any tax sufficient. What? says some one, do you move to have this fund applied to the army? not I truly; I only suggest that an army should be levied; that this fund should be applied to it; that those who do their duty to the public, should receive their reward from it; whereas, in celebrating the public festivals, much is received by those who do nothing for it.

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As to the reſt, I think, all ſhould contribute largely, if much wanted, leſs, if little. Money is wanted, and without it, nothing which is neceſſary to be done can be performed. Others propoſe other means of raiſing it; of which do you fix on that which ſeems moſt advantageous, and apply yourſelves to your preſervation, while you have an opportunity: for you ought to conſider and weigh well the poſture in which Philip's affairs now ſtand: for it appears to me, that no man, even though he hath not examined them with much accuracy, can imagine them to be in the faireſt ſituation. He would never have entered into this war, had he thought it would have been protracted. He hoped, at his very entrance to have carried all things before him, which expectation hath deceived him. This therefore, by falling out contrary to his opinion, hath given him the firſt ſhock, and much dejected him. Then the commotions in Theſſaly: for theſe are by nature the moſt perfidious of mortals, and have always proved ſo; as ſuch he hath now ſufficiently experienced them. They have decreed to demand Pagaſæ of him, and to forbid the fortifying Magneſia. I have moreover heard it ſaid, that the Theſſalians would no longer open their ports to him, nor ſuffer his fleets to be victualed in their markets; for that theſe ſhould go to the ſupport of the republics of Theſſaly, and not to the uſe of Philip. But ſhould he be deprived of theſe, he will find himſelf reduced to great ſtreights to provide for his auxiliaries. And further; can we ſuppoſe that Pæonia and Illyria, and all the other cities, will chuſe rather to be ſlaves than free, and their own maſters? They are not inured to bondage, and the man is, as they ſay, prone to inſolence; which is indeed very credible; for unmerited ſucceſs entirely perverts the underſtanding in weaker minds; whence it is often more difficult to retain advantages, than it was to gain them. It is our parts then, O Athenians, to take advantage of this diſtreſs of Philip,

to undertake the buſineſs with the utmoſt expedition; not only to diſpatch the neceſſary embaſſies, but to follow them with an army, and to ſtir up all his other enemies againſt him: for we may be aſſured of this, that had Philip the ſame opportunity, and the war was near our borders, he would be abundantly ready to invade us. Are you not then aſhamed through fear to omit bringing that on him, when you have an opportunity, which he, had he that opportunity, would ſurely bring on you? Beſides, let none of you be ignorant, that you have now your option, whether you ſhall attack him abroad, or be attacked by him at home; for if the Olynthians, by your aſſiſtance, are preſerved, the kingdom of Philip will be by your forces invaded, and you may then retain your own dominions, your own city in ſafety; but ſhould Philip once maſter the Olynthians, who would oppoſe his march hither? the Thebans? let me not be thought too bitter, if I ſay, they would be ready to aſſiſt him againſt us. The Phocians? they are not able to ſave themſelves, unleſs you, or ſome one elſe will aſſiſt them. But my friend, ſays one, Philip will have no deſire to invade us——I anſwer, it would ſurely be moſt abſurd, if what he imprudently now threatens us with, he would not, when he conveniently could, perform. As to the difference, whether the war be here or there, there is, I think no need of argument; for if it was neceſſary for you to be thirty days in the field within your own territories, and to ſuſtain your army with your own product, ſuppoſing no enemy there at the ſame time; I ſay, the loſſes of your huſbandmen, who ſupply thoſe proviſions, would be greater than the whole expence of the preceding war. But if an actual war ſhould come to our doors, what loſſes muſt we then expect? Add to this, the inſults of the enemy, and that which to generous minds is not inferior to any loſs, the diſgrace of ſuch an incident. It becomes us all therefore, when we conſider all theſe things, to apply

our utmost endeavours to expel this war from our borders; the rich, that for the many things they possess, parting with a little, they may secure the quiet possession of the rest; the young men, that having learnt experience in the art of war, at Philip's expence, in his country, they may become formidable defenders of their own; the orators, that they may be judicially vindicated in the advice they have given to the republic; since according to the success of the measures taken in consequence of their opinions, so you will judge of the advisers themselves. May this success be happy, for the sake of every one.

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OF THE

REMEDY

OF

AFFLICTION

For the LOSS of our

FRIENDS.

OF THE REMEDY OF AFFLICTION

For the LOSS of our FRIENDS.

IT would be a ſtrange conſideration (ſaith Cicero) that while ſo many excellent remedies have been diſcovered for the ſeveral diſeaſes of the human body, the mind ſhould be left without any aſſiſtance to alleviate and repel the diſorders which befal it. The contrary of this he aſſerts to be true, and preſcribes philoſophy to us, as a certain and infallible method to aſſwage and remove all thoſe perturbations which are liable to affect this nobler part of man.

Of the ſame opinion were all thoſe wiſe and illuſtrious ancients, whoſe writings and ſayings on this ſubject have been tranſmitted to us. And when Seneca tells us, that *virtue* is ſufficient to ſubdue all our paſſions, he means no other (as he explains it in many parts of his works) than *that exalted divine philoſophy*, which conſiſted not in vain pomp, or uſeleſs curioſity, nor even in the ſearch of more profitable knowledge, but in acquiring ſolid laſting habits of virtue, and ingrafting them into our character. It was not the bare knowing the right way, but the con-

ſtant and ſteady walking in it, which thoſe glorious writers recommended and dignified by the auguſt names of *philoſophy* and *virtue*; which two words, if they did not always uſe in a ſynonymous ſenſe, yet they all agreed in this, that virtue was the conſummation of true philoſophy.

Now that this ſupreme philoſophy, this habit of virtue, which ſtrengthened the mind of a Socrates, or a Brutus, is really ſuperior to every evil which can attack us, I make no doubt; but in truth, this is to have a ſound, not a ſickly conſtitution. With all proper deference therefore to ſuch great authorities, they ſeem to me to aſſert no more than that health is a remedy againſt diſeaſe; for a ſoul once poſſeſſed of that degree of virtue, which can, without emotion, look on poverty, pain, diſgrace, and death, as things indifferent; a ſoul, as Horace expreſſes it,

Totuſteres atque rotundus.

or, according to Seneca, *which derives all its comfort from* WITHIN, *not from* WITHOUT; which can look down on all the ruffling billows of fortune, as from a rock on ſhore, we ſurvey a tempeſtuous ſea, with unconcern; ſuch a ſoul is ſurely in a ſtate of health, which no vigour of bodily conſtitution can reſemble.

And as this health of the mind exceeds that of the body in degree, ſo doth it in conſtancy or duration. In the latter, the tranſition from perfect health to ſickneſs is eaſy, and often ſudden; whereas the former being once firmly eſtabliſhed in the robuſt ſtate above deſcribed, is never afterwards liable to be ſhocked by any accident or impulſe of fortune.

It muſt be confeſſed indeed, that thoſe great maſters have pointed out the way to this philoſophy, and have endeavoured to allure and perſwade others into it; but as it is certain that few of their diſciples have been able to arrive at its perfection; nay, as ſeveral of the maſters themſelves have done little honour to their

their precepts, by their examples, there ſeems ſtill great occaſion for a mental phyſician, who ſhould conſider the human mind (as is often the caſe of the body) in too weak and depraved a ſituation to be reſtored to firm vigour and ſanity, and ſhould propoſe rather to palliate and leſſen its diſorders, than abſolutely to cure them.

To conſider the whole catalogue of diſeaſes, to which our minds are liable, and to preſcribe proper remedies for them all, would require a much longer treatiſe than what I now intend; I ſhall confine myſelf therefore to one only, and to a particular ſpecies of that one, *viz.* to *affliction for the death of our friends.*

This is a malady to which the beſt and worthieſt of men are chiefly liable. It is, like a fever, the diſtemper of a rich and generous conſtitution. Indeed, we may ſay of thoſe baſe tempers, which are totally incapable of being affected with it, what a witty phyſician of the laſt age ſaid of a ſhattered and rotten carcaſe, that they are not worth preſerving.

For this reaſon the calm demeanour of Stilpo the philoſopher, who, when he had loſt his children at the taking *Megara* by *Demetrius*, concluded, *he had loſt nothing, for that he carried all which was his own about him*, hath no charms for me. I am more apt to impute ſuch ſudden tranquillity, at ſo great a loſs, to oſtentation or obduracy, than to conſummate virtue. It is rather wanting the affection than conquering it. To overcome the affliction ariſing from the loſs of our friends, is great and praiſe-worthy; but it requires ſome reaſon and time. This ſudden unruffled compoſure is owing to mere inſenſibility; to a depravity of the heart, not goodneſs of the underſtanding.

But in a mind of a different caſt, in one ſuſceptible of a tender affection, fortune can make no other ravage equal to ſuch a loſs. It is tearing the heart, the ſoul from the body; not by a momentary operation, like that by which the moſt cruel tormentors of

the body ſoon deſtroy the ſubject of their cruelty; but by a continued, tedious, though violent agitation; the ſoul having this double unfortunate ſuperiority to the body, that its agonies, as they are more exquiſite, ſo they are more laſting.

If however this calamity be not in a more humane diſpoſition to be preſently or totally removed, an attempt to leſſen it is, however, worth our attention. He who could reduce the torments of the gout to one half or a third of the pain, would, I apprehend, be a phyſician in much vogue and requeſt; and ſurely, ſome palliative remedies are as much worth our ſeeking in the mental diſorder; eſpecially if this latter ſhould (as appears to me who have felt both) exceed the former in its anguiſh a hundred fold.

I will proceed, therefore, without further apology, to preſent my reader with the beſt preſcriptions I am capable of furniſhing; many of which have this uncommon recommendation, that I have tried them upon myſelf with ſome ſucceſs. And if Montaigne be right in his choice of a phyſician, who had himſelf had the diſeaſe which he undertook to cure, I ſhall at leaſt have that pretenſion to ſome confidence and regard.

And firſt, by way of preparative; while we yet enjoy our friends, and no immediate danger threatens us of loſing them, nothing can be wholſomer than frequent reflections on the certainty of this loſs, however diſtant it may then appear to us; for if it be worth our while to prepare the body for diſeaſes which may poſſibly (or at moſt probably) attack us, how much more neceſſary muſt it ſeem to furniſh the mind with every aſſiſtance to encounter a calamity, which our own death only, or the previous determination of our friendſhip, can prevent from happening to us.

It hath been mentioned as one of the firſt ingredients of a *wiſe* man, that nothing befalls him entirely unforeſeen, and unexpected. And this is ſurely the prin-

principal means of taking his happineſs or miſery out of the hands of fortune. Pleaſure or pain, which ſeize us unprepared, and by ſurprize, have a double force, and are both more capable of ſubduing the mind, than when they come upon us looking for them, and prepared to receive them. That pleaſure is heightened by long expectation, appears to me a great though vulgar error. The mind, by conſtant premeditation on either, leſſens the ſweetneſs of the one, and bitterneſs of the other. It hath been well ſaid of lovers, who for a long time procraſtinate and delay their happineſs, that they have loved themſelves out before they come to the actual enjoyment; this is as true in the more ungrateful article of affliction. The objects of our paſſions, as well as of our appetites, may be in a great meaſure devoured by imagination; and grief, like hunger, may be ſo palled and abated by expectation, that it may retain no ſharpneſs when its food is ſet before it.

The thoughts which are to engage our conſideration on this head, are too various, and many of them too obvious to be enumerated; the principal are ſurely, Firſt, the certainty of the diſſolution of this alliance, however ſweet it be to us, or however cloſely the knot be tied. Secondly, the extreme ſhortneſs of its duration, even at the beſt. And, Thirdly, the many accidents by which it is daily and hourly liable of being brought to an end.

Had not the wiſe man frequently meditated on theſe ſubjects, he would not have coolly anſwered the perſon who acquainted him with the death of his ſon —I KNEW *I had begot a Mortal.* Whereas by the behaviour of ſome on theſe occaſions, we might be almoſt induced to ſuſpect they were diſappointed in their hopes of their friend's immortality; that ſomething uncommon, and beyond the general fate of men, had happened to them. In a word, that they had flattered their fondneſs for their children and friends

friends as enthuſiaſtically as the poets have their works, which

——*nec Jovis Ira nec Ignis,*
Nec poterit Ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas.

Nor is there any diſſuaſive from ſuch contemplation: It is no breach of friendſhip, nor violence of paternal fondneſs; for the event we dread and deteſt, is not by theſe means forwarded, as ſimple perſons think their own death would be by making a will. On the contrary, the ſweeteſt and moſt rapturous enjoyments are thus promoted and encouraged: for what can be a more delightful thought than to aſſure ourſelves, after ſuch reflections, that the evil we apprehend, and which might ſo probably have happened, hath been yet fortunately eſcaped. If it be true, that the loſs of a bleſſing teaches us its true value, will not theſe ruminations on the certainty of loſing our friends, and the incertainty of our enjoyment of them, add a reliſh to the preſent poſſeſſion? Shall we not, in a word, return to their converſation, after ſuch reflections, with the ſame eagerneſs and extacy, with which we receive thoſe we love into our arms, when we firſt wake from a dream which hath terrified us with their deaths?

Thus then we have a double incentive to theſe meditations; as they ſerve as well to heighten our preſent enjoyment, as to leſſen our future loſs, and to fortify us againſt it. I ſhall now proceed to give my reader ſome inſtructions for his conduct, when this dreadful cataſtrophe hath actually befallen him.

And here I addreſs myſelf to common men, and who partake of the more amiable weakneſſes of human nature; not to thoſe elevated ſouls whom the conſummation of virtue and philoſophy hath raiſed to a divine pitch of excellence, and placed beyond the reach of human calamity; for which reaſon I do not expect this loſs ſhall be received with the compoſure

of

of Stilpo. Nay, I ſhall not regard tears, lamentations, or any other indulgence to the firſt agonies of our grief on ſo dreadful an occaſion, as marks of effeminacy; but ſhall rather eſteem them as the ſymptoms of a laudable tenderneſs, than of a contemptible imbecility of heart.

However, though I admit the firſt emotions of our grief to be ſo far irreſiſtible, that they are not to be inſtantly and abſolutely overcome, yet we are not, on the other ſide, totally to abandon ourſelves to them. Wiſdom is our ſhield againſt all calamity, and this we are not cowardly to throw away, though ſome of the ſharper darts of fortune may have pierced us through it. The mind of a wiſe man may be ruffled and diſordered, but cannot be ſubdued; in the former it differs from the perfection of the Deity; in the latter, from the abject condition of a fool.

With whatever violence our paſſions at firſt attack us, they will in time ſubſide. It is then that reaſon is to be called to our aſſiſtance, and we ſhould uſe every ſuggeſtion which it can lend to our relief; our utmoſt force being to be exerted to repel and ſubdue an enemy when he begins to retreat; this indeed, one would imagine, ſhould want little or no perſuaſion to recommend it; inaſmuch as we all naturally purſue happineſs and avoid miſery.

There are, however, two cauſes of our unwillingneſs to hearken to the voice of reaſon on this occaſion. The firſt is, a fooliſh opinion, that friendſhip requires an exorbitant affliction of us; that we are thus diſcharging our duty to the dead, and offering (according to the ſuperſtition of the ancients) an agreeable ſacrifice to their manes; the other, and perhaps the commoner motive is, the immediate ſatisfaction we ourſelves feel in this indulgence; which, though attended with very dreadful conſequences, gives the ſame preſent relief to a tender diſpoſition, that air or water brings to one in a high fever.

Now

Now what can poſſibly, on the leaſt examination, appear more abſurd than the former of theſe? When the grave, beyond which we can enter into no engagement with one another, hath diſſolved all bonds of friendſhip between us, and removed the object of our affection far from the reach of any of our offices; can any thing be more vain and ridiculous, than to nouriſh an affliction to our own miſery, by which we can convey neither profit nor pleaſure to our friend! But I ſhall not dwell on an abſurdity ſo monſtrous in itſelf, that the bare firſt mention throws it in a light, which no illuſtration nor argument can heighten.

And as to the ſecond, it is, as I have ſaid, like thoſe indulgencies, which, however pleaſant they may be to the diſtemper, ſerve only to encreaſe it, and for which we are ſure to pay the bittereſt agonies in the end. Nothing can indeed betray a weaker or more childiſh temper of mind than this conduct; by which, like infants, we reject a remedy, if it be the leaſt diſtaſteful; and are ready to receive any grateful food, without regarding the nouriſhment which at the ſame time we contribute to the diſeaſe.

Without ſtaying therefore longer to argue with ſuch, I ſhall firſt recommend to my diſciple or patient, of another complexion, carefully to avoid all circumſtances which may revive the memory of the deceaſed, whom it is now his buſineſs to forget as faſt, and as much as poſſible; whereas, ſuch is the perverſeneſs of our natures, we are conſtantly endeavouring, at every opportunity, to recal to our remembrance the words, looks, geſtures, and other particularities of a friend. One carries about with him the picture; a ſecond the hair; and others, ſome little gift or token of the dead, as a memorial of their loſs. What is all this leſs than being ſelf-tormentors, and playing with affliction? Indeed, time is the trueſt and beſt phyſician on theſe occaſions; and our wiſeſt part is to lend him the utmoſt aſſiſtance we can; whereas, by purſuing the methods I have here objected to, we withſtand with

all

all our might the aid and comfort which that great reliever of human miſery ſo kindly offers us.

Diverſions of the lighteſt kind have been recommended as a remedy for affliction; but for my part, I rather conceive they will encreaſe than diminiſh it; eſpecially where muſic is to make up any part of the entertainment; for the nature of this is to ſooth or inflame, not to alter our paſſions. Indeed, I ſhould rather propoſe ſuch diverſions by way of trial than of cure; for when they can be purſued with any good effect, our affliction is, I apprehend, very little grievous or dangerous.

To ſay the truth, the phyſic for this, as well as every other mental diſorder, is to be diſpenſed to us by philoſophy and religion. The former of theſe words (however unhappily it hath contracted the contempt of the pretty gentlemen and fine ladies) doth ſurely convey to thoſe who underſtand it, no very ridiculous idea. Philoſophy, in its purer and ſtricter ſenſe, means no more than the love of wiſdom; but in its common and vulgar acceptation it ſignifies, the ſearch after wiſdom; or often, wiſdom itſelf; for to diſtinguiſh between wiſdom and philoſophy (ſays a great writer) is rather matter of vain curioſity than of real utility.

Now from this fountain (call it by which of the names we pleaſe) may be drawn the following conſiderations:

Firſt, the injuſtice of our complaint, who have been only obliged to fulfil the condition on which we firſt received the good, whoſe loſs we deplore, *viz.* that of parting with it again. We are tenants at will to fortune, and as we have advanced no conſideration on our ſide, can have no right to accuſe her caprice in determining our eſtate. However ſhort-lived our poſſeſſion hath been, it was ſtill more than ſhe promiſed, or we could demand. We are already obliged to her for more than we can pay; but, like ungrateful perſons, with whom one denial effaces the remembrance

brance of an hundred benefits, we forget what we have already received; and rail at her, becauſe ſhe is not pleaſed to continue thoſe favours, which of her own free-will ſhe hath ſo long beſtowed on us.

Again, as we might have been called on to fulfil the condition of our tenure long before, ſo, ſooner or later, of neceſſity we muſt have done it. The longeſt term we could hope for is extremely ſhort, and compared by Solomon himſelf to the length of a ſpan. Of what duration is this life of man computed? A ſcrivener, who ſells his annuity at fourteen years and a half, rejoices in his cunning, and thinks he hath outwitted you, at leaſt half a year in the bargain.

But who will inſure theſe fourteen years? No man. On the contrary, how great is the premium for inſuring you one? and great as it is, he who accepts it is often a loſer.

I ſhall not go into the hackneyed common place of the numberleſs avenues to death; a road almoſt as much beaten by writers, as thoſe avenues to death are by mankind: Tibullus ſums 'em up in half a verſe,

——*Leti mille repente viæ.*

Surely no accident can befal our friend which ſhould ſo little ſurprize us; for there is no other which he may not eſcape. In poverty, pain, or other inſtances, his lot may be harder than his neighbours. In this the happieſt and moſt miſerable, the greateſt and loweſt, richeſt and pooreſt of mankind ſhare all alike.

It is not then, it cannot be, death itſelf (which is a part of life) that we lament ſhould happen to our friend, but it is the time of his dying. We deſire not a pardon, we deſire a reprieve only. A reprieve, for how long? *Sine Die.* But if he could eſcape this fever, this ſmall-pox, this inflammation of the bowels, he may live twenty years. He may ſo; but it is more

probable he will not live ten; it is very poſſible, not one. But ſuppoſe he ſhould have twenty, nay thirty years to come. In proſpect it is true, the term ſeems to have ſome duration; but caſt your eyes backwards, and how contemptible the ſpan appears: for it happens in life (however pleaſant the journey may be) as to a weary traveller, the plain he is yet to paſs extends itſelf much larger to his eye than that which he hath already conquered.

And ſuppoſe fortune ſhould be ſo generous to indulge us in the poſſeſſion of our wiſh, and give us this twenty years longer poſſeſſion of our friend, ſhould we be then contented to reſign? Or ſhall we not, in imitation of a child who deſires its mamma to ſtay five minutes, and it will take the potion, be ſtill as unwilling as ever? I am afraid the latter will be the caſe; ſeeing that neither our calamity, nor the child's phyſic, becomes leſs nauſeous by the delay.

But admitting this condition to be never ſo hard, will not philoſophy ſhew us the folly of immoderate affliction? Can all our ſorrow mend our caſe? Can we waſh back our friend with our tears, or waft him back with our ſighs and lamentations? It is a fooliſh mean-ſpiritedneſs in a criminal, to blubber to his judge when he knows he ſhall not prevail by it; and it is natural to admire thoſe more who meet their fate with a decent conſtancy and reſignation. Were the ſentences of fate capable of remiſſion; could our ſorrows or ſufferings reſtore our friends to us, I would commend, him who outdid the fabled Niobe in weeping: But ſince no ſuch event is to be expected; ſince *from that Bourne no Traveller returns*; ſurely it is the part of a wiſe man, to bring himſelf to be content in a ſituation which no wit or wiſdom, labour or art, trouble or pain, can alter.

And let us ſeriouſly examine our hearts, whether it is for the ſake of our friends or ourſelves, that we grieve. I am ready to agree with a celebrated French writer, That *thl amentation expreſſed for the loſs*

of

of our deareſt friends, is often, in reality, for ourſelves; that we are concerned at being leſs happy, leſs eaſy, and of leſs conſequence than we were before; and thus the dead enjoy the honour of thoſe tears which are truly ſhed on account of the living: concluding,—that *in theſe afflictions men impoſe on themſelves.* Now if on the enquiry this ſhould be found to be our caſe, I ſhall leave the patient to ſeek his remedy elſewhere, having firſt recommended to him, an aſſembly, a ball, an opera, a play, an amour, or, if he pleaſe, all of them, which will very ſpeedily produce his cure. But, on the contrary, if, after the ſtricteſt examination, it ſhould appear (as I make no doubt is ſometimes the caſe) that our ſorrow ariſes from that pure and diſintereſted affection which many minds are ſo far from being capable of entertaining, that they can have no idea of it; in a word, if it be manifeſt that our fears are juſtly to be imputed to our friend's account, it may be then worth our while to conſider the nature and degree of this misfortune which hath happened to him; and if, on duly conſidering it, we ſhould be able to demonſtrate to ourſelves, that this ſuppoſed dreadful calamity ſhould exiſt only in opinion, and all its horrors vaniſh, on being cloſely and nearly examined; then, I apprehend, the very foundation of our grief will be removed, and it muſt, of neceſſary conſequence, immediately ceaſe.

I ſhall not attempt to make an eſtimate of human life, which to do in the moſt conciſe manner, would fill more pages than I can here allow it; nor will it be neceſſary for me, ſince admitting there was more real happineſs in life than the wiſeſt men have allowed; as the weakeſt and ſimpleſt will be ready to confeſs that there is much evil in it likewiſe; and as I conceive every impartial man will, on caſting up the whole, acknowledge that the latter is more than a balance for the former, I apprehend it will appear ſufficiently for my purpoſe, that death is not that king of terrors as he is repreſented to be.

Death

Death is nothing more than the negation of life. If therefore life be no general good, death is no general evil. Now if this be a point in judgment, who ſhall decide it? Shall we prefer the judgment of women and children, or of wiſe men? If of the latter, ſhall I not have all their ſuffrages with me? Thales, the chief of the ſages, held life and death as things indifferent. Socrates, the greateſt of all the philoſophers, ſpeaks of death as of a deliverance. Solomon, who had taſted all the ſweets of life, condemns the whole as vanity and vexation: and Cicero (to name no more) whoſe life had been a very fortunate one, aſſures us in his old age, that *if any of the gods would frankly offer him to renew his infancy, and live his life over again, he would ſtrenuouſly refuſe it.*

But if we will be hardy enough to fly in the face of theſe and numberleſs other ſuch authorities; if we will ſtill maintain that the pleaſures of life have in them ſomething truly ſolid, and worthy our regard and deſire, we ſhall not, however, be bold enough to ſay, that theſe pleaſures are laſting, certain, or the portion of many among us. We ſhall not, I apprehend, inſure the poſſeſſion of them to our friend, nor ſecure him from all thoſe evils, which, as I have before ſaid, none have ever denied the real exiſtence of; nor ſhall we ſurely contend, that he may not more likely have eſcaped the latter, than have been deprived of the former.

I remember the moſt excellent of women, and tendereſt of mothers, when, after a painful and dangerous delivery, ſhe was told ſhe had a daughter, anſwering; *Good God! have I produced a creature who is to undergo what I have ſuffered!* Some years afterwards, I heard the ſame woman, on the death of that very child, then one of the loveliеſt creatures ever ſeen, comforting herſelf with reflecting, that *her child could never know what it was to feel ſuch a loſs as ſhe then lamented.*

In reality, ſhe was right in both inſtances; and however inſtinct, youth, a flow of ſpirits, violent attachments, and above all, folly may blind us, the day of death is (to moſt people at leaſt) a day of more happineſs than that of our birth, as it puts an end to all thoſe evils which the other gave a beginning to. So juſt is that ſentiment of Solon, which Crœſus afterwards experienced the truth of, and which is couched in theſe lines:

——*ultima ſemper*
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo, poſtremaque funera debet.

If therefore death be no evil, there is certainly no reaſon why we ſhould lament its having happened to our friend; but if there be any whom neither his own obſervation, nor what Plato hath advanced in his apology for Socrates, in his Crito, and his Phædon; or Cicero, in the firſt and third books of his Tuſculan queſtions; or Montaigne, (if he hath a contempt for the ancients) can convince, that death is not an evil worthy our lamentation, let ſuch a man comfort himſelf, that the evil which his friend hath ſuffered, he ſhall himſelf ſhortly have his ſhare in. As nothing can be a greater conſolation to a delicate friendſhip than this, ſo there is nothing we may ſo ſurely depend on. A few days may, and a few years moſt infallibly will bring this about, and we ſhall then reap one benefit from the cauſe of our preſent affliction, that we are not then to be torn from the perſon we love.

Theſe are, I think, the chief comforts which the voice of human philoſophy can adminiſter to us on this occaſion. Religion goes much farther, and gives us a moſt delightful aſſurance, that our friend is not barely no loſer, but a gainer by his diſſolution; that thoſe virtues and good qualities which were the objects of our affection on earth, are now become the founda-

foundation of his happineſs and reward in a better world.

Laſtly; It gives a hope, the ſweeteſt, moſt endearing, and raviſhing, which can enter into a mind capable of, and inflamed with friendſhip. The hope of again meeting the beloved perſon, of renewing and cementing the dear union in bliſs everlaſting. This is a rapture which leaves the warmeſt imagination at a diſtance. *Who can conceive* (ſays Sherlock, in his diſcourſe on death) *the melting careſſes of two ſouls in paradiſe?* What are all the traſh and trifles, the bubbles, bawbles and gewgaws of this life, to ſuch a meeting? This is a hope which no reaſoning ſhall ever argue me out of, nor millions of ſuch worlds as this ſhould purchaſe; nor can any man ſhew me its abſolute impoſſibility, till he can demonſtrate that it is not in the power of the Almighty to beſtow it on me.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

AND

DIOGENES THE CYNIC.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

AND

DIOGENES THE CYNIC.

ALEXANDER.

WHAT fellow art thou, who dareſt thus to lie at thy eaſe in our preſence, when all others, as thou ſeeſt, riſe to do us homage? doſt thou not know us?

DIOGENES.

I cannot ſay I do: but by the number of thy attendants, by the ſplendor of thy habit; but, above all, by the vanity of thy appearance, and the arrogance of thy ſpeech, I conceive thou mayſt be Alexander the ſon of Philip.

ALEXANDER.

And who can more juſtly challenge thy reſpect, than Alexander, at the head of that victorious

army, who hath performed ſuch wonderful exploits* and under his conduct hath ſubdued the world?

DIOGENES.

Who? why the tailor who made me this old cloke.

ALEXANDER.

Thou art an odd fellow, and I have a curioſity to know thy name.

DIOGENES.

I am not aſhamed of it: I am called Diogenes; a name compoſed of as many and as well-ſounding ſyllables as Alexander.

ALEXANDER.

Diogenes, I rejoice at this encounter. I have heard of thy name, and been long deſirous of ſeeing thee; in which wiſh, ſince fortune hath accidentally favoured me, I ſhall be glad of thy converſation a-while: and that thou likewiſe mayſt be pleaſed with our meeting, aſk me ſome favour; and as thou knoweſt my power, ſo ſhalt thou experience my will to oblige thee.

DIOGENES.

Why then, Alexander the Great, I deſire thee to ſtand from between me and the ſun; whoſe beams thou haſt withheld from me ſome time, a bleſſing which it is not in thy power to recompence the loſs of.

ALEXANDER.

Thou haſt a very ſhallow opinion of my power indeed; and if it was a juſt one, I ſhould have tra-

* This is an anachroniſm; for Diogenes was of Sinope, and the meeting between him and Alexander fell out while the latter was confederating the Grecian ſtates in the Peloponneſe before his Aſiatic expedition; but that ſeaſon would not have furniſhed ſufficient matter for this dialogue; we have therefore fixed the time of it at the conqueror's return from India.

velled

velled ſo far, undergone ſo much, and conquered ſo many nations, to a fine purpoſe truly.

DIOGENES.

That is not my fault.

ALEXANDER.

Doſt thou not know that I am able to give thee a kingdom?

DIOGENES.

I know thou art able, if I had one, to take it from me; and I ſhall never place any value on that which ſuch as thou art can deprive me of.

ALEXANDER.

Thou doſt ſpeak vainly in contempt of a power which no other man ever yet arrived at. Hath the Granicus yet recovered the bloody colour with which I contaminated its waves? Are not the fields of Iſſus and Artela ſtill white with human bones? Will Suſa ſhew no monuments of my victory? Are Darius and Porus names unknown to thee? Have not the groans of thoſe millions reached thy ears, who but for the valour of this heart, and the ſtrength of this arm, had ſtill enjoyed life and tranquillity. Hath then this ſon of Jupiter, this conqueror of the world, adored by his followers, dreaded by his foes, and worſhipped by all, lived to hear his power contemned, and the offer of his favour ſlighted, by a poor philoſopher, a wretched Cynic, whoſe cloke appears to be his only poſſeſſion!

DIOGENES.

I retort the charge of vanity on thyſelf, proud Alexander; for how vainly doſt thou endeavour to raiſe thyſelf on the monuments of thy diſgrace! I acknowledge indeed, all the exploits thou haſt recounted, and the millions thou haſt to thy eternal ſhame deſtroyed. But is it hence thou wouldſt claim

Jupiter

Jupiter for thy father? Hath not then every plague or peſtilential vapour the ſame title? If thou art the dread of wretches to whom death appears the greateſt of evils, is not every mortal diſeaſe the ſame? And if thou haſt the adoration of thy ſervile followers, do they offer thee more, than they are ready to pay to every tinſel ornament, or empty title? Is then the fear or worſhip of ſlaves of ſo great honour, when at the ſame time thou art the contempt of every brave honeſt man, though, like me, an old cloke ſhould be his only poſſeſſion?

ALEXANDER.

Thou ſeemeſt, to my apprehenſion, to be ignorant, that in profeſſing this diſregard for the glory I have ſo painfully atchieved, thou art undermining the foundation of all that honour, which is the encouragement to, and reward of every thing truly great and noble: for in what doth all honour, glory, and fame conſiſt, but in the breath of that multitude, whoſe eſtimation with ſuch ill-grounded ſcorn thou doſt affect to deſpiſe? A reward which hath ever appeared ſufficient to inflame the ambition of high and exalted ſouls; though from their meanneſs, low minds may be incapable of taſting, or rather, for which pride from the deſpair of attaining it, may inſpire thee to feign a falſe and counterfeit diſdain. What other reward than this have all thoſe heroes propoſed to themſelves, who rejected the enjoyments which eaſe, riches, pleaſure, and power, have held forth to them in their native country, have deſerted their homes, and all thoſe things, which to vulgar mortals appear lovely or deſirable, and, in defiance of difficulty and danger, invaded and ſpoiled the cities and territories of others; when their anger hath been provoked by no injury, nor their hope inſpired by the proſpect of any other good than of this very glory and honour, this adoration of ſlaves,

which

which thou, from having never tasted its sweets, hast treated with contempt?

DIOGENES.

Thy own words have convinced me, (stand a little more out of the sun, if you please) that thou hast not the least idea of true honour. Was it to depend on the suffrages of such wretches, it would indeed be that contemptible thing which you represent it to be estimated in my opinion: but true honour is of a different nature; it results from the secret satisfaction of our own minds, and is decreed us by wise men and the gods; it is the shadow of wisdom and virtue, and is inseparable from them; nor is it either in thy power to deserve, nor in that of thy followers to bestow. As for such heroes as thou hast named, who, like thyself, were born the curses of mankind, I readily agree they pursue another kind of glory, even that which thou hast mentioned, the applause of their slaves and sycophants; in this instance indeed their masters, since they bestow on them the reward, such as it is, of all their labours.

ALEXANDER.

However, as you would persuade me you have so clear a notion of my honour, I would be glad to be on a par with you, by conceiving some idea of yours; which I can never obtain of the shadow, till I have some clearer knowledge of the substance, and understand in what your wisdom and virtue consist.

DIOGENES.

Not in ravaging countries, burning cities, plundering and massacring mankind.

ALEXANDER.

No, rather in biting and snarling at them.

DIOGENES.

DIOGENES.

I ſnarl at them becauſe of their vice and folly; in a word, becauſe there are among them many ſuch as thee and thy followers.

ALEXANDER.

If thou wouldſt confeſs the truth, envy is the true ſource of all thy bitterneſs; it is that which begets thy hatred, and from hatred comes thy railing; whereas the thirſt of glory only is my motive. I hate not thoſe whom I attack, as plainly appears by the clemency I ſhew to them when they are conquered.

DIOGENES.

Thy clemency is cruelty. Thou giveſt to one what thou haſt by violence and plunder taken from another; and in ſo doing, thou only raiſeſt him to be again the mark of fortune's caprice, and to be tumbled down a ſecond time by thyſelf, or by ſome other like thee. My ſnarling is the effect of my love; in order, by my invectives againſt vice, to frighten men from it, and drive them into the road of virtue.

ALEXANDER.

For which purpoſe thou haſt forſworn ſociety, and art retired to preach to trees and ſtones.

DIOGENES.

I have left ſociety, becauſe I cannot endure the evils I ſee and deteſt in it.

ALEXANDER.

Rather becauſe thou canſt not enjoy the good thou doſt covet in it. For the ſame reaſon I have left my own country, which afforded not ſufficient food for my ambition.

DIOGENES.

DIOGENES.

But I come not, like thee, abroad to rob and plunder others. Thy ambition hath deſtroyed a million, whereas I have never occaſioned the death of a ſingle man.

ALEXANDER.

Becauſe thou haſt not been able; but thou haſt done all within thy power, by curſing and devoting to deſtruction almoſt as many as I have conquered. Come, come, thou art not the poor-ſpirited fellow thou wouldſt appear. There is more greatneſs of ſoul in thee than at preſent ſhines forth. Poor circumſtances are clouds which often conceal and obſcure the brighteſt minds. Pride will not ſuffer thee to confeſs paſſions which fortune hath not put it in thy power to gratify. It is therefore that thou denieſt ambition; for hadſt thou a ſoul as capacious as mine, I ſee no better way which thy humble fortune would allow thee of feeding its ambition, than what thou haſt choſen; for when alone in this retreat which thou haſt choſen, thou mayſt contemplate thy own greatneſs. Here no ſtronger rival will contend with thee; nor can the hateful objects of ſuperior power, riches, or happineſs, invade thy ſight. But, be honeſt and confeſs, had fortune placed thee at the head of a Macedonian army——

DIOGENES.

Had fortune placed me at the head of the world, it could not have raiſed me in my own opinion. And is this mighty ſoul, which is, it ſeems, ſo much more capacious than mine, obliged at laſt to ſupport its ſuperiority on the backs of a multitude of armed ſlaves? And who in reality have gained theſe conqueſts, and gathered all theſe lawrels, of which thou art ſo vain? Hadſt thou alone paſt into Aſia, the empire of Darius had ſtill ſtood unſhaken. But

though

though Alexander had never been born, who will ſay the ſame troops might not, under ſome other general, have done as great, or perhaps greater miſchiefs? The honour therefore, ſuch as it is, is by no means juſtly thy own. Thou uſurpeſt the whole, when thou art, at moſt, entitled to an equal ſhare only. It is not then Alexander, but Alexander and his army are ſuperior to Diogenes. And in what are they his ſuperiors? In brutal ſtrength—in which they would be again excelled by an equal number of lions, or wolves, or tigers. An army which would be able to do as much more miſchief than themſelves, as they are than Diogenes.

ALEXANDER.

Then thy grief broke forth. Thou hateſt us becauſe we can do more miſchief than thyſelf. And in this I ſee thou claimeſt the precedence over me; that I make uſe of others as the inſtruments of my conqueſts, whereas all thy raillery and curſes againſt mankind, proceed only out of thy own mouth. And if I alone am not able to conquer the world, thou alone art able to curſe it.

DIOGENES.

If I deſired to curſe it effectually, I have nothing more to do, than to wiſh thee long life and proſperity.

ALEXANDER.

But then thou muſt wiſh well to an individual, which is contrary to thy nature, who hateſt all.

DIOGENES.

Thou art miſtaken. Long life, to ſuch as thee, is the greateſt of curſes; for, to mortify thy pride effectually, know there is not in thy whole army, no, nor among all the objects of thy triumph, one equally miſerable with thyſelf; for if the ſatisfaction

faction of violent desires be happiness, and a total failure of success in most eager pursuits, misery, (which cannot, I apprehend, be doubted) what can be more miserable, than to entertain desires which we know never can be satisfied? And this a little reflection will teach thee is thy own case; for what are thy desires? not pleasures; with that Macedonia would have furnished thee. Not riches; for capacious as thy soul is, if it had been all filled with avarice, the wealth of Darius would have contented it. Not power; for then the conquest of Porus, and the extending thy arms to the fartherst limits of the world *, must have satisfied thy ambition. Thy desire consists in nothing certain, and therefore with nothing certain can be gratified. It is as restless as fire, which still consumes whatever comes in its way, without determining where to stop. How contemptible must thy own power appear to thee, when it cannot give thee the possession of thy wish; but how much more contemptible thy understanding, which cannot enable thee to know certainly what that wish is?

ALEXANDER.

I can at least comprehend thine, and can grant it. I like thy humour, and will deserve thy friendship. I know the Athenians have affronted thee, have contemned thy philosophy, and suspected thy morals. I will revenge thy cause on them. I will lead my army back, and punish their ill usage of thee. Thou thyself shalt accompany us; and when thou beholdest their city in flames, shalt have the triumph of proclaiming, that thy just resentment hath brought this calamity on them.

DIOGENES.

They do indeed deserve it at my hands; and though revenge is not what I profess, yet the punish-

* Which was then known to the Greeks.

ment of ſuch dogs may be of good example. I therefore embrace thy offer; but let us not be particular, let Corinth and Lacedæmon ſhare the ſame fate. They are both the neſt of vermin only, and fire alone will purify them. Gods! what a delight it will be to ſee the raſcals, who have ſo only in deriſion called me a ſnarling cur, roaſting in their own houſes.

ALEXANDER.

Yet, on a ſecond conſideration, would it not be wiſer to preſerve the cities, eſpecially Corinth, which is ſo full of wealth, and only maſſacre the inhabitants?

DIOGENES.

D——n their wealth, I deſpiſe it.

ALEXANDER.

Well then, let it be given to the ſoldiers, as the demolition of it will not encreaſe the puniſhment of the citizens, when we have cut their throats.

DIOGENES.

True——Then you may give ſome of it to the ſoldiers; but as the dogs have formerly inſulted me with their riches, I will, if you pleaſe, retain a little—perhaps a moiety, or not much more, to my own uſe. It will give me at leaſt an opportunity of ſhewing the world, I can deſpiſe riches when I poſſeſs them, as much as I did before in my poverty.

ALEXANDER.

Art not thou a true dog? Is this thy contempt of wealth? This thy abhorrence of the vices of mankind? To ſacrifice three of the nobleſt cities of the world to thy wrath and revenge! and haſt thou the impudence to diſpute any longer the ſuperiority with me, who have it in my power to puniſh my enemies

enemies with death, while thou only canſt perſecute with evil wiſhes.

DIOGENES.

I have ſtill the ſame ſuperiority over thee, which thou doſt challenge over thy ſoldiers. I would have made thee the tool of my purpoſe. But I will diſcourſe no longer with thee; for I now deſpiſe and curſe thee more than I do all the world beſides. And may perdition ſeize thee, and all thy followers.

[*Here ſome of the army would have fallen upon him, but Alexander interpoſed.*

ALEXANDER.

Let him alone. I admire his obſtinacy; nay, I almoſt envy it.——Farewel, old Cynic; and if it will flatter thy pride, be aſſured, I eſteem thee ſo much, that *was I not* Alexander, *I could deſire to be* Diogenes.

DIOGENES.

Go to the Gibbet, and take with thee as a mortification; that *was I not* Diogenes, *I could almoſt content myſelf with being* Alexander.

AN
INTERLUDE
BETWEEN
JUPITER, JUNO, APOLLO,
AND
MERCURY.

Which was originally intended as an

INTRODUCTION TO A COMEDY,

CALLED

JUPITER's DESCENT ON EARTH.

AN

INTERLUDE

BETWEEN

JUPITER, JUNO, APOLLO,

AND

MERCURY.

SCENE I.

JUPITER, JUNO.

JUPITER.

PRAY be pacified.

Juno. It is intolerable, inſufferable, and I never will ſubmit to it.

Jup. But, my dear.

Juno. Good Mr. Jupiter, leave off that odious word; you know I deteſt it. Uſe it to the trollop Venus, and the reſt of your ſluts. It ſounds moſt agreeable to their ears, but it is nauſeous to a goddeſs of ſtrict virtue.

Jup. Madam, I do not doubt your virtue.

Juno. You don't? That is, I ſuppoſe, humbly inſinuating that others do: but who are their divinities? I would be glad to know who they are; they are neither Diana nor Minerva, I am well aſſured; both of whom pity me, for they know your tricks; they can neither of them keep a maid of honour for you. I deſire you will treat me with good-manners at leaſt.

I ſhould have had that, if I had married a mortal, though he had ſpent my fortune, and lain with my chambermaids, as you ſuffer men to do with impunity, highly to your honour be it ſpoken.

Jup. Faith! Madam, I know but one way to prevent them, which is, by annihilating mankind; and I fancy your friends below, the ladies, would hardly thank you for obtaining that favour at my hands.

Juno. I deſire you would not reflect on my friends below; it is very well known, I never ſhewed any favour, but to thoſe of the pureſt, unſpotted characters. And all my acquaintance, when I have been on the earth, have been of that kind; for I never return a viſit to any other.

Jup. Nay, I have no inclination to find fault with the women of the earth; you know I like them very well.

Juno. Yes, the trollops of the earth, ſuch as Venus converſes with. You never ſhew any civility to my favourites, nor make the men do it.

Jup. My dear, give me leave to ſay, your favourites are ſuch, that man muſt be new made before he can be brought to give them the preference; for when I moulded up the clay of man, I put not one ingredient in to make him in love with uglineſs, which is one of the moſt glaring qualities in all your favourites, whom I have ever ſeen; and you muſt not wonder, while you have ſuch favourites, that the men ſlight them.

Juno. The men ſlight them! I'd have you know, Sir, they ſlight the men; and I can, at this moment, hear not leſs than a thouſand railing at mankind.

Jup. Ay, as I hear at this inſtant ſeveral grave black gentlemen railing at riches, and enjoying them, or at leaſt coveting them, at the ſame time.

Juno. Very fine! Very civil! I underſtand your compariſon.—— Well, Sir, you may go on giving an example of a bad huſband, but I will not give the example of a tame wife; and if you will not

make men better, I will go down to the earth and make women worſe; that every houſe may be too hot for a huſband, as I will ſhortly make heaven for you.

Jup. That I believe you will——but if you begin your project of making women worſe, I will take Hymen, and hang him; for I will take ſome care of my votaries, as well as you of yours.

SCENE II.

Enter APOLLO.

Apol. Mr. Jupiter, good-morrow to you.

Jup. Apollo, how doſt thou?——You are a wiſe deity, Apollo; prithee will you anſwer me one queſtion?

Apol. To my beſt ability.

Jup. You have been much converſant with the affairs of men, what doſt thou think the fooliſheſt thing a man can do?

Apol. Turn poet.

Jup. That is honeſt enough, as it comes from the god of poets; but you have miſſed the mark, for certainly, the fooliſheſt thing a man can do, is to marry.

Apol. Fie! What is it then in a god? Who, beſides that he ought to be wiſer than man, is tied for ever by his immortality, and has not the chance which you have given to man, of getting rid of his wife.

Jup. Apollo, thy reproof is juſt: but let us talk of ſomething elſe; for when I am out of the hearing my wife, I beg I may never hear of her.

Apol. Have you read any of thoſe books I brought you, juſt ſent me by my votaries upon earth.

Jup. I have read them all.——The poem is extremely fine, and the ſimilies moſt beautiful.—There is indeed one little fault in the ſimilies.

Apol. What is that?

Jup. There is not the leaſt reſemblance between the things compared together.

Apol. One half of the ſimile is good, however.

Jup. The dedications pleaſe me extremely, and I am glad to find there are ſuch excellent men upon earth.——There is one whom I find two or three authors agree to be much better than any of us in heaven are. This diſcovery, together with my wife's tongue, has determined me to make a trip to the earth, and ſpend ſome time in ſuch godlike company. Apollo, will you go with me?

Apol. I would with all my heart, but I ſhall be of diſſervice to you; for when I was laſt on earth, tho' I heard of theſe people, I could not get admiſſion to any of them; you had better take Plutus with you, he is acquainted with them all.

Jup. Hang him, proud raſcal, of all the deities he is my averſion; I would have kick'd him out of heaven long ago, but that I am afraid, if he was to take his reſidence entirely upon the earth, he would foment a rebellion againſt me.

Apol. Your fear has too juſt a ground, for the god of riches has more intereſt there, than all the other gods put together: nay, he has ſupplanted us in all our provinces; he gives wit to men I never heard of, and beauty to women Venus never ſaw.——Nay, he ventures to make free with Mars himſelf; and ſometimes they tell me, puts men at the head of military affairs, who never ſaw an enemy, nor of whom an enemy ever could ſee any other than the back.

Jup. Faith! it is ſurpriſing, that a god whom I ſent down to earth when I was angry with mankind, and who has done them more hurt than all the other deities, ſhould ingratiate himſelf ſo far into their favour.

Apol. You may thank yourſelf, you might have made man wiſer if you would.

Jup. What to laugh at? No, Apollo, believe me, man far outdoes my intention; and when I read in

thoſe

thoſe little hiſtories called dedications, how excellent he is grown, I am eager to be with him, that I may make another promotion to the ſtars; and here comes my ſon of fortune to accompany us.

SCENE III.

MERCURY, JUPITER, APOLLO.

[MERCURY kneels.]

Mer. Pray, father Jupiter, be pleaſed to bleſs me.

Jup. I do, my boy. What part of heaven, pray, have you been ſpending your time in?

Mer. With ſome ladies of your acquaintance, Apollo. I have been at blind-man's-buff with the nine muſes; but before we began to play, we had charming ſport between Miſs Thally and one of the poets; ſuch a ſcene of courtſhip or invocation as you call it. *Say, O Thalia,* cries the bard; and then he ſcratches his head; and then, *Say, O Thalia,* again; and repeated it an hundred times over; but the devil a word would ſhe ſay.

Apol. She's a humourſome little jade, and if ſhe takes it into her head to hold her tongue, not all the poets on earth can open her lips.

Jup. I wiſh Juno had ſome of her frolicks, with all my heart.

Merc. No, my mother-in-law is of a humour quite contrary——

Jup. Ay; for which reaſon I intend to make an elopement from her, and pay a ſhort viſit to our friends on earth. Son Mercury, you ſhall along with me.

Merc. Sir, I am at your diſpoſal: but pray what is the reaſon of this viſit?

Jup. Partly my wife's temper, and partly ſome informations I have lately received of the prodigious virtue of mankind; which, if I find as great as repreſented,

preſented, I believe I ſhall leave Madam Juno for good-and-all, and live entirely amongſt men.

Merc. I ſhall be glad to be introduced by you into the company of theſe virtuous men; for I am quite weary of the little rogues you put me at the head of. The laſt time I was on the earth, I believe I had three ſets of my acquaintance hang'd in one year's revolution, and not one man of any reputable condition among them; there were indeed one or two condemned, but, I don't know how, they were found to be honeſt at laſt. And I muſt tell you, Sir, I will be god of rogues no longer, if you ſuffer it to be an eſtabiſhed maxim, that no rich man can be a rogue.

Jup. We'll talk of that hereafter. I'll now go put on my travelling clothes, order my charge, and be ready for you in half an hour.

SCENE IV.

APOLLO, MERCURY.

Merc. Do you know the true reaſon of this expedition?

Apol. The great virtue of mankind, he tells us.

Merc. The little virtue of womankind rather—— Do you know him no better, than to think he would budge a ſtep after human virtue; beſides, where the devil ſhould he find it, if he would?

Apol. You have not read the late dedications of my votaries.

Merc. Of my votaries, you mean: I hope you will not diſpute my title to the dedications, as the god of thieves. You make no diſtinction, I hope, between robbing with a piſtol and with a pen.

Apol. My votaries robbers! Mr. Mercury?

Merc. Yes, Mr. Apollo; did not my Lord Chancellor Midas decree me the lawyers for the ſame reaſon. Would not he be a rogue who ſhould take a man's money for perſuading him he was a lord or a baronet,

baronet, when he knew he was no ſuch thing? Is not he equally ſuch, who picks his pocket by heaping virtues on him which he knows he has no title to? Theſe fellows prevent the very uſe of praiſe, which while only the reward of virtue, will always invite men to it; but when it is to be bought, will be deſpiſed by the true deſerving, equally with a ribbon or a feather, which may be bought by any one in a milliner's or a miniſter's ſhop.

Apol. Very well! at this rate you will rob me of all my panegyrical writers.

Merc. Ay, and of your ſatirical writers too, at leaſt a great many of 'em; for unjuſt ſatire is as bad as unjuſt panegyric.

Apol. If it is unjuſt indeed——But, Sir, I hope you have no claim to my writers of plays, poems, which have neither ſatire nor panegyric in 'em.

Merc. Yes, Sir, to all who are thieves and ſteal from one another.

Apol. Methinks, Sir, you ſhould not reflect thus on wits to me, who am the god of wit.

Merc. Heyday, Sir, nor you on thieves, to me who am the god of thieves. We have no ſuch reaſon to quarrel about our votaries, they are much of the ſame kind; for as it is a proverb, That all poets are poor; ſo it is a maxim, That all poor men are rogues.

Apol. Sir, Sir, I have men of quality that write.

Merc. Yes, Sir, and I have men of quality that rob; but neither are the one poets, or the other rogues; for as the one can write without wit, ſo can the other rob without roguery. They call it privilege, I think: Jupiter I ſuppoſe gave it them; and inſtead of quarrelling with one another, I think it would be wiſer in us to unite in a petition to my father that he would revoke it, and put them on a footing with our other votaries.

Apol. It is in vain to petition him any thing againſt mankind at preſent, he is in ſuch good humour with them;

them; if they ſhould ſour his temper, at his return perhaps he may be willing to do us juſtice.

Merc. It ſhall be my fault if he is not in a worſe humour with them; at leaſt I will take care he ſhall not be deceived; and that might happen; for men are ſuch hypocrites, that the greateſt part deceive even themſelves, and are much worſe than they think themſelves to be.

Apol. And Jupiter you know, though he is the greateſt, is far from being the wiſeſt of the gods.

Merc. His own honeſty makes him the leſs ſuſpicious of others; for, except in regard to women, he is as honeſt a fellow as any deity in all the Elyſian Fields; but I ſhall make him wait for me—Dear Mr. Apollo, I am your humble ſervant.

Apol. My dear Mercury, a good journey to you; at your return, I ſhall be glad to drink a bottle of nectar with you.

Merc. I ſhall be proud to kiſs your hands.

THE TRUE PATRIOT.

N° 1. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1745.

ILLE EGO, *qui quondam*——

FASHION is the great governor of this world. it preſides not only in matters of dreſs and amuſement, but in law, phyſic, politics, religion, and all other things of the graveſt kind; indeed, the wiſeſt of men would be puzzled to give any better reaſon, why particular forms in all theſe have been, at certain times, univerſally received, and at others univerſally rejected, than that they were in or out of faſhion.

Men as well as things are in like manner indebted to the favour of this *grand monarque*. It is a phraſe commonly uſed in the polite world, that ſuch a perſon is in faſhion; nay, I myſelf have known an individual in faſhion, and then out of faſhion, and then in faſhion again. Shakeſpeare hath ſhared both theſe fates in poetry, and ſo hath Mr. Handel in muſic; ſo hath my Lord Coke in law, and in phyſic the great Sydenham; and as to politics and religion, I am ſure every man's memory will ſuggeſt to himſelf very great maſters in both, even in the preſent age, who have been in the higheſt degree, both in and out of faſhion.

It

It is, therefore, the buſineſs of every man to accommodate himſelf to the faſhion of the times; which if he neglects, he muſt not be ſurprized if the greateſt parts and abilities are totally diſregarded. If Socrates himſelf was to go to court in an antique dreſs, he would be neglected, or perhaps ridiculed; or if old Hippocrates was to viſit the college of phyſicians, and there talk the language of his aphoriſms, he would be deſpiſed; the college, as Moliere ſays, *having altered all that* at preſent.

But of all mankind, there are none whom it ſo abſolutely imports to conform to this golden rule as an author; by neglecting this, Milton himſelf lay long in obſcurity, and the world had nearly loſt the beſt poem which perhaps it hath ever ſeen. On the contrary, by adhering to it, Tom Durfey, whoſe name is almoſt forgot, and many others, who are quite forgotten, flouriſhed moſt notably in their reſpective ages, and eat and were read very plentifully by their cotemporaries.

In ſtrict obedience to this ſovereign power, being informed by my bookſeller, a man of great ſagacity in his buſineſs, *that no body at preſent reads any thing but news-papers*, I have determined to conform myſelf to the reigning taſte. The number indeed of theſe writers at firſt a little ſtaggered us both; but upon peruſal of their works, I fancied I had diſcovered two or three little imperfections in them all, which ſomewhat diminiſhed the force of this objection, and gave me hopes that the public will expel ſome of them to make room for their betters.

The firſt little imperfection in theſe writings, is, that there is ſcarce a ſyllable of TRUTH in any of them. If this be admitted to be a fault, it requires no other evidence than themſelves, and the perpetual contradictions which occur not only on comparing one with the other, but the ſame author with himſelf at different days.

2*dly*,

2*dly*, There is no SENSE in them; to prove this likewiſe, I appeal to their works.

3*dly*, There is, in reality, NOTHING *in them at all.* And this alſo muſt be allowed by their readers, if paragraphs which contain neither wit, nor humour, nor ſenſe, nor the leaſt importance, may be properly ſaid to contain nothing. Such are the arrival of my Lord——*with a great equipage*, the marriage of Miſs——*of great beauty and merit*, and the death of Mr.——*who was never heard of in his life*, &c. &c.

Nor will this appear ſtrange, if we conſider who are the authors of ſuch tracts; namely, the journeymen of bookſellers, of whom, I believe, much the ſame may be truly predicated, as of theſe their productions.

But the encouragement with which theſe lucubrations are read, may ſeem more ſtrange and more difficult to be accounted for. And here I cannot agree with my bookſeller, that their eminent badneſs recommends them. The true reaſon is, I believe, ſimply the ſame which I once heard an œconomiſt aſſign for the content and ſatisfaction with which his family drank water-cyder, *viz.* becauſe they could procure no other liquor. Indeed, I make no doubt, but that the underſtanding, as well as the palate, though it may out of neceſſity ſwallow the worſe, will in general prefer the better.

In this confidence, I have reſolved to provide the public a better entertainment than it hath lately been dieted with; and as it is no great aſſurance in an Author to think himſelf capable of excelling ſuch writings as have been mentioned above, ſo neither can he be called too ſanguine in promiſing himſelf a more favourable reception from the public.

It is not uſual for us of ſuperior eminence in our profeſſion, to hang out our names on the ſign-poſt; however, to raiſe ſome expectation in the mind of every

every reader, as well as to give a ſlight direction to thoſe conjectures which he will be apt to make on this occaſion, I ſhall ſet down ſome few hints, by which a ſagacious gueſſer may arrive at ſufficient certainty concerning me.

And *firſt*, I faithfully promiſe him, that I do not live within a mile of Grubſtreet; nor am I acquainted with a ſingle inhabitant of that place.

2*dly*, I am of no party; a word which I hope, by theſe my labours, to eradicate out of our conſtitution; this being indeed the true ſource of all thoſe evils which we have reaſon to complain of.

3*dly*, I am a gentleman; a circumſtance from which my reader will reap many advantages; for at the ſame time that he may peruſe my paper, without any danger of ſeeing himſelf, or any of his friends, traduced with ſcurrility, ſo he may expect by means of my intercourſe with people of condition, to find here many articles of importance concerning the affairs and tranſactions of the great world, (which can never reach the ears of vulgar news-writers) not only in matters of ſtate and politics, but amuſement. All routs, drums, and aſſemblies, will fall under my immediate inſpection, and the adventures which happen at them, will be inſerted in my paper, with due regard, however, to the character I here profeſs, and with ſtrict care to give no offence to the parties concerned.

Laſtly, As to my learning, knowledge, and other qualifications for the office I have undertaken, I ſhall be ſilent, and leave the deciſion to my reader's judgment; of whom I deſire no more than that he would not deſpiſe me before he is acquainted with me.

And to prevent this, as I have already given ſome account *what* I am, ſo I ſhall proceed to throw forth a few hints *who* I am; a matter commonly of the greateſt importance towards the recommendation of all works of literature.

Firſt,

Firſt, then, It is very probable I am Lord *B—ke*. This I collect from my ſtile in writing, and knowledge in politics. Again, it is as probable that I am the B——p of ****, from my zeal for the Proteſtant religion. When I conſider theſe, together with the wit and humour which will diffuſe themſelves through the whole, it is more than poſſible I may be Lord *C*—— himſelf, or at leaſt he may have ſome ſhare in my paper.

From ſome, or all of theſe reaſons, I am very likely Mr. *W——n*, Mr. *D——n*, Mr. *L——n*, Mr. *F——g*, *T——n*, or indeed any other perſon who hath ever diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the republic of letters.

This at leaſt is very probable, that ſome of theſe gentlemen may contribute a ſhare of their abilities to the carrying on this work; in which, as nothing ſhall ever appear in it inconſiſtent with decency, or the religion and true civil intereſt of my country, no perſon, how great ſoever, need be aſhamed of being imagined to have a part; unleſs he ſhould be weak enough to be aſhamed of writing at all; that is, of having more ſenſe than his neighbours, or of communicating it to them.

I come now to conſider the only remaining article, *viz.* the price, which is one third more than my cotemporary weekly hiſtorians ſet on their labours.

And here I might, with modeſty enough, inſiſt, that if I am either what or who I pretend to be, I have ſufficient title to this diſtinction. It is well known that, among mechanics, a much larger advance is often allowed only for a particular name. A genteel perſon would not be ſuſpected of dealing with any other than the moſt eminent in his trade, though he is convinced he pays an additional price by ſo doing. And I hope the polite world, eſpecially when they conſider the regard to faſhion which I have above profeſſed, will not ſcruple to allow me the ſame pre-eminence.

But, in reality, this is the cheapeſt paper which was ever given to the public, both in quality, of which enough hath been ſaid already, and in which light a ſhilling would, I apprehend, be a more moderate price than the three halfpence which is demanded by ſome others: And *ſecondly*, (which my bookſeller chiefly inſiſts on) in quantity; as I ſhall contain, he ſays, full three times as many letters as the above-mentioned papers; and for which reaſon he at firſt adviſed me to demand four-pence at leaſt, for that one ninth part would be ſtill abated to the public. To be ſerious, I would deſire my reader to weigh fairly with himſelf, whether he doth not gain ſix times the knowledge and amuſement by my paper, compared to any other; and then I think he will have no difficulty to determine in my favour.

Indeed, the prudent part of mankind will be conſiderable gainers by purchaſing my paper; for as it will contain every thing which is worth their knowing, all others will become abſolutely needleſs: and I leave to their determination, whether three-pennyworth of truth and ſenſe is not more worth their purchaſing, than all the rubbiſh and nonſenſe of the week, which will coſt them twenty times as much. In other words, is it not better to give their underſtanding an entertainment once a week, than to ſurcharge it every day with coarſe and homely fare?

I ſhall conclude the whole in the words of the fair and honeſt tradeſman: Gentlemen, upon my word and honour, I can afford it no cheaper; and I believe there is no ſhop in town will uſe you better for the price.

N° 3. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1745.

——Furit enſis et ignis
Quo que caret flammâ ſcelerum eſt locus. SIL. ITAL.

THE rebellion having long been the univerſal ſubject of converſation in this town, it is no wonder that what ſo abſolutely engages our waking thoughts ſhould attend us to the pillow, and repreſent to us in dreams or viſions thoſe ideas which fear had before ſuggeſted to our minds.

It is natural, on all occaſions, to have ſome little attention to our private welfare, nor do I ever honour the patriot the leſs (I am ſure I confide in him much the more) whoſe own good is involved in that of the public. I am not, therefore, aſhamed to give the public the following dream or viſion, though my own little affairs, and the private conſequences which the ſucceſs of this rebellion would produce to myſelf, form the principal object; for, I believe, at the ſame time, there are few of my readers who will not find themſelves intereſted in ſome parts of it.

Methought I was ſitting in my ſtudy, meditating for the good and entertainment of the public, with my two little children (as is my uſual courſe to ſuffer them) playing near me; when I heard a very hard knock at my door, and immediately afterwards ſeveral ill-looked raſcals burſt in upon me, one of whom ſeized me with great violence, ſaying, I was his priſoner, and muſt go with him. I aſked him for what offence. Have you the impudence to aſk that, ſaid he, when the words True Patriot lie now before you? I then bid him ſhew me his warrant. He anſwered, *there it is*, pointing to ſeveral men, who were in Highland dreſſes, with broad ſwords by

their ſides. My children then ran towards me, and burſting into tears, expreſt their concern for their poor papa. Upon which one of the ruffians ſeized my little boy, and pulling him from me, daſhed him againſt the ground; and all immediately hurried me away out of my room and houſe, before I could be ſenſible of the effects of this barbarity.

My concern for my poor children, from whom I had been torn in the above manner, prevented me from taking much notice of any objects in the ſtreets, through which I was dragged, with many inſults. Houſes burnt down, dead bodies of men, women and children, ſtrewed every where as we paſſed, and great numbers of Highlanders, and Popiſh prieſts in their ſeveral habits, made, however, too forcible an impreſſion on me to be unobſerved.

My guard now brought me to Newgate, where they were informed that gaol was too full to admit a ſingle perſon more. I was then conducted to a large booth in Smithfield, as I thought, where I was ſhut in with a great number of priſoners, amongſt whom were many of the moſt conſiderable perſons in this kingdom. Two of theſe were in a very particular manner reviled by the Highland guards, (for all the ſoldiers were in that dreſs) and theſe two I preſently recollected to be the A-chb-ſh-p of Y—k, and the B—p of Win—r.

As there is great inconſiſtency of time and place in moſt dreams, I now found myſelf, by an unaccountable tranſition, in a court which bore ſome reſemblance to the court of King's Bench; only a great croſs was erected in the middle; and inſtead of thoſe officers of juſtice who uſually attend that court, a number of Highlanders, with drawn ſwords, ſtood there as centinels; the judges too were perſons whoſe faces I had never ſeen before. I was obliged, I thought, to ſtand ſome time at the bar, before my trial came on, the court being buſied in a cauſe where an abbot was plaintiff, in determining

termining the boundaries of ſome abby land, which they decided for the plaintiff, the chief juſtice declaring, it was his majeſty's pleaſure, in all doubtful caſes, that judgment ſhould be in favour of the church.

A charge of high-treaſon was then, I dreamed, exhibited againſt me, for having writ in defence of his preſent majeſty King GEORGE, and my paper of the True Patriot was produced in evidence againſt me.

Being called upon to make my defence, I inſiſted entirely on the ſtatute of Hen. 7. by which all perſons are exempted from incurring the penalties of treaſon, in defence of the King *de facto*. But the chief juſtice told me in broken Engliſh, That if I had no other plea, they ſhould preſently overrule that; for that his majeſty was reſolved to make an example of all who had any ways diſtinguiſhed themſelves, in oppoſition to his cauſe.

Methought I then replied, with a reſolution which I hope every Engliſhman would exert on ſuch an occaſion, THAT THE LIFE OF NO MAN WAS WORTH PRESERVING LONGER THAN IT WAS TO BE DEFENDED BY THE KNOWN LAWS OF HIS COUNTRY; and that if the King's arbitrary pleaſure was to be that law, I was indifferent what he determined concerning myſelf.

The court having put it to the vote, (for no jury, I thought, attended) and unanimouſly agreed that I was guilty, proceeded to paſs the ſentence uſual in caſes of high treaſon, having firſt made many elogiums on the Pope, the Roman Catholic religion, and the King who was to ſupport both, and be ſupported by them.

I was then delivered into the hands of the executioner, who ſtood ready, and was ordered to allow me only three hours to confeſs myſelf and be reconciled to the church of Rome. Upon which a prieſt, whoſe face I remember to have ſeen at a place called

an oratory, and who was, for his good ſervices, preferred to be the ordinary of Newgate, immediately advanced, and began to revile me, ſaying, I was the wickedeſt heretic in the kingdom, and had exerted myſelf with more impudence againſt his majeſty and his holineſs than any other perſon whatſoever: but he added, as I had the good fortune to make ſome atonement for my impiety by being hanged, if I would embrace his religion, confeſs myſelf and receive abſolution, I might poſſibly, after ſome expiation in purgatory, receive a final pardon.

I was hence conducted into a dungeon, where, by a glimmering light, I ſaw many wretches my fellow-priſoners, who for various crimes were condemned to various puniſhments.

Among theſe appeared one in a very ragged plight, whom I very well knew, and who, the laſt time I ſaw him, appeared to live in great affluence and ſplendor. Upon my enquiring the reaſon of his being detained in that region of horror, he very frankly told me it was for ſtealing a loaf. He acknowledged the fact; but ſaid, he had been obliged to it for the relief of his indigent family. I ſee, continued he, your ſurprize at this change of my fortune; but, you muſt know, my whole eſtate was in the funds, by the wiping out of which I was at once reduced to the condition in which you now ſee me. I roſe in the morning with 40,000 l. I had a wife whom I tenderly loved, and three blooming daughters. The eldeſt was within a week of her marriage, and I was to have paid down 10,000 l. with her. At noon I found a royal decree had reduced me to downright beggary. My daughter hath loſt her marriage, and is gone diſtracted. My wife is dead of a broken heart, and my poor girls have neither clothes to cover them, nor meat to feed them: ſo that I may truly ſay,

———*Miſer, O miſer, omnia ademit*
Una dies infeſta mihi tot præmia vitæ.

Here, methought, he ſtopt, and a flood of tears guſhed from his eyes. I ſhould perhaps have been a greater ſharer in his ſorrow, had not the conſideration of his childrens ruin repreſented to me the ſituation of my own. Good gods! what were the agonies I then felt, though in a dream? Racks, wheels, gibbets were no longer the objects of terror. My children poſſeſſed my whole mind, and my fearful imagination run through every ſcene of horror which villains can act on their fellow-creatures. Sometimes I ſaw their helpleſs hands ſtruggling for a moment with a barbarous cutthroat. Here I ſaw my poor boy, my whole ambition, the hopes and proſpect of my age, ſprawling on the floor, and weltering in his blood; there my fancy painted my daughter, the object of all my tenderneſs, proſtituted even in her infancy to the brutal luſt of a ruffian, and then ſacrificed to his cruelty. Such were my terrors, when I was relieved from them by the welcome preſence of the executioner, who ſummoned me immediately forth, telling me, ſince I had refuſed the aſſiſtance of the prieſt, he could grant me no longer indulgence.

The firſt ſight which occurred to me as I paſſed through the ſtreets, (for common objects totally eſcape the obſervation of a man in my preſent temper of mind) was a young lady of quality, and the greateſt beauty of this age, in the hands of two Highlanders, who where ſtruggling with each other for their booty. The lovely prize, though her hair was diſhevelled and torn, her eyes ſwollen with tears, her face all pale, and ſome marks of blood both on that and her breaſt, which was all naked and expoſed, retained ſtill ſufficient charms to diſcover herſelf to me, who have always beheld her with wonder and admiration. Indeed, it may be queſtioned whether perfect beauty loſes or acquires charms by diſtreſs. This ſight was matter of entertainment to my conductors, who, however, hurried me preſently

from it, as I wiſh they had alſo from her ſcreams, which reached my ears to a great diſtance.

After ſuch a ſpectacle as this, the dead bodies which lay every where in the ſtreets (for there had been, I was told, a maſſacre the night before) ſcarce made any impreſſion; nay, the very fires in which Proteſtants were roaſting, were, in my ſenſe, objects of much leſs horror; nay, ſuch an effect had this ſight wrought in my mind, which hath been always full of the utmoſt tenderneſs for that charming ſex, that for a moment it obliterated all concern for my children, from whom I was to be hurried for ever without a farewel, or without knowing in what condition I left them; or indeed, whether they had hitherto ſurvived the cruelty which now methought raged every where, with all the fury which rage, zeal, luſt, and wanton fierceneſs could inſpire into the bloody hearts of Popiſh prieſts, bigots and barbarians. Of ſuch a ſcene my learned reader may ſee a fine picture drawn by Silius Italicus, in his ſecond book, where he deſcribes the ſacking the brave city of Saguntum by a leſs ſavage army.

I then overheard a prieſt admoniſh the executioner to exert the utmoſt rigour of my ſentence towards me; after which, the ſame prieſt advancing forwards, and putting on a look of compaſſion, adviſed me, for the ſake of my ſoul, to embrace the holy communion. I gave him no anſwer, and he turned his back, thundering forth curſes againſt me.

At length I arrived at the fatal place which promiſed me a ſpeedy end to all my ſufferings. Here, methought, I ſaw a man who by his countenance and actions expreſt the higheſt degree of deſpair. He ſtamped with his feet, beat his face, tore his hair, and uttered the moſt horrid execrations. Upon enquiring into the circumſtances of this perſon, I was informed by one of the byſtanders, that he was a nonjuror, who had lent conſiderable aſſiſtance to the Pretender's cauſe, out of principle; and was now lamenting

menting the conſequences which the ſucceſs of it had brought on ſuch honeſt gentlemen as myſelf. My informer added, with a ſmile, the wiſe man expected his majeſty would keep his word with heretics.

The executioner then attempted to put the rope round my neck, when my little girl entered my bed-chamber, and put an end to my dream, by pulling open my eyes, and telling me that the tailor had brought home my clothes for his majeſty's birth-day.

The ſight of my dear child, added to the name of that gracious Prince, at once deprived me of every private and public fear; and the joy which now began to ariſe, being ſoon after heightened by conſideration of the day, the ſound of bells, and the hurry which prevailed every where from the eagerneſs of all ſorts of people to demonſtrate their loyalty at this ſeaſon, gave me altogether as delightful a ſenſation as perhaps the heart of man is capable of feeling; of which I have the pleaſure to know every reader muſt partake, who hath had good-nature enough to ſympathize with me in the foregoing part of this viſion.

N° 4. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1745.

Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,
Mendici, mimi, balatrones; hoc genus omne
Mœſtum & ſolicitum eſt.——— HOR.

THE Author of the Serious Addreſs to the People of Great-Britain (a pamphlet which ought to be in every man's hands at this ſeaſon) hath inconteſtibly ſhewn the danger of this rebellion to all who have any regard for the Proteſtant religion, or the laws and liberties of their country.

We

We have further endeavoured, in our laſt paper, to give a lively picture of the utter miſery and deſolation it would introduce, and the inſecurity of our eſtates, properties, lives and families under the government of an abſolute Popiſh Prince, (for abſolute he would plainly be) introduced by the conquering arms of France, Spain, and the Highlands.

So that every good and worthy Proteſtant in this nation, who is attached to his religion and liberties, or who hath any eſtate or property, either in church-lands or in the funds, (which includes almoſt every man who hath either eſtate or property in the kingdom) is concerned, in the higheſt degree, to oppoſe the preſent rebellion.

I am however aware, that there yet remains a party to be ſpoken to, who are not ſtrictly concerned in intereſt in any of the preceding lights; I mean thoſe gentlemen who have no property, nor any regard either for the religion or liberty of their country.

Now if I can make it appear, that thoſe perſons likewiſe are intereſted in oppoſing the Pretender's cauſe, I think we may then juſtly conclude, he cannot have a ſingle partizan in this nation (the moſt bigotted Roman Catholics excepted) who is ſenſible enough to know his own good.

And firſt, the moſt noble party of free-thinkers, who have no religion, are moſt heartily concerned to oppoſe the introduction of Popery, which would obtrude one on them, one not only inconſiſtent with free-thinking, but indeed with any thinking at all. How would a man of ſpirit, whoſe principles are too elevated to worſhip the great Creator of the univerſe, ſubmit to pay his adoration to a rabble of ſaints, moſt of whom he would have been juſtly aſhamed to have kept company with while alive!

But beſides the ſlaviſh doctrines which he muſt believe, or, at leaſt, meanly pretend to believe, how would a genius who cannot conform to the little acts of decency required by a Proteſtant church, ſupport the

the ſlaviſh impoſitions of auricular confeſſion, penance, faſting, and all the tireſome forms and ceremonies exacted by the church of Rome!

Laſtly, whereas the ſaid free-thinkers have long regarded it as an intolerable grievance, that a certain body of men called *parſons*, ſhould, for the uſeleſs ſervices of praying, preaching, catechiſing and inſtructing the people, receive a certain fixed ſtipend from the public, which the law fooliſhly allows them to call their own: how would theſe men brook the reſtoration of abby-lands, impropriations, and the numberleſs flowers which the reformation hath lopped off from the church, and which the re-eſtabliſhment of Popery would moſt infallibly reſtore to it.

Again, there are many worthy perſons who, though very little concerned for the true liberty of their country, have, however, the utmoſt reſpect for what is by ſeveral miſtaken for it; I mean licentiouſneſs, or a free power of abuſing the King, miniſtry, and every thing great, noble, and ſolemn.

The impunity with which this liberty hath been of late years practiſed, muſt be acknowledged by every man of the leaſt candour. Indeed, to ſuch a degree, that power and government, inſtead of being objects of reverence and terror, have been ſet up as the butts of ridicule and buffoonery, as if they were only intended to be laughed at by the people.

Now this is a liberty which hath only flouriſhed under this royal family. His preſent majeſty, as he hath leſs deſerved than his predeceſſors to be the object of it, ſo he hath ſupported it with more dignity and contempt than they have done; but how impatient the Pretender will be under this liberty, and how certainly he will aboliſh it, may be concluded, not only from the abſolute power which he infallibly brings with him; but from the many ears and noſes which his family, without ſuch power, have, heretofore, ſacrificed on theſe occaſions.

And

And this is a loſs not only to be deplored by thoſe men of genius, who have exerted and may exert their great talents this way. There are many who, without the capacity of writing, have that of reading, and have done their utmoſt to ſupport and encourage ſuch authors and their works. Theſe will loſe their favourite amuſement, all thoſe laughs and ſhrugs which they have formerly vented at the expence of their ſuperiors.

But if theſe concerns ſhould appear chimerical, I come now to pecuniary conſiderations; to a large body of men whoſe whole trade would be ruined by this man's ſucceſs. The reader will be perhaps in doubt what trade can be carried on by ſuch perſons as I have deſcribed in the beginning of this paper: how much more will he be ſurprized to hear, that it is the principal trade which of late years hath been carried on in this kingdom. To keep him therefore no longer in ſuſpence, I mean the honeſt method of ſelling ourſelves, which hath flouriſhed ſo notably for a long time among us. A buſineſs which I have ventured to call honeſt, notwithſtanding the objections raiſed by weak and ſcrupulous people againſt it.

I know indeed many anſwers have been given to theſe objections by a late philoſopher of great eminence, and by the followers of his ſchool; ſuch as, *that all mankind are raſcals*; *that they are only to be governed by corruption*, &c. But to ſay the truth, there is no occaſion of having recourſe to theſe deep and obſcure doctrines for this purpoſe; there is a much fuller and plainer anſwer to be given, and which is founded on principles the very reverſe of thoſe which were taught in this ſchool, namely, the principles of common ſenſe and common honeſty; for if it be granted, as ſurely it will be, that we are freemen, we have certainly a right to ourſelves; and whatever we have a right to, we have alſo a right to ſell. And perhaps it was a doubt in that great philoſo-

philoſopher, *whether we were freemen or no*, that led him into thoſe doctrines I have mentioned.

Now this trade, by which alone ſo many thouſands have got an honeſt livelihood for themſelves and families, muſt be totally ruined; for, if this nation ſhould be once enſlaved, it would be impoſſible for an honeſt man to carry on this buſineſs any longer. A freeman (as hath been proved) may juſtly ſell himſelf, but a ſlave cannot.

And if a man ſhould be ſo diſhonourable and baſe as to offer at carrying on this trade in an enſlaved country, contrary to all the rules of honeſty, and all the moſt ſolemn ties of ſlavery, yet who would buy him? The reaſons againſt ſuch a purchaſe are too obvious to be mentioned. Indeed we may ſay in general, that as it is diſhoneſt in a ſlave to ſell, ſo it is as fooliſh in a ſlave to buy; for as the one hath no property to part with, ſo neither can the other acquire any.

For theſe reaſons, I think it is viſibly the intereſt of all that part of the nation, to whom I have addreſſed myſelf in the beginning of this paper, to exclude Popery and arbitrary power.

There is, however, one objection, which I foreſee may and will be made to this concluſion; and that is, whereas the eſtates of all the lords and commons of this kingdom will be forfeited, and at the diſpoſal of the conqueror, and the perſonal fortunes of all others will, in the confuſion at leaſt, be liable to plunder, that ſuch honeſt gentlemen may have a ſufficient chance abundantly to repair or compenſate all their loſſes.

I own there is ſomething very plauſible in this argument, and it might perhaps have great force, if the Pretender's ſon had landed in England, as he did in Scotland; and had been pleaſed to place that confidence in an Engliſh rabble, with which he hath vouchſafed rather to honour theſe Highland banditti. In this caſe, I grant, no man could juſtly have been blamed

blamed who had fixed the eyes of his affection on his neighbour's eſtate, gardens, houſe, purſe, wife, or daughter, for joining the young man's cauſe, provided the ſucceſs of it had been probable; ſuch a behaviour would then have been highly conſiſtent with all the rules taught in that ſchool of philoſophy abovementioned, and none but a muſty moraliſt, for whoſe doctrine great men have doubtleſs an adequate contempt, would have condemned it.

But the fact is otherwiſe: The *Highlanders* are thoſe to whom he muſt owe any ſucceſs he may attain; theſe are therefore to be ſerved before you; and I eaſily refer to your own conſideration, when Rome, and France, and Spain, are repaid their demands, when a vaſt army of hungry Highlanders, and a larger army of as hungry prieſts, are ſatisfied, how miſerable a pittance will remain to your ſhare? indeed ſo ſmall a one muſt this be, that the greateſt adept in our philoſo-political ſchool would think it ſcarce worth his while to ſacrifice his conſcience to the certainty of obtaining it.

Theſe latter conſiderations I earneſtly recommend to the moſt ſerious attention of the gentlemen for whoſe uſe this paper is calculated; and I am certain that any argument for the Pretender's cauſe, drawn from the hopes of plundering their neighbours (with which perhaps ſome honeſt men have too fondly flattered themſelves) will have very little weight with any perſon. Nay, I muſt remind them, that they will not be ſuffered to rifle the very churches themſelves, upon whoſe ſmall riches moſt probably the ſaid gentlemen have caſt their eyes.

It appears then, that none will be, or can be gainers by this rebellion, but Popiſh prieſts and Highlanders; and I have too good an opinion of my country to apprehend that her religion, liberties and properties, can ever be endangered by ſuch adverſaries.

N° 7. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1745.

To the TRUE PATRIOT.

My worthy friend,

I Received your paper, intituled the True Patriot, numbers one and two, incloſed in the franks of my great and moſt honoured patron, for which I have the higheſt thanks for you both. I am delighted, and that greatly, with many paſſages in theſe papers. The moderation which you profeſs towards all parties, perfectly becomes a chriſtian. Indeed I have always thought, that moderation in the ſhepherd was the beſt, if not only, way to bring home all the ſtraggling ſheep to his flock. I have intimated this at the veſtry, and even at viſitation before the archdeacon:

Sed caſſandræ non creditum eſt.

I like your method of placing a motto from the claſſics at the head of every paper. It muſt give ſome encouragement to your readers, that the author underſtands (at leaſt) one line of Latin, which is perhaps more than can be ſafely predicated of every writer in this age.

You deſire me, Sir, to write you ſomething proper to be ſeen, *et quidem*, by the public; as therefore a ſubject worthy their moſt ſerious attention now offers itſelf, *viz.* The enſuing faſt ordained by authority, I have communicated my thoughts to you thereon, which

which you may ſuppreſs or publicate as you think meet.

——— ἔρχευ ἐπ' ἔργον
Θεοῖσιν ἐπευξάμενος τελέσαι. PYTHAGORAS.

——— "Go upon the work,
"Having firſt prayed to the gods for ſucceſs."

As it is impoſſible for any man to reflect ſeriouſly on the progreſs of the preſent unnatural rebellion, without imputing ſuch unparalleled ſucceſs to ſome other cauſe than has yet appeared, ſome other ſtrength than what any viſible human means hath placed in the hands of the rebels; ſo will it be extremely difficult to aſſign any adequate cauſe whatſoever, without recurring to one, of whoſe great efficacy we have frequent examples in ſacred hiſtory. I mean the juſt judgment of God againſt an offending people.

And that this is really ſo, we may conclude from theſe two conſiderations: Firſt, from the rapidity of the rebels progreſs, ſo unaccountable from all human means; for can hiſtory produce an inſtance parallel to this, of ſix or ſeven men landing in a great and powerful nation, in oppoſition to the inclination of the people, in defiance of a vaſt and mighty army; (for though the greater part of this army was not then in the kingdom, it was ſo nearly within call that every man of them might, within the compaſs of a few days or weeks at fartheſt, have been brought home and landed in any part of it.) If we conſider, I ſay, this handful of men landing in the moſt deſolate corner, among a ſet of poor, naked, hungry, diſarmed ſlaves, abiding there with impunity, till they had, as it were, in the face of a large body of his majeſty's troops, collected a kind of army, or rather rabble, together; if we view this army intimidating the King's forces from approaching

proaching them by their ſituation; ſoon afterwards quitting that ſituation, marching directly up to the northern capital, and entering it without ſurprize or without a blow. If we again view this half-armed, half-diſciplined mob, without the aſſiſtance of a ſingle piece of artillery, march up to, attack, and *ſmite* a ſuperior number of the king's regular troops, with cannon in their front to defend them. If we conſider them returning from this complete victory to the capital, which they had before taken; there remaining, for near two months, in contempt of twelve millions of people, above a hundred thouſand of which have arms in their hands, and one half of theſe the beſt troops in Europe. If we conſider them afterwards, at the approach of a large army, under a general of great experience and approved merit, bending their courſe, though not in a direct line, towards this army; and then, by long and painful marches, over almoſt inacceſſible mountains, through the worſt of roads, in the worſt of ſeaſons; by thoſe means, I ſay, ſlipping that army, and leaving it behind them. If we view them next march on towards another army ſtill greater, under a young, brave, vigilant, and indefatigable prince, who were advancing in their front to meet, as the others were in their rear to purſue them. If we conſider, I ſay, theſe Banditti not yet increaſed to full 6000, and above a third of theſe old men and boys, not to be depended on, proceeding without a check through a long tract of country, through many towns and cities, which they plundered, at leaſt to a degree, up within a few miles of this third army, ſent to oppoſe them; then, by the advantage of a dark night, paſſing by this army likewiſe; and by a moſt incredible march getting between that and the metropolis, into which they ſtruck a terror ſcarce to be credited. Though beſides the two armies at their heels, there was ſtill one in this very metropolis infinitely ſuperior to theſe rebels, not only in arms and diſcipline, but in num-

bers. Who, I ſay, can conſider ſuch things as theſe and retain the leaſt doubt, whether he ſhall impute them to a judgment inflicted on this ſinful nation; eſpecially when, in the ſecond place, we muſt allow ſuch judgment to be moſt undoubtedly our due.

To run through every ſpecies of crimes with which our *ſodom* abounds, would fill your whole paper. Indeed, ſuch monſtrous impieties and iniquities have I both ſeen and heard of, within theſe three laſt years, during my ſojourning in what is called the world, particularly the laſt winter, while I tarried in the great city, that while I verily believe we are the ſilleſt nation under heaven in every other light, we are wiſer than *ſodom* in wickedneſs. If we would avoid, therefore, that final judgment which was denounced againſt that city; if we would avoid that total deſtruction, with which we are threatened not remotely and at a diſtance, but immediately and at hand; if we would pacify that vengeance which hath already begun to operate by ſending rebels, foreign enemies, peſtilence, the forerunner of famine, and poverty among us; if we would pacify that vengeance which ſeems already bent to our deſtruction, by breathing the breath of folly, as well as perfidy, into the noſtrils of the great; what have we to do, but to ſet about THE WORK recommended by the wiſe and pious, though Heathen philoſopher, in my motto. And what is THIS WORK but a thorough amendment of our lives, a perfect alteration of our ways? but before we begin this, let us, in obedience to the rule of that philoſopher preſcribed above, firſt apply ourſelves by faſting and prayer to the throne of offended grace. My lords the biſhops have wiſely ſet apart a particular day for this ſolemn ſervice. A day, which I hope will be kept univerſally through this kingdom with all thoſe marks of true piety and repentance, which our preſent dreadful ſituation demands. Indeed, the wretch whoſe hard

hard heart is not ſeriouſly in earneſt on this occaſion, deſerves no more the appellation of a good Engliſhman, than of a good churchman, or a true chriſtian. All ſober and wiſe nations have, in times of public danger, inſtituted certain ſolemn ſacrifices to their gods; now the chriſtian ſacrifices are thoſe of faſting and prayer; and if ever theſe were in a more extraordinary manner neceſſary, it is ſurely now, when the leaſt reflection muſt convince us that we do in ſo eminent a manner deſerve the judgment of God, and when we have ſo much reaſon to apprehend it is coming upon us. I hope therefore, (I repeat it once more) that this day will be kept by us ALL, in the moſt ſolemn manner, and that not a man will dare refuſe complying with thoſe duties which the ſtate requires of us; but I muſt, at the ſame time, recommend to my countrymen, a caution, that they would not miſtake THE WORK itſelf for what is only the beginning of, or preface to it. Let them not vainly imagine, that when they have faſted and prayed for a day; nay, even for an age, that THE WORK is done. It is a total amendment of life, a total change of manners, which can bring THE WORK to a concluſion, or produce any good effects from it. Here again, to give particular inſtances would be to enumerate all thoſe vices which I have already declined recounting, and would be too prolix. They are known, they are obvious, and few men who reſolve to amend their lives, will, I believe, want any aſſiſtance to diſcover what parts of them ſtand in need of amendment. I ſhall, however, point out two or three particulars, which I the rather ſingle out, becauſe I have heard, that there are ſome who diſpute whether they are really vices or no, though every polity as well as the chriſtian have agreed in condemning them as ſuch. The firſt of theſe is lying. The devil himſelf is, in ſcripture, ſaid to be the father of lies; and liars are perhaps ſome of the vileſt and wickedeſt children he has.

Nay, I think the morals of all civilized nations have denied even the character of a gentleman to a liar So heinous is this vice, that it has not only ſtigmatized particular perſons, but whole communities with infamy. And yet have we not perſons, ay, and very great perſons too, ſo famous for it, that their credit is a jeſt, and their words mere wind? I need not point them out, for they take ſufficient care to point out themſelves. Luxury is a ſecond vice, which is ſo far from being acknowledged as criminal, that it is oſtentatiouſly affected. Now this is not only a vice in itſelf, but it is in reality a privation of all virtue. For firſt, in lower fortunes it prevents men from being honeſt; and, in higher ſituations, it excludes that virtue without which no man can be a chriſtian, namely charity. For as ſurely as charity covereth a multitude of ſins, ſo muſt a multitude of diſhes, pictures, jewels, houſes, horſes, ſervants, *&c.* cover all charity. I remember dining laſt winter at a great man's table, where we had among many others one diſh, the expence of which would have provided very liberally for a poor family a whole twelvemonth. In ſhort, I never ſaw, during my abode in the great city, a ſingle man who gave me reaſon to think, that he would have enabled himſelf to be charitable, by retrenching the moſt idle ſuperfluity of his expence. Perhaps the large ſubſcriptions which have prevailed all over the kingdom at this ſeaſon, may be urged as an inſtance of charity. To this I anſwer, in the words of a very great and generous friend of mine, who diſclaimed all merit from a very liberal ſubſcription, ſaying, "It was "rather ſenſe than goodneſs, to ſacrifice a ſmall part "for the ſecurity of the whole." Now true charity is of another kind, it has no ſelf-intereſted motives, purſues no immediate return nor worldly good, well knowing that it is laying up a much ſurer and much greater reward for itſelf. But, indeed, who wonders that men are ſo backward in ſacrificing any of their wealth

wealth to their conſciences, who before had ſacrificed their conſciences to the acquiſition of that very wealth. Can we expect to find charity in an age, when ſcarce any refuſe to own the moſt profligate rapaciouſneſs! when no man is aſhamed of avowing the purſuit of riches through every dirty road and track? To ſpeak out, in an age when every thing is venal; and when there is ſcarce one among the mighty who would not be equally aſhamed at being thought not to ſet *ſome price* on himſelf, as he would at being imagined to ſet too low a one? This is an aſſertion whoſe truth is too well known. Indeed, my four years knowledge of the world hath ſcarce furniſhed me with examples of any other kind. I believe I have already exceeded my portion of hour-glaſs; I ſhall therefore reſerve what I have farther to ſay on this ſubject to ſome other opportunity.

I am, &c.

ABRAHAM ADAMS.

N° 9. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1745.

Non hoc iſta ſibi tempus ſpectacula poſcit. VIRG.

THE following letter came attended with a ſmall preſent of Bologna ſauſages, Naples ſoap, Florence oil, and a paper of maccaroni.

'SIGNIOR SAR,

'ME be inform, dat you be de Patriat, dat is to ſay, van parſon who take part vor de muny; now, Sar, dat be commodity me did forget

'to bring over vid me; but ven me ave got one 'two touſand pound me ſal ſend you ſum; me deſire, 'darefor, dat you woud rite ſumting to recomend de 'opera, or begar me ſal be oblige to go back to Italy 'like one fool as me did cum, and dey will laff at 'me for bring no muny from an country vich ave 'give ſo much muny for ſong.

'Me be, Signior Sar,

'Of your excellence, de moſt umble ſclave,

'GIOVANI CANTILENA.'

Though I by no means admit that character of patriotiſm which the ſignior hath conceived, whether in Italy or England I will not determine, yet as I think it one part of integrity to dare oppoſe popular clamour, I ſhall, in compliance with my good friend, and in return for his kind preſent, offer ſuch thoughts as occur to me in favour of a diverſion, againſt which ſo much diſguſt ſeems to prevail at this ſeaſon.

And in the firſt place, I think it ſhould be conſidered, that theſe poor Italians, whoſe property is their throats, did not come over of their own accord; but were invited hither. Nor is the rebellion a ſufficient excuſe to ſend them back unrewarded, ſince the poverty and diſtreſs of this nation, even before this rebellion, occaſioned by debts, wars, and almoſt every public calamity, muſt have deterred any perſons from ſuch an undertaking, who had not reſolved to have an opera at any rate, and in any ſituation.

But perhaps this melancholy ſituation of our affairs was a principal reaſon for the introduction of this opera. Is any thing more proper to ſoften and compoſe the mind in misfortunes than muſic? Hath it not always been found the moſt effectual remedy in

grief? And was accordingly uſed as ſuch by the great Nero, to calm and compoſe the agonies of his mind, while his own city was in flames; and Homer informs us, t' at Achilles uſed to aſſuage the wrath and impetuoſity of his temper by the muſic which old Chiron had taught him. Nay, it hath been preſcribed, by phyſicians, as a medicine for a diſeaſed mind; and we are told by Joſephus, that "When "Saul was agitated with fits, like a dæmoniac, his "*phyſicians not being able to give any natural or philoſo-*"*phical account of the diſtemper*, only adviſed the "having ſomebody about him that could ſing or "play upon the harp well, that might be ready at "hand to give him the diverſion of an hymn or "an air. This advice was taken, and David ſent "for, who by his voice and harp cured the patient."

The great power over the paſſions, which the ancient philoſophers aſſigned to muſic, is almoſt too well known to be mentioned. Socrates learned to ſing in his old age. Plato had ſo high an opinion of muſic, that he conſidered the application of it to amuſement only, as a high perverſion of its inſtitution; for he imagined it given by the gods to men for much more divine and noble purpoſes. And Pythagoras (to mention no more) is known to have held, that virtue, peace, health, and all other good things, was nothing but harmony. Hence perhaps aroſe that notion maintained by ſome of the Greeks, from obſerving the ſympathy between them, that the ſoul of man was ſomething very like the ſound of a fiddle.

And this power muſic is not only capable of exerciſing to allay and compoſe, it is altogether as efficacious in rouſing and animating the paſſions. Thus Xenophantus is recorded to have incited Alexander to arms with his muſic. And Plutarch, in his Laconic Apophthegms, tells us, that Ageſilaus being aſked why the Spartans marched (or rather danced) up to the enemy to ſome tune, anſwered, That muſic

diſcovered the brave man from the coward; for thoſe ſame notes which made the eyes of the valiant ſparkle with fire, overſpread the timorous face with paleneſs, and every other mark of terror.

This, therefore, is a ſecond good reaſon for an opera at preſent, provided the muſic be properly adapted to the times, be chiefly martial, and conſiſt moſtly of trumpets and kettle-drums. The ſubject likewiſe of the drama (though that is generally conſidered as a matter of little conſequence in thoſe compoſitions) may lend ſome aſſiſtance; as ſuppoſe, for inſtance, the famous opera in which the celebrated Nicolini formerly killed a lion with ſo much bravery, ſhould be revived on this occaſion. Such an example would almoſt animate the ladies, nay, even the beaus, to take up arms in defence of their country.

And what are the objections which our antimuſical enemies make to this entertainment?

Firſt, I apprehend it hath been ſaid, that the ſoftneſs of Italian muſic is calculated to enervate the mind. This hath been obviated already; but admitting the objection true, where is its validity, when we conſider of what perſons the audiences will be compoſed? for not only the common ſoldiers, but all inferior officers, are excluded by the price. Indeed, the audience at an opera conſiſts chiefly of fine gentlemen, fine ladies, and their ſervants, and except a few general officers, whoſe courage we ought to imagine ſuperior to the power of a languiſhing air, ſcarce a perſon is ever preſent, who is likely to ſee a camp, or handle a muſquet; unleſs the opera, by being regulated as above, ſhould inſpire a martial ſpirit into them.

Secondly, It is ſaid, that the immoderate expence of this diverſion, at a ſeaſon when poverty ſpreads its black banner over the whole nation, and when much the greater part are reduced to the moſt miſerable degrees of want and neceſſity, is an argument

of

of moſt abandoned extravagance, and indecent profligacy, ſcarce to be equalled by any example in hiſtory.

This, I conceive, is the objection on which our adverſaries principally rely. I ſhall apply myſelf, therefore, in a very particular manner, to anſwer it.

And here I muſt premiſe, that this objection proceeds on a tacit admiſſion of what is by no means true, *viz.* That the ſums expended on an opera ſubſcription would otherwiſe be employed in the public ſervice of the nation, or at leaſt in private charity, to ſome of the numberleſs objects of it.

But this would certainly not be the caſe; for the perſon who could think of promoting ſuch a diverſion, in the midſt of ſo much calamity, muſt have neither heart nor head good enough to feel the diſtreſſes of a fellow-creature, much leſs to relieve them; and ſurely it cannot be ſuppoſed, that theſe people will advance any thing in defence of his majeſty, when they fly in his ſacred face, by attempting an opera, though he hath himſelf, (or I am groſsly miſinformed) been pleaſed to declare, it is not now a time for operas.

We muſt therefore conclude, that this money, if not exhauſted for the preſent good purpoſe, would either remain dormant in the purſe of its owner, or would otherwiſe be ſacrificed at cards, or laviſhed on ſome leſs innocent article of luxury or wantonneſs.

The expence then of this entertainment, however great it ſhould be, will not injure the public. On the contrary, ſuch will be its political utility, that I queſtion whether this opera may not preſerve the nation.

For, in the firſt place, can any thing tend more to raiſe the public credit abroad, or ſo effectually to refute the ſlanders of thoſe enemies, who have endeavoured to repreſent us in a bankrupt condition, than this very undertaking. It hath been eſteemed

a maſter-

a maſter-ſtroke of Roman policy, as well as greatneſs, that in their higheſt diſtreſs, they endeavoured, by all kinds of art, to inſinuate their great ſtrength, and aſſert their independency; for which purpoſe was that ever memorable puff, with which they refuſed the preſents of king Hiero, after the battle of Thraſimene.

I cannot help regarding our ſending for a troop of Italian ſingers, in this time of diſtreſs, as a ſtate puff of the ſame kind. Indeed I am convinced it was done with this deſign; for are not the very perſons who are the forwardeſt in promoting this diverſion courtiers, and conſequently friends to the preſent eſtabliſhment? Are they not people of fortune, and therefore highly intereſted in the preſervation of national credit? Nor can I help obſerving, as a proof of the policy of this meaſure, another piece of ſtate craft, tending to ſhew our great inward ſtrength and ſecurity; for while we ſent for this troop of ſingers into England, we left ſeveral troops of our ſoldiers abroad. And in what part of Europe could this policy be played off with ſuch advantage as in Italy, where our principal enemies reſide, and where the ſcheme of our deſtruction is ſuppoſed to have been laid? The ſucceſs with which this ſcheme hath been attended, muſt have anſwered our expectation, ſince it is apparent, by the arrival of theſe ſingers, that they are *fairly taken in*, and impoſed upon to believe we have ſtill as much money as ever.

In this light then the opera and thoſe who encourage it will deſerve our higheſt encomiums, and the ſubſcription to it may be ranked with the other public ſubſcriptions at this ſeaſon. And in this light we ought to ſee the intention of thoſe who have promoted it, for the reaſons above-mentioned; to which I will add the humane maxim, of always aſſigning the beſt motive poſſible to the actions of every one.

But,

But, on the contrary, ſhould we be ſo cruel to deny any ſuch good purpoſe to be at the bottom; nay, ſhould we derive this deſire of an opera at preſent from the moſt depraved levity of mind, an utter inſenſibility of public good or evil, yet we may ſtill draw advantages from our opera, though I muſt own I could be ſcarce ſanguine enough to derive them from deſign. For could it be imagined of any nation, at ſuch a ſeaſon of danger and diſtreſs, (which I decline painting at length, as the picture is diſagreeable, and already ſufficiently known) that conſiderable numbers of the inhabitants, inſtead of contributing all the aſſiſtance in their ſeveral capacities to the public, ſhould employ their time and their money in endeavouring to promote an expenſive foreign diverſion, compoſed of all the ingredients of ſoftneſs and luxury, ſuch a nation would not be worth invading. No powerful prince could look on ſuch a people with any eyes of fear or jealouſy, nor no wiſe one would ſend his ſubjects among them, for fear of enervating their minds, and debauching their morals.

Such a nation could inſpire no other ideas into its neighbours, than thoſe of contempt and ridicule. We ought to be conſidered as the ſilly ſwan, whoſe laſt breath goes out in a cantata. And as nothing but wanton cruelty could move any power to attack us, ſo would the conqueſt of us be no leſs infamous than barbarous; and we ſhould, from the ſame reaſon, be as ſafe in the neighbourhood of France, as the little commonwealth of Lucca was in that of her great ſiſter of Rome.

For all theſe reaſons I am for an opera; but I muſt then inſiſt on it, that we ſtrike up immediately, otherwiſe I muſt deſire that Ghoſt of an advertiſement, calling for latter payment from the ſubſcribers, which hath haunted the public papers this month, without having (as it ſeems) been ſpoken to by any one, to diſappear immediately; for I would

by

by no means have all Europe imagine, that *we want nothing* to eſtabliſh our opera at preſent, *but money*.

N° 10. TUESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1746.

Tu, Jupiter, quem ſtatorem hujus urbis atque imperii vere nominamus: HUNC *et* HUJUS *ſocios a tuis aris ceteriſque templis, a tectis urbis ac mœnibus, a vita fortuniſque civium omnium arcebis: et omnes bonorum inimicos, hoſtes patriæ, latrones Italiæ, ſcelerum fœdere inter ſe ac nefaria ſocietate conjunctos æternis ſuppliciis, vivos mortuoſque mactabis.*

Cic. in L. Catil.

To the TRUE PATRIOT.

Dear Sir, Dec. 14. 1745.

THOUGH I live on a ſmall fortune, in great obſcurity, yet I cannot but be intereſted in our preſent troubles. My thoughts ſometimes lead me to meditate, what we are likely to expect, ſhould ſucceſs attend the preſent ravagers of our country. Nay, I have even gone ſo far as to ſuppoſe them actual victors, and have in this life framed an imaginary journal of events, with which I here preſent you, as with a waking dream.

The perſon of my drama, or journaliſt, I ſuppoſe to be an honeſt tradeſman, living in the buſy part of the city.

January 1, 1746.

THIS Day the ſuppoſed conqueror was proclaimed at Stocks Market, amidſt the loud acclamations of Highlanders and friars. I was enabled,

abled, from my own windows, to view this ceremony; Walbrook church, the Manſion-houſe, and ſeveral others adjoining, having been burnt and razed in the maſſacre of laſt week. Father O-Blaze, an Iriſh dominican, read upon the occaſion a ſpeech out of a paper, which he ſtiled an extempore addreſs. Melancholy as I was, I could not help ſmiling at one of his expreſſions, when ſpeaking of the new year, he talked of *Janus*'s faces, each of which look'd both backward and forward.

Jan. 2. A proclamation iſſued for a free parliament (according to the declaration) to meet the 20th inſtant. The twelve judges removed, and twelve new ones appointed; ſome of whom had ſcarce ever been in Weſtminſter-hall before.

Jan. 3. Queen Anne's ſtatue in St. Paul's-church-yard taken away, and a large crucifix erected in its room.

Jan. 4, 5, 6. The caſh, transfer-books, *&c.* removed to the Tower, from the Bank, South-ſea, and India-houſes, which ('tis reported) are to be turned into convents.

Jan. 10. Three anabaptiſts committed to Newgate, for pulling down the crucifix in St. Paul's-church-yard.

Jan. 12. Being the firſt Sunday after Epiphany, father Mac-dagger, the royal confeſſor, preached at St. James's—ſworn afterwards of the privy-council—arrived the French ambaſſador with a numerous retinue.

Jan. 20. The free parliament opened—the ſpeech and addreſſes filled with ſentiments of civil and religious liberty.—An act of grace propoſed from the crown, to pardon all treaſons committed under pretext of any office, civil or military, before the firſt declaration's being promulgated, which was in the iſle of Mull, about 19 months ago. The judges conſulted, whether all perſons throughout Great-Britain were intended to be bound by this promulgation,

mulgation, as being privy to it. 'Twas held they were, becauſe *Ignorantia legis non excuſat.*

Jan. 22. Three members, to wit, Mr. D—n, Mr. P—t, and Mr. L—n, were ſeized in their houſes, and ſent to the Tower, by a warrant from a ſecretary of ſtate. The ſame day I heard another great man was diſmiſſed from his place, but his name I could neither learn nor gueſs.

Jan. 23. His highneſs ſends a meſſage to the houſe, that he would make no further removals, till he ſaw better reaſon.

Jan. 24. A great court at St. James's, at which were preſent * and * and * and * and *, and all kiſſed hands.

Jan. 24. The three anabaptiſts above-mentioned tried for their offence, and ſentenced to be hang'd. Executed the ſame day, attended by Mr. Mac-henly the ordinary. Their teacher Mr. Obadiah Waſhum, the courier, was refuſed acceſs from their firſt commitment.

Jan. 26. This day the Gazette informs us, that Portſmouth, Berwick and Plymouth, were delivered into the hands of French commiſſaries, as cautionary towns; and alſo twenty ſhips of the line, with their guns and rigging, purſuant to treaty.

Jan. 27. Tom Blatch, the old ſmall-coal-man, committed to the Compter, for a violent aſſault on father Mac-dagger and three young friars. 'Twas the talk about town, that they had attempted the chaſtity of his daughter Kate.

Jan. 28. A bill brought into the commons, and twice read the ſame day, to repeal the act of habeas corpus; and that by which the writ *de Hæretico comburendo* was aboliſhed. A mutiny the ſame day among the Highland ſoldiers—quelled by doubling their pay.

Jan. 31. The above bill paſſed, and the royal aſſent given. A motion made about the reſtoration of abbey lands,—— rejected by the lords, ſeven

Engliſh

Engliſh Roman Catholic peers being in the majority.

February 1. All peerages declared void ſince the revolution, and 24 new peers created, without a foot of land in the iſland. A ſecond mutiny among the ſoldiery.

Feb. 2. Long-Acre and Covent-Garden allotted out in portions to the Highland guards. Two watermen and a porter committed to the Lollards tower at Lambeth for hereſy.

Feb. 3. Father Poignardini, an Italian jeſuit, made privy-ſeal. A bill propoſed againſt the liberty of the preſs, and to place the nomination of jurors, exempt from challenge, in the crown. Several catholic lords and gentlemen, being Engliſh, quit the court, and retire into the country. More heretics ſent to Lambeth.

Feb. 5. A promotion of 18 general officers, three only of which were Engliſh. Lord John Drummond made colonel of the firſt regiment of foot guards, the duke of Perth of the ſecond, and lord George Murray of the third.

Feb. 6. Various grants paſſed the privy-ſeal of lands in various counties to generals, eccleſiaſtics, and other favourites, all foreigners.

Feb. 9. A petition from various perſons, ſufferers by the ſaid grants, ſetting forth their fidelity to the government, and that particularly in the late troubles, though they had never entered into any ſchemes in favour of his preſent Highneſs, yet they had conſtantly declined all ſubſcriptions, aſſociations, *&c.* to his prejudice. Father Mac-dagger brought them for anſwer, that the aſſociators and ſubſcribers had at leaſt ſhewn their attachment to ſome government, but that an indifference to all government deſerved favour from none, and that therefore their petition was rejected.

Feb.

Feb. 13. Four heretics burnt in Smithfield—Mr. Mac-henly attended them, aſſiſted on this extraordinary occaſion by father O-Blaze, the dominican.

Feb. 19. Rumours of a plot. More heretics committed. The judges declare the power of the crown to ſuſpend laws. Father Mac-dagger made preſident of Magdalen college in Oxford.

Feb. 21. Four lords and two commoners taken into cuſtody for the plot, all Engliſh, and two of them Roman catholics. The deanry of Chriſt Church given to father Poignardini, and the biſhoprics of Wincheſter and Ely, to the general of the jeſuits order, reſident in Italy.

Feb. 28. Six more heretics burnt in Smithfield. A freſh motion made to reſtore the abbey lands—carried in the lords houſe, but rejected by the commons. Several members of the lower houſe ſent to the Tower by a ſecretary of ſtate's warrant, and the next day expelled, and fined by the privy council 1000*l.* each.

March 1. The French ambaſſador made a duke, with precedence. The motion for reſtoring abbey lands carried, and an addreſs of both houſes prepared upon the occaſion. Cape Breton given back to the French, and Gibraltar and Portmahon to the Spaniards.

March 2. Seven more heretics burnt. A meſſage from the crown, deſiring the advice of the free parliament touching the funds. An humble addreſs immediately voted by way of anſwer, praying that his Highneſs would take ſuch methods, as they might be effectually and ſpeedily annihilated.

March 4. An eminent phyſician fined 200 marks in the King's-bench, for an innuendo at Batſon's, that Bath water was preferable to holy water. Three hundred Highlanders, of the oppoſite party, with their wives and children, maſſacred in Scotland. The Pope's nuncio arrived this evening at Greenwich.

March

March 7. The Pope's nuncio makes his public entry——met at the Royal Exchange by my lord mayor (a Frenchman) with the aldermen, who have all the honour to kiſs his toe——proceeds to Paul's-churchyard—met there by father O-Blaze, who invites him, in the name of the new vicar-general and his doctors, to a *combuſtio hæreticorum*, juſt then going to be celebrated. His eminence accepts the offer kindly, and attends them to Smithfield, where the ordinary is introduced and well received——The nuncio proceeds thence to St. James's, where he had been expected for five hours——the nobility and great officers of ſtate all admitted to kiſs his toe—A grand office opened the ſame night in Drury-lane for the ſale of pardons and indulgences.

March 9. My little boy Jacky taken ill of the itch. He had been on the parade with his godfather the day before, to ſee the life-guards, and had juſt touched one of their plaids.

March 12. His Highneſs ſends a meſſage to the commons, acquainting them with his deſign of equipping a large fleet for the aſſiſtance of his good brother of France, and for that purpoſe demanding two millions to be immediately raiſed by a capitation. A warm debate thereon. His Highneſs goes to the houſe of commons at 12 at night, places himſelf in the ſpeaker's chair, and introduces the French ambaſſador. His excellency makes a long ſpeech, ſetting forth the many ſervices which his maſter had done this nation, and the great good-will he had always borne towards them, and concluding with many haughty menaces, in caſe they ſhould prove ungrateful for all his favours. He is ſeconded by the laird of Keppoch, chancellor of the exchequer. The ſpeaker ſtands up, and utters the word privilege, upon which he is ſent to the Tower. Then Mr. Chancellor of the exchequer moved, that the members againſt the motion might have leave to withdraw; and ſeveral having left the houſe, the queſtion

was put, and carried in the affirmative, *nemine contradicente.*

March 16. Lord C. J. W——les, and admiral V——n, hang'd at Tyburn. Several others were reprieved on the merit of having been enemies to thoſe two great men, and were only ordered to be whipt at the cart's tail.

March 17. Freſh rumours of a plot——a riot in the city——a riſing in the north——a deſcent in the weſt—confuſions, uproars, commitments, hangings, burnings, *&c. &c.*

——*verbum non amplius addam.*

Nº 11. TUESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1746.

Τὰ χρηματ' ἀνθρώποισιν τιμιώτατα
Δύναμίν τε πλείστην τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἔχει.
EURIP. in PHÆNISS.

To the TRUE PATRIOT.

SIR,

I AM a citizen, a haberdaſher by trade, and one of thoſe perſons to whom the world allow the epithets of wiſe and prudent. And I enjoy this character the more, as I can fairly aſſure myſelf I deſerve it; nor am indebted, on this account, to any thing but my own regular conduct, unleſs to the good inſtructions with which my father launched me into the world, and upon which I formed this grand principle, "That there is no real value in any thing "but money."

The

The truth of this propoſition may be argued from hence, that it is the only thing in the value of which mankind are agreed; for, as to all other matters, while they are held in high eſtimation by ſome, they are diſregarded and looked on as cheap and worthleſs by others. Nay, I believe it is difficult to find any two perſons, who place an equal valuation on any virtue, good or great quality whatever.

Now having once eſtabliſhed this great rule, I have, by reference to it, been enabled to ſet a certain value on every thing elſe; in which I have governed myſelf by two cautions: 1ſt, Never to purchaſe too dear; and 2dly, (which is a more uncommon degree of wiſdom) Never to overvalue what I am to ſell; by which latter miſconduct I have obſerved many perſons guilty of great imprudence.

It is not my purpoſe to trouble you with exemplifications of the foregoing rule, in my ordinary calling: I ſhall proceed to acquaint you with my conduct concerning thoſe things which ſome ſilly people call invaluable, ſuch as reputation, virtue, ſenſe, beauty, *&c.* all which I have reduced to a certain ſtandard: For, as your friend Mr. Adams ſays, in his letter on the late faſt, I imagine every man, woman and thing, to have their price. His aſtoniſhment at which truth made me ſmile, as I dare ſwear it did you; it is, indeed, agreeable enough to the ſimplicity of his character.

But to proceed——In my youth I fell violently in love with a very pretty woman. She had a good fortune; but it was 500 *l.* leſs than I could with juſtice demand; (I was heartily in love with her, that's the truth on it) I therefore took my pen and ink (for I do nothing without them) and ſet down the particulars in the following manner:

Mrs. Amey Fairface debtor to Stephen Grub.

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
For fortune, as *per* marriage	5000	00	00

Per contra creditor.

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
Imprimis, To caſh — —	4500	00	00
Item, To beauty (for ſhe had a great deal, and I had a great value for it)	100	00	00
Item, To wit, as *per* converſation	2	10	00
Item, To her affection for me	30	00	00
Item, To good houſewifery, a ſober chaſte education, and being a good workwoman at her needle, in all	50	00	00
Item, To her ſkill in muſic —	1	01	00
Item, To dancing — —	00	00	06
	4683	11	06
Mrs. Amey debtor —	5000	00	00
Per contra creditor — —	4683	11	06
Due to balance — —	316	08	06

You ſee, Sir, I ſtrained as hard as poſſible, and placed a higher value (perhaps) on her ſeveral perfections, than others would have done; but the balance ſtill remained againſt her, and I was reduced to the neceſſary alternative of ſacrificing that ſum for ever, or of quitting my miſtreſs. You may eaſily gueſs on which a prudent man would determine. Indeed, I had ſufficient reaſon to be afterwards pleaſed with my prudence, as ſhe proved to be a leſs valuable woman than I imagined; for, two years afterwards, having had a conſiderable loſs in trade, by which the balance above was ſatisfied, I renewed my addreſſes, but the falſe-hearted creature (forſooth) refuſed to ſee me.

A ſecond occaſion which I had for my pen and ink, in this way, was, when the ſituation of my affairs, after

after ſome loſſes, was ſuch, that I could clearly have put 1500 *l.* in my pocket by breaking. The account then ſtood thus:

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
Stephen Grub, debtor to caſh —	1500	00	00

Per contra creditor.

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
To danger to ſoul as *per* perjury	105	00	00
To danger to body as *per* felony	1000	00	00
To loſs of reputation ——	500	00	00
To conſcience as *per* injuring others	0	02	06
To incidental charges, trouble, *&c.*	100	00	00

I am convinced you are ſo good a maſter of figures, that I need not caſt up the balance, which muſt ſo viſibly have determined me to preſerve the character of an honeſt man.

Not to trouble you with more inſtances of a life, of which you may eaſily gueſs the whole by this ſpecimen; for it hath been entirely tranſacted by my golden rule; I ſhall haſten to apply this rule, by which I ſuppoſe many other perſons in this city conduct themſelves, to the preſent times.

And here, Sir, have we not reaſon to ſuppoſe, that ſome good men, for want of duly conſidering the danger of their property, *&c.* from the preſent rebellion, and low ſtate of public credit, have been too tenacious of their money on the preſent occaſion; for, if we admit that the whole is in danger, ſurely it is the office of prudence to be generous of the leſſer part, in order to ſecure the greater.

Let us ſee how this ſtands on paper; for thus only we can argue with certainty.

Suppoſe, then, the given ſum of your property be 20,000 *l.*

The value of ſecuring this will be more, or leſs in proportion to the danger; for the truth of which

I need only appeal to the common practice of insurance.

If the chance then be twenty to one, it follows that the value of insurance is at an average with 1000 *l.*

And proportionally more or less, as the danger is greater or less.

There are, besides, two other articles, which I had like to have forgot, to which every man almost affixes some value. These are religion and liberty. Suppose therefore we set down

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
Religion at —— —	00	15	00
And liberty at —— — —	00	02	06

And I think none but a profligate fellow can value them at a lower rate; it follows, that to secure them from the same proportion of danger as above, is worth 10½*d.*

Now this last sum may be undoubtedly saved, as it would not be missed or called for, if men would only seriously consider the preservation of what is so infinitely more valuable, their property; and advance their money in its defence, in due proportion to the degree of its danger. And as there is nothing so pleasant as clear gain, it must give some satisfaction to every thinking man, that while he risques his money for the preservation of his property, his religion and liberty are tossed him into the bargain.

You see, Sir, I have fairly balanced between those hot-headed zealots, who set these conveniencies above the value of money, and those profligate wicked people, who treat them as matters of no concern or moment.

I have therefore been a little surprized at the backwardness of some very prudent men on this occasion; for it would be really doing them an injury to suspect they do not set a just value on money, while every action of their lives demonstrate the contrary.

I can

I can therefore impute this conduct only to a firm perſuaſion that there will be fooliſh people enough found, who, from loyalty to their king, zeal for their country, or ſome other ridiculous principle, will ſubſcribe ſufficient ſums for the defence of the public; and ſo they might ſave their own money, which will ſtill encreaſe in value, in proportion to the diſtreſs and poverty of the nation.

This would be certainly a wiſe and right way of reaſoning; and ſuch a conduct muſt be highly commendable, if the fact ſuppoſed was true; for as nothing is ſo truly great as to turn the penny while the world ſuſpects your ruin; ſo to convert the misfortunes of a whole community to your own emolument muſt be a thing highly eligible by every good man, *i. e.* every Plumb. But I am afraid this rule will reach only private perſons at moſt, and cannot extend to thoſe whoſe examples, while they keep their own purſes ſhut, lock up the purſes of all their neighbours.

A fallacy of the ſame kind I am afraid we fall into, when we refuſe to lend our money to the government at a moderate intereſt, in hopes of extorting more from the public purſe; with which thought a very good ſort of man, a plumb, ſeemed yeſterday to hug himſelf in a converſation which we had upon this ſubject; but upon the neareſt computation I could make with my pen, which I handled the moment he left me, I find that this very perſon who propoſed to gain 1 *per Cent.* in 20,000 *l.* would, by the conſequential effect on the public credit, be a clear loſer of $2\frac{1}{2}$.

In ſhort, I am afraid certain perſons may at this time run the hazard of a fate which too often attends very wiſe men, who have not on all occaſions a recourſe to figures, and may incur the cenſure of an old proverb, 'By being penny wiſe and pound fooliſh.' And ſince I may be involved, againſt my will, in the

calamity, I ſhall be obliged to you if you will publiſh theſe cautions, from,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

STEPHEN GRUB.

N. B. As your paper ſupplies the place of three evening poſts, I ſave 1½*d. per* week by it; for which pray accept my acknowledgment.

N° 13. TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1746.

Qui non recte inſtituunt atque erudiunt liberos, non ſolum liberis ſed et reipublicæ faciunt injuriam. CICERO.

MR. Adams having favoured me with a ſecond letter, I ſhall give it the public without any apology. If any thing in it ſhould at firſt a little ſhock thoſe readers who know the world better, I hope they will make allowances for the ignorance and ſimplicity of the writer.

To the TRUE PATRIOT.

My Worthy Friend,

I Am concerned to find, by all our public accounts, that the rebels ſtill continue in the land. In my laſt I evidently proved, that their ſucceſſes were owing to a judgment denounced againſt our ſins, and concluded with ſome exhortations for averting the divine anger, by the only methods which ſuggeſted themſelves

themſelves to my mind. Theſe exhortations, by the event, I perceive have not had that regard paid to them I had reaſon to expect. Indeed, I am the more confirmed in this conjecture, by a lad whom I lately met at a neighbouring baronet's, where I ſojourn'd the two laſt days of the year, with my good friend Mr. Wilſon.

This lad, whom I imagined to have been come from ſchool to viſit his friends for the holidays, (for though he is perhaps of ſufficient age, I found, on examination, he was not yet qualified for the univerſity) is, it ſeems, a man *ſui juris*; and is, as I gather from the young damſels Sir John's daughters, a member of the ſociety of bowes. I know not whether I ſpell the word right; for I am not aſhamed to ſay, I neither underſtand its Etymology nor true import, as it hath never once occurred in any lexicon or dictionary which I have yet peruſed.

Whatever this ſociety may be, either the lad with whom I communed is an unworthy member, or it would become the government to put it down by authority; for he uttered many things during our diſcourſe, for which I would have well ſcourged any of the youth under my care.

He had not long entered the chamber before he acquainted the damſels, that he and his companions had carried the opera, in oppoſition to the puts; by which I afterwards learnt, he meant all ſober and diſcreet perſons. And fags! ſays he, (I am afraid though he made uſe of a worſe word) we expected the biſhops would have interfered; but if they had, we ſhould have ſilenced them. I then thought to myſelf, ſtripling, if I had you well horſed on the back of another lad, I would teach you more reverence to their lordſhips.

This opera, I am informed, is a diverſion in which a prodigious ſum of money, more than is to be collected out of twenty pariſhes, is laviſh'd away on foreign eunuchs and papiſts, very ſcandalous to be

ſuffered

ſuffered at any time, eſpecially at a ſeaſon when both war and famine hang over our heads.

During the whole time of our repaſt at dinner, the young gentleman entertained us with an account of ſeveral drums and routs, at which he had been preſent. Theſe are, it ſeems, large congregations of men and women, who, inſtead of aſſembling together to hear ſomething that is good; nay, or to divert themſelves with gambols, which might be allowed now and then in holiday times, meet for no other purpoſe but that of gaming, for a whole guinea and much more at a ſtake. At this married women ſit up all night, nay ſometimes till one or two in the morning, neglect their families, loſe their money, and ſome, Mr. Wilſon ſays, have been ſuſpected of doing even worſe than that. Yet this is ſuffered in a chriſtian kingdom; nay, (*quod prorſus incredibile eſt*) the holy ſabbath is, it ſeems, proſtituted to theſe wicked revellings; and card-playing goes on as publickly then, as on any other day; nor is this only among the young lads and damſels, who might be ſuppoſed to know no better, but men advanced in years, and grave matrons, are not aſhamed of being caught at the ſame paſtime. *O Tempora! O Mores!*

When grace was ſaid after meat, and the damſels departed, the lad began to grow more wicked. Sir John, who is an honeſt Engliſhman, hath no other wine but that of Portugal. This our bowe could not drink; and when Sir John very nobly declared he ſcorned to indulge his palate with rarities, for which he muſt furniſh the foe with money to carry on a war with the nation, the ſtripling replied, Rat the nation (God forgive me for repeating ſuch words) I had rather live under French government, than be debarred from French wine. Oho, my youth! if I had you horſed, thinks I again.——But indeed, Sir John well ſcourged him with his tongue for that expreſſion, and I ſhould have hoped he had made him aſhamed, had not his ſubſequent behaviour

ſhewn him totally void of grace. For when Sir John aſked him for a toaſt, which you know is another word for drinking the health of one's friend or wife, or ſome perſon of public eminence, he named the health of a married woman, filled out a bumper of wine, ſwore he would drink her health in vinegar, and at laſt openly profeſt he would commit adultery with her if he could. *Proh Pudor!* Nay, and if ſuch a ſin might admit of any aggravation, ſhe is, it ſeems a lady of very high degree, *et quidem* the wife of a lord.

Et dies et charta deficerent ſi omnia vellem percurrere, multa quidem impura et impudica quæ memorare nefas, recitavit. Nor is this youth, it ſeems, a monſter or prodigy in the age he lives; on the contrary, I am told he is an exemplar only of all the reſt.

But I now proceed to what muſt ſurprize you. After he had ſpent an hour in rehearſing all the vices to which youth have been ever too much addicted, and ſhewn us that he was poſſeſſed of them all. *Ut qui impudicus, adulter, Ganeo, Aleea, manu, ventre pene, bona Patria laceraverat,* he began to enter upon politics:

O Proceres cenſore opus an haruſpice nobis.

This ſtripling, this bowe, this rake, diſcovered likewiſe all the wickedneſs peculiar to age, and that he had not with thoſe vices which proceed from the warmth of youth, one of the virtues which we ſhould naturally expect from the ſame ſanguine diſpoſition. He ſhewed us, that grey hairs could add nothing but hypocriſy to him; for he avowed public proſtitution, laughed at all honour, public ſpirit and patriotiſm; and gave convincing proofs that the moſt phlegmatic old miſer upon earth could not be ſooner tempted with gold to perpetrate the moſt horrid iniquities than himſelf.

Whether

Whether this youth be *(quod vix credo)* concerned himſelf in the public weal, or whether he have his information from others, I hope he greatly exceeded the truth in what he delivered on this ſubject: For was he to be believed, the concluſion we muſt draw would be, that the only concern of our great men, even at this time, was for places and penſions; that inſtead of applying themſelves to renovate and reſtore our ſick and drooping common weal, they were ſtruggling to get cloſeſt to her heart, and, like leeches, to ſuck her laſt drop of vital blood.

I hope, however, better things, and that this lad deſerves a good rod as well for lying as for all his other iniquity; and if his parents do not take care to have it well laid on, I can aſſure them they have much to anſwer for.

Mr. Wilſon now found me grow very uneaſy, as indeed I had been from the beginning, nor could any thing but reſpect to the company have prevented me from correcting the boy long before; he therefore endeavoured to turn the courſe, and aſked our ſpark, when he left London? To which he anſwered, the Wedneſday before. How, Sir, ſaid I, travel on Chriſtmas-day? Was it ſo, ſays he, fags! that's more than I knew; but why not travel on Chriſtmas-day as well as any other? Why not, ſaid I, lifting my voice; for I had loſt all patience. Was you not brought up in the chriſtian religion? Did you never learn your catechiſm? He then burſt out into an unmannerly laugh, and ſo provoked me, that I ſhould certainly have ſmote him, had I not laid my crabſtick down in the window, and had not Mr. Wilſon been fortunately placed between us. Odſo, Mr. Parſon, ſays he, are you there? I wonder I had not ſmoked you before. Smoke me! anſwered I, and at the ſame time leap'd from my chair, my wrath being highly kindled. At which inſtant a jackanapes, who ſat on my left hand, whipt my peruke from my head, which I no ſooner perceived than I por-

rected him a remembrance over the face, which laid him ſprawling on the floor. I was afterwards concerned at the blow, tho' the conſequence was only a bloody noſe, and the lad, who was a companion of the others, and had uttered many wicked things, which I pretermitted in my narrative, very well deſerved correction.

A buſtle now aroſe, not worth recounting, which ended in my departure with Mr. Wilſon, tho' we had purpoſed to tarry there that night.

In our way home, we both lamented the peculiar hardineſs of this country, which ſeems bent on its own deſtruction, nor will take warning by any viſitation, till the utmoſt wrath of divine vengeance overtakes it.

In diſcourſing upon this ſubject, we imputed much of the preſent profligacy to the notorious want of care in parents in the education of youth, who, as my friend informs me, with very little ſchool learning, and not at all inſtructed *(ne minime quidem imbuti)* in any principles of religion, virtue and morality, are brought to the great city, or ſent to travel to other great cities abroad, before they are twenty years of age, where they become their own maſters, and enervate both their bodies and minds with all ſorts of diſeaſes and vices, before they are adult.

I ſhall conclude with a paſſage in Ariſtotle's Politics, Lib. VIII. Cap. 1. Ὅτι μεν ἔν τῳ νομοθέτῃ μαλιστα πραγμαλευτέον ωερι τὴν τῶν νέων παιδείαν, ἀδεὶς αν ἀμφισϐητησειε. ϰ̀ γὰρ ἐν ταῖς πολεσιν ἐ γιγνόμενον τῦτο, βλάπτει τας πολιτείας. Which, for the ſake of women, and thoſe few gentlemen who do not underſtand Greek, I have rendered ſomewhat paraphraſtically in the vernacular. 'No man can 'doubt but that the education of youth ought to be 'the principal care of every legiſlator; by the neg-'lect of which, great miſchief accrues to the civil 'polity in every city.'

I am,

I am, while you write like an honeſt man, and a good chriſtian,

Your hearty friend and well-wiſher,

ABRAHAM ADAMS.

Nº 23. TUESDAY, APRIL, 8, 1746.

——*Inſanus paucis videatur eo quod*
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem. HOR.

I Have heard of a man who believed there was no real exiſtence in the world but himſelf; and that whatever he ſaw without him was mere phantom and illuſion.

This philoſopher, I imagine, hath not had many followers in theory; and yet if we were to derive the principles of mankind from their practice, we ſhould be almoſt perſuaded that ſomewhat like this madneſs had poſſeſſed not only particular men, but their ſeveral orders and profeſſions. For tho' they do not abſolutely deny all exiſtence to other perſons and things, yet it is certain they hold them of no conſequence, and little worth their conſideration, unleſs they trench ſomewhat towards their own order or calling.

As an inſtance of this, let us obſerve three or four members of any profeſſion met together in a general company, though it be never ſo large, they make no ſcruple of engroſſing the whole converſation, and turning it to their own profeſſion, without the leaſt conſideration of all the other perſons preſent.

Another example of the ſame temper may be ſeen in the monopolizing particular words, and confining their

their meaning to their own purpoſes, as if the reſt of the world had in reality no right to their application. A ſignal inſtance of which is in the adjective good. A word which of all others mankind would leaſt wiſh to be debarred from the uſe of, or from appropriating to themſelves and their friends.

Now, when the divine, the free-thinker, the citizen, the whig, the tory, *&c.* pronounce ſuch an individual to be a good man, it is plain that they have all ſo many different meanings; and he may be a very good man in the opinion of one in the company, who would be a very bad one in that of all the others.

I remember to have ſupped laſt winter at a ſurgeon's, where were preſent ſome others of the faculty. The gentleman of the houſe declared he had a very good ſubject above in the garret. As the gentleman who ſaid this was, I knew, himſelf as good a ſubject as any in the kingdom, I could not avoid ſurprize at his chuſing to confine ſuch a perſon in a cold night, in ſuch a place; but I ſoon found my miſtake, and that this good ſubject had been hanged the day before for a moſt heinous felony.

An error of the ſame kind once happened to me amongſt ſome gentlemen of the army who all agreed that one Mr. Thunderſon was the beſt man in England. I own I was ſomewhat ſtaggered when I heard he was a corporal of grenadiers; but how much more was I aſtoniſhed when I found that he had half a dozen wives, and was the wickedeſt fellow in the whole regiment.

I cannot quit this head without remarking that much inconvenience may ariſe from theſe miſtakes; and one indeed happened in the laſt mentioned inſtance; for a grave wealthy widow, of above forty, in the town where the regiment was quartered, having doubtleſs heard the ſame character of this man from his officers, and miſunderſtanding them, as I myſelf had done before their explanation, fell in love with his goodneſs and married him. A third example

ample may be drawn from the attention of the readers of books, or the ſpectators at plays. I have ſomewhere heard of a Geographer who received no other pleaſure from the Æneid of Virgil, than by tracing out the Voyage of Æneas in the map. To which I may add a certain coachmaker, who having ſufficient latin to read the ſtory of Phaëton in the Metamorphoſis, ſhook his head that ſo fine a genius for making chariots as Ovid had, was thrown away on making poems.

This ſelfiſh attention (if I may ſo call it) in the ſpectators at our theatres muſt be evident to all who have ever frequented them. Every Joke on a courtier's not paying his debts, is ſure to receive a thundering applauſe from the pit and galleries. This debt is, however, paid by the boxes, on the firſt facetious alluſion to horns, or any other ſymbol of cuckoldom. Indeed, the whole houſe are ſeldom unanimous in their claps, unleſs when the ridicule is againſt the miniſtry, the law, or the clergy; whence, I ſuppoſe, that as government, law, and religion are looked upon as the great grievances of the nation, the whole audience think themſelves alike intereſted in their demolition.

I knew a gentleman, who had great delight in obſerving the humours of the vulgar, and for that purpoſe uſed frequently to mount into the upper gallery. Here, as he told me, he once ſeated himſelf between two perſons, one of whom he ſoon diſcovered to be a broken Tailor; and the other, a ſervant in a country family, juſt arrived in town. The play was Henry the Eighth, with that auguſt repreſentation of the coronation. The former of theſe, inſtead of admiring the great magnificence exhibited in that ceremony, obſerved with a ſigh, 'That he 'believed very few of theſe clothes were paid for.' And the latter being aſk'd how he liked the play, (being the firſt he had ever ſeen) anſwered, 'It was

'all

'all very fine; but nothing came up, in his opinion, 'to the ingenuity of ſnuffing the candles.'

I cannot omit the following ſtory, which I think a very ſtrong example of the temper I have above remarked. I remember to have been preſent at a certain religious aſſembly of the people called Methodiſts, where the preacher named the following text: It is reported that fornication is among you. The whole congregation, as well as myſelf, expected, I believe, a wholeſome diſſertation on all criminal converſe between the ſexes; and ſome, who laboured under ſuſpicions of that kind, began to expreſs much apprehenſion and uneaſineſs in their countenances; but, to our great ſurprize, the ſermon was entirely confin'd to the former part of the text, and we were only inſtructed in the nature and various kinds of reports. This gave me ſome curioſity to enquire into the character of ſo extraordinary a preacher, and I found, to my perfect ſatisfaction, that he had got his living many years by collecting articles of news for one of the public papers.

If we reflect ſeriouſly on this diſpoſition of mankind, ſo univerſally exerted in private life, it will lead us to account for the behaviour of men and parties in public; and we ſhall loſe much of that ſurprize, which might otherwiſe naturally enough affect us, from obſerving the rigid adherence which men of no diſhoneſt characters preſerve to their own party and their own ſchemes. Hence it is, that men become more the ſubjects of our conſideration than meaſures; and hence it hath ſometimes happened, that men (and thoſe not the worſt of men either) have been more intent on advancing their own ſchemes, than on advancing the good of the public, and would have riſqued the preſervation of the latter, rather than have given up the purſuit of the former. I have ſaid it; I have invented it; I have writ upon it; are as ſubſtantial arguments with ſome politicians, as they are with the doctor in Gil Blas,

who had writ on the virtues of hot water, and therefore refuſed to agree with thoſe who preſcribe cold. To ſay the truth, this partiality to ourſelves, our own opinions, and our own party, hath introduced many dangerous evils into commonwealths. It is this humour which keeps up the name of Jacobitiſm in this kingdom; and it is this humour only, from which his preſent Majeſty or his adminiſtration can derive a ſingle enemy within it. The OPPOSITION (if a handful of men, and thoſe for the moſt part totally inſignificant, as well in fortune as abilities, are worthy that name) would I believe be puzzled to give any better reaſon for their conduct than the aforeſaid doctor, or than parſon Adams hath done for them, who ſays, that Oppoſition is derived from the verb *oppono*, and that the Engliſh of the verb *oppono* is to oppoſe.

N° 24. TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 1746.

—— *Medici mediam pertundite venam.* JUV.

I Have heard it often objected to the friends of the government, when they have expreſſed their apprehenſions of a Jacobite party in this kingdom, that theſe fears were counterfeited, in order to form an argument for the ſupport of a ſtanding army, or to excuſe ſome other miniſterial ſchemes; for that, in reality, the very ſeeds of Jacobitiſm were deſtroyed, and rooted out from the minds of every Proteſtant Britiſh ſubject.

I am not aſhamed to own myſelf to have been one of the many who were impoſed on by theſe ſuggeſtions; I am much more concerned to ſee that this was an impoſition, and that experience ſhould at laſt have convinced every man, that there are ſtill ſome perſons, (an inconſiderable party indeed, when compared to the

the number of loyal ſubjects) who profeſs the Proteſtant religion, while they wiſh well to the deſigns of a Popiſh pretender.

The principal motive which induced me to hold my former opinion, was the reaſonableneſs of it. I diſbelieved the exiſtence of Proteſtant Jacobitiſm, from the ſame principles which inſpire me to deny our aſſent to many of theſe ſtrange relations which certainly voyage writers recount to us. I looked upon ſuch an animal as a greater monſter, than the moſt romantic of theſe writers have ever deſcribed, and was therefore eaſily perſuaded to credit thoſe who very ſolemnly aſſured us, there was no ſuch to be found in the land.

I have hitherto avoided any conteſt with theſe ſort of gentlemen, not from the contempt of ſo poor a victory; for I ſhould think my labours well beſtowed, in bringing the weakeſt of them over to the cauſe of truth; but in plain fact, they are the laſt perſons with whom I would willingly enter the liſts of diſputation, from abſolute deſpair of ſucceſs; for what is ſo difficult to anſwer as nothing, or what more impoſſible to be evinced, than the light of the ſun to him who hath not eyes to diſcern it. I have therefore greatly admired the patriotiſm of thoſe heroes, who have formerly waſted much of their time to prove, that millions were not intended by an all-good being, for the uſe and wanton diſpoſition of one man; that a Proteſtant church was not abſolutely ſecure under the protection of a prince who looks on himſelf as bound by his religion, and that on pain of damnation, to deſtroy it; that a magiſtrate attempting to deſtroy thoſe laws and conſtitutions which he was ſworn and obliged to defend, forfeited that power which he ſo entirely perverted, with numberleſs other propoſitions equally plain and demonſtrable, or rather indeed ſelf-evident. So that if the abſurdity of their tenets was not of itſelf ſufficiently apparent, and did not glare them in the face, it hath been ſo irrefragably proved by the labours of thoſe good men, who have undertaken the defence of

the revolution, that the Jacobites of this age have no other excuſe left, but that of not being able to read.

This is an excuſe which I am ſenſible may be fairly pleaded by many, and thoſe none the leaſt conſiderable pillars of the party. There have been, however, ſome who have not only read, but have endeavoured to anſwer theſe writers; and have very modeſtly attempted to oppoſe the common ſenſe of mankind, in a point wherein their higheſt intereſt is concerned.

As ſuch performances are ſeldom long-lived, few of them have reached our days; but the following letter, which I look upon as a very curious piece, and which was written in the reign of the late King William, contains, I believe, the ſum of all thoſe arguments which have been ever uſed on the behalf of Jacobitiſm; I ſhall therefore give it the reader, after having premiſed, that it was written by a nonjuror to his ſon at Oxford.

'DEAR SON,

'I Received yours of the 4th paſt, and am ſo well 'ſatisfied with your conduct on the birth-day of 'that old rump rogue with an orange, that I have 'ſent you a draught on your tutor, according to your 'deſires. As long as my ſon preſerves his principles 'ſound, I ſhall not be angry at any frolicks of youth. 'Provided therefore you never get drunk but on holi-'days, (as the government are pleaſed to call them) 'and in toaſting the damnation of the rump, and 'confuſion to the day, *&c.* you may confeſs your-'ſelf freely, without fear of incurring my diſpleaſure, 'I approve the company you keep much. Be ſure 'not to herd with the ſons of courtiers; for there 'is no conſcience or honeſty in them; nor will the 'nation ever thrive till the king enjoys his own again; 'a health which I never fail to drink every day of my 'life in a bumper, and I hope you do the like. I 'ſhall never think I can remind you often enough 'of theſe matters; for I had rather ſee you hanged

'for

'for your true king, than enjoying a place under this 'orange raſcal, who has undone the nation. Our 'family have always, I thank God, been of the ſame 'kidney, and I hope will remain ſo to all poſterity. 'It is the true old cauſe, and we will live and die by 'it, boy. Damn the rump; that is my motto. Old 'England will never ſee any good days, till it is 'thoroughly roaſted. Your godfather, Sir John, 'dined with me yeſterday, he aſked kindly after you. 'We drank nine bottles a-piece of ſtum, and talked 'over all matters. We ſcarce uttered a word for 'which the raſcally whigs would not have hanged 'us; but I deſire no better from fellows who would 'pull down the church, if they had it in their power. 'I fear not, however, that it will be able to ſtand 'in ſpite of all their malice, and that I ſhall drink 'church and king as long as I live. You know what 'king I mean. God remove him from that ſide of 'the water on which he now is. Let every man have 'his own, I ſay, and I am ſure that is the ſentiment 'of an honeſt man; and of one who abhors theſe 'perſecuting raſcals, who make men pay for their 'conſciences. But do thou, my boy, rather ſubmit 'to their power than court their favour; for right 'is right; and tho' might may overcome it, it can 'never be aboliſhed. If kings derive their power 'from heaven, men can have no juſt pretence to 'deprive them of it. Orange hath no ſuch right. 'We know he was made by men, and conſequently 'his title cannot be deduced from heaven. Your 'tutor informs me, you have been in great appre-'henſion for the church at Oxford, and we in the 'country agree it is in danger: But let her enemies 'do what they can, honeſt hearts will continue to 'drink to her preſervation; and while the whigs 'ſee the unalterable determination of our party, 'they will always be afraid of executing their wicked 'purpoſes. As to taxes, we muſt expect them, 'while the government is in ſuch hands, and the true

'king in baniſhment. A whig juſtice of peace at 'the ſeſſions the other day, had the impudence to 'tell me, they were impoſed by parliament; but how 'can that be a parliament which wants one part in 'three of its conſtituents; nay, and that the head. 'Is not the head ſuperior to the body? And conſe-'quently, hath not the king a better right to impoſe 'taxes, than lords and commons without a king? 'Let right take place, ſay I, and then we will pay 'without grumbling; but to be taxed by a rump, a 'ſet of whigs and preſbyterians, and fellows with 'an orange in their mouths; I will drink confuſion 'to them as long as I can ſtand. However, I hope 'ſoon to ſee better times, and that we may change 'our healths, and drink to our friends openly; for 'we are aſſured here by ſome Roman Catholic prieſts, 'who are honeſter fellows than whigs, and may be 'brought over to go to church in time, that the 'French King will do his utmoſt to reſtore us again 'to our liberties and properties; for which reaſon 'we always drink his health and ſucceſs, immedi-'ately after church and king, and confuſion to the 'rump. I hope you will do the ſame at your club 'at Oxford; for take it from me as I have it from 'others, that all the hopes this nation have of being 'preſerved is from that quarter. Indeed, there wants 'no other reaſon for our drinking him, than that the 'whigs are his enemies; for nothing can ever be 'good for this nation which thoſe raſcals wiſh well 'to. I am ſure no one ever ſuſpected me of wiſhing 'well to the Pope, and yet I would drink his health 'ſooner than I would that of a preſbyterian. I hope 'you will never converſe with any ſuch, but when 'you can't find true church-of England-men, rather 'chuſe papiſts; for they are leſs enemies to our church; 'and that they would deſtroy it muſt be a lie, becauſe 'the whigs ſay it: But confuſion to them! and may 'the king enjoy his own again, will always be the 'toaſt of, &c.'

THE

JACOBITE's JOURNAL.

By JOHN TROTT-PLAID, Eſq;

N° 15. SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1748.

To the Writer of the JACOBITE JOURNAL.

SIR,

YOU have here a tranſlation of a Latin Poem, intituled, *De Arte Jacobitica*, in three books. I have ſent you the Engliſh verſion of the firſt book, becauſe I have been told that Jacobites are no ſcholars, and underſtand no Latin. If you like this, you may hereafter receive the tranſlation of the ſecond book. Mean time, I remain yours, *&c.*

M. O. A. J.

HORACE wrote the art of poetry, Ovid the art of love, and I write the art of jacobitiſm.—Come, Tiſiphone, from hell, bring with thee ill-judging zeal, and obſtinate bigotry, and inſpire me with all thy furies, while I teach the black art of jacobitiſm. 'Twas thou that didſt inſtruct the holy Inquiſitors, and thoſe miſcreants that belied the ſacred name of Jeſus, to embrue their hands in chriſtian blood: Nor haſt thou been unmindful of the Engliſh nation: we too can boaſt our Lauds, our Sacheverils, our ** ok* *ippen* [Here ſeveral proper

names were doubtleſs in the original, but the rats or moths have devoured them.]

Firſt of all, learn the art of lying, and miſrepreſenting. Fling dirt enough, and ſome will certainly ſtick. You may venture to abuſe the king himſelf; but do this with caution, for the ſake of your ears and head. But ſpare not his miniſters; give a wrong turn to their moſt plauſible actions. If they proſecute the war with vigour, ſwear they are neglectful; if they deſire a peace, call them cowards; if war, call them blood-thirſty, and ſeekers after the ruin of their country. 'Twas by ſuch arts as theſe that the brave Marlborough, and the juſt Godolphin, fell a victim to the intrigues of Harley and ***. You may add perjury to your lies. Jupiter, 'tis ſaid, laughs at the perjury of lovers; he has many a time forſworn himſelf to Juno. You have Jupiter for your example: what can a pagan, like yourſelf, deſire more?

The next thing you are to remember, is to feign a love to your country and religion; the leſs you have of both, the better you can feign both. O liberty! O virtue! O my country! Remember to have ſuch expreſſions as theſe conſtantly in your mouth. Words do wonders with ſilly people; but don't too openly diſcover your deſign of ruining your country by changing the religion of it, and introducing arbitrary power and a Popiſh king. Don't be caught in your own trap. Remember the end of Perillus, who was burnt in his own bull; and you may be ruined yourſelf before you bring about the ruin of your country. Keep therefore to general terms, and never deſcend to particulars; you may wiſh things went better.—— You can't tell, but ſurely 'twas better in good Queen Anna's days—or in the bacchanalian times of Charles —or, in the holy martyr's reign. At the mentioning the martyr, you may drop a tear; and if you are ſure of your ſilly company, you may ſwear the preſent miniſtry cut off his head. Anachroniſm in politicks, is no more faulty than anachroniſm in poetry. If

you are among good and orthodox churchmen, you may ſwear the church of England is in danger under a church of England king, and cannot be ſecure unleſs the Popiſh pretender is reſtored. Paradoxes in converſation are to be ſupported with confidence and ſophiſtry. Remember likewiſe, that you frequently inculcate the divine right of kings to do wrong; and that they are accountable to God only for being devils upon earth.

Various people are to be taken by various methods; and a wiſe Proteus will turn himſelf into all ſhapes. This Proteus, the Fables ſay, was an Egyptian conjuror, and transformed himſelf into what monſtrous appearance he pleaſed; he roar'd a lion, he grinn'd a wolf, he flaſh'd a fire, he flow'd a river. This Proteus be thou; roar, grin, flaſh, and flow. Spread thy nets, and catch the various fry with various baits. Conſider a little the diſpoſitions of mankind; the young are open and honeſt, the old are cautious and wary. Old birds are not to be caught with chaff; and an old hare will be ſure to double.

But you will aſk perhaps where the proper perſons are to be found, to make proſelytes of to jacobitiſm. This is an enquiry worthy a ſportſman; for he is a bad huntſman who would beat about the Royal Exchange, for a hare or a fox; and not a much better gunner or fiſherman, who goes a ſhooting in Somerſet-Gardens, or attempts to angle in the magnificent baſon there. As thoſe all know the places where their game reſort, ſo muſt you. You have no occaſion to go with parſon Whitefield to Georgia after a young jacobite; but you may go with parſon Whitefield to Kennington Common or Bagſhot Heath, or Hounſlow, in queſt of one; for want has made many a man a jacobite, revenge more, and ignorance thouſands. Want and penury bid you hope for change: Revenge works ſtronger in the human heart than even penury. Who can bear to ſee a rival prevail? Hence the affected patriotiſm of *** and ** and *.

[Here

[Here likewiſe are many proper names loſt, never to be retrieved but by conjecture.] Ignorance is the mother of jacobitiſm. Hence the rural ſportſmen and fox-hunters will fall an eaſy prey; and the country will afford ſufficient plenty of younger brothers, whoſe eyes their good mothers have kept betimes from poring on Greek and Latin authors; thoſe Greek and Latin authors, which have been the bane of the jacobite cauſe, and inſpired men with the love of Athenian liberty and old Rome, and taught them to hate tyrants and arbitrary governments. London too has all ſorts of game for the net. Whores and rogues abound there; many are ruined, and moſt in a fair way of being ſo. How many diſappointed out-of-place poor rogues do we every day meet? And what univerſal ignorance, attended with complicated impudence? In ſhort, the variety is ſo great, that it will even diſtract your choice.

But above all, in times of public calamities, then remember your leſſon; ſay, God himſelf is turn'd our enemy. And if, by chance, our monarch ſhould meditate new triumphs, and reſolve on the puniſhment of France; then, when William, the avenger, is abroad, do thou raiſe commotions and tumults at home: Whilſt he, all gold, ſhines in the Gallic plains, carrying in his hand his father's thunder; do thou, all lies, walk the dirty ſtreets of London; and remember, I repeat it again, fling dirt enough; blacken, lie, and defame. Perhaps ſome Jack Cade may ariſe in the glorious cauſe of jacobitiſm, and ſhake the throne itſelf; while ſwarms of locuſts and caterpillars come from the north, and devour the fruits of England.

Part of our undertaking ſtill remains, and part is finiſh'd; here then, let us caſt anchor and moor the ſhip.

N° 34. SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1748.

——Talem ſe læta ferebat
Per medios, inſtans operi, regniſque futuris. VIRG.

To the Author of the JACOBITE JOURNAL.

SIR,

THE ſerious truths contained in this letter, will, I hope, make an apology unneceſſary. You are to know, that I am of that high order of beings, which the world calls a married man; that to render my ſtate of life happy, as well as honourable, I have, in every thing, ſubmitted to the will of my wife; and this, I can truly ſay, not more from a conviction of the great duty of obedience, than to avoid contention, and to promote family-peace, and good-humour in my houſe. It is now eleven years ſince the kindeſt and the lovelieſt of her ſex honoured me with the poſſeſſion of her ſweetneſs: In all which time, till within a little more than a twelvemonth, ſhe has condeſcended to make my ſervitude my delight, abridging me only where my wiſhes were ſtrongeſt, and conſequently leading to exceſs; and indulging me in every thing indifferent in my own opinion, or deſirable in hers. This uniformity of conduct had rendered us the admiration and envy of all our acquaintance; there was hardly a married woman who viſited us, but propoſed me as an example to her huſband, and treaſured up the maxims of my wife, as ſo many leſſons for her own conduct. We were, in ſhort, a couple who left not happineſs to chance; one plann'd what the other executed, and both enjoyed the fruits of our care. Alas! Mr. Trott-Plaid, I wiſh the buſineſs of this letter was only to tell you of my happi-

happineſs; but that (however well ſecured as you may think) has known its period, and I am at preſent the moſt miſerable of all beings.

It is now about a year ſince a grave clergyman from Oxford came to board with us. To this gentleman (though no ſeducer of what my wife calls her virtue) I owe all my misfortunes. He had not been a month in the family, before I obſerved that my wife's head had taken a political turn; the affairs of her family began to be neglected; and notwithſtanding we owed our entire ſupport to a genteel poſt I enjoyed under the government, I was compelled every day at table to hear that government abuſed. At every glaſs after dinner, a laugh and a whiſper'd toaſt between my wife and her friend, gave me freſh cauſe of uneaſineſs. My eldeſt boy made his appearance in a plaid waiſtcoat, and my girl's petticoat and doll were of the ſame ſtuff. I was pleaſed indeed, at firſt, to hear the child checked by her mamma, for drinking the King over the water; but was as much diſpleaſed at the reaſon of that check, which was, that James was a plain name, and would ſave the trouble of ſuch unneceſſary diſtinctions.

Upon this occaſion it was, that I took upon me, for the firſt time, to make a remonſtrance in private to my wife; which though I did with all the ſubmiſſion of a huſband, I found to my coſt, that I had done wrong. Inſtead of the compliance I in ſome meaſure expected, I was upbraided by her as a mean-ſpirited wretch; one who was willing to ſubſiſt by ſhame, and to acknowledge favours from a ſet of men whoſe friendſhip was a diſgrace to me; and that if I expected the continuance of her regard, I muſt think of ſome other means of ſupporting my family, than by an infamous place, given me by thoſe, who derived their power of beſtowing it from one who wanted right to confer that power. You will judge of my concern, Mr. Trott-Plaid, at theſe words.—I was ſorry to differ in opinion from my wife, and yet was

almoſt

almoſt apt to imagine that opinion a little unreaſonable. To think of giving up my poſt was an impracticable thing, and to live under the diſpleaſure of my wife, an impoſſible one. I intreated her to proceed with the utmoſt caution in this affair; and telling her I would aſk her friend's advice in it, I left her to conſult him.

I had the pleaſure of finding this honeſt clergyman of a contrary opinion. He ſaw no objection, he ſaid, to my holding a place under the worſt of governments, provided I endeavoured, as much as in me lay, to act in oppoſition to thoſe who had obliged me. That neither religion nor conſcience required me to refuſe favours from the hands of thoſe whom it was my duty to deteſt. That an oppoſition of this kind was the more meritorious, as it was the more diſintereſted; and the hazard of property would be the beſt proof I could give of the ſincerity of my zeal. That all men were under an obligation to provide for their families in the beſt manner they were able; but tho' neceſſity compelled me to eat the bread of ſhame, yet conſcience forbad me to live a life of it. It was no ſin he ſaid in war, to plunder the enemy that we have firſt killed: And, by a ſimilitude of reaſoning, he conceived it was as innocent to plunder the friend we intended afterwards to kill. That meaſures, more than men, wanted a change; and that power was the ſureſt means to ruin thoſe who raiſed us to it. That for his own part, he had hopes of preferment himſelf from the government, which he intended to accept of without ſcruple, as it might furniſh him with the means of doing good, and of keeping weaker men from power, whoſe miſtaken gratitude for obligations might tempt them to make unſuitable returns. For theſe reaſons, he ſaid, he begged leave to differ from the good lady of the houſe, and adviſed me to continue in my poſt, as it ſerved me in a double capacity, both for private ſupport and national advantage.

I cannot conceal the ſatisfaction of my mind at the reaſoning

reaſoning of this worthy gentleman. I ſubmitted entirely to his opinion; my wife, who is the beſt of women, was eaſily brought over by her friend, and domeſtic harmony was again reſtored. The groans of our bleeding country indeed were too often in our ears, and ſomewhat diſturbed the tranquillity of our minds; but the hope that every one would have his own at laſt, ſet all things right, and we lived in expectation of the happy change.

It was about this time that my wife, who had very much improv'd her ſpelling under the tuition of her friend, commenced writer in the cauſe. A pamphlet, called, The ſtate of the nation, and Three letters to the whigs, are the product of her invention. In theſe ſhe ſo well ſucceeded, that many were of opinion they wanted nothing but truth to be finiſhed performances. Indeed that noble and free ſpirit of ſcandal, which is the characteriſtic of thoſe pamphlets, is ſufficient evidence that their author could be no other than a woman.

We had the pleaſure ſoon after this, to learn from the clergyman, that a friend of his in the adminiſtration had preſented him to a conſiderable benefice in the country. The good man received our congratulations upon the occaſion with tears; and taking a moſt affectionate leave, he retired to his living. The ſatisfaction we received in our friend's promotion would hardly have made us amends for the pains of parting with him, if an unfortunate accident, and ſome information that followed it, had not opened our eyes to ſee that worthy gentleman in his proper character.

My wife was buſied in her political ſtudies one day, with her Bailey's dictionary before her, when I received a meſſage from above, that my employment was taken from me—I enquired into the meaning of ſuch procedure, and I was anſwered, that I was an infamous, ungrateful fellow; one that deſerved hanging; and if I did not mend my manners and my wife, the government might poſſibly take a ſeverer notice of me. With theſe words the meſſenger left me; and I

retired

retired to my wife's apartment for comfort and advice. That heroic woman, inſtead of calling my diſſimulation a misfortune, gloried in the occaſion.—It was now, ſhe ſaid, ſhe would apply to the people for that emolument the enemies of their country had diſpoſſeſſed me of. That ſhe had long been ſolicited by the proprietors of certain news-papers to lend her abilities. That ſhe had deſired time to conſider of their propoſals, but was now determined; that ſhe had indeed, for ſome weeks paſt, adminiſtered helps to Old England, and the London Evening Poſt, and had occaſionally furniſhed a few papers upon naval affairs in the Fool; but that the writers of thoſe papers were ſo incorrigibly dull, that her bare intervention was of little uſe; ſhe therefore declared, as the miniſtry had provoked her to plan their utter ruin, ſhe would heſitate no longer to undertake the ſole direction of them. That the advantages ariſing from ſuch papers would treble thoſe of the poſt I had loſt; and that I ought to look upon myſelf as the happieſt of men, in having a head to my family, who knew how to ſecure the emoluments of a huſband by the very means that muſt ſave her dearer country from deſtruction.

My heart was overflowing with comfort at theſe aſſurances, when the viſit of a friend interrupted the diſcourſe.—He condoled with me in the kindeſt manner for the loſs of my place; but, how, Mr. Trott-Plaid, ſhall I expreſs my aſtoniſhment, when he aſſured me, upon his own knowledge, that my friend the clergyman, that friend I ſo dearly loved, was the perſon to whom I was indebted for this obligation! He told me, that the buſineſs of this viper, during the time of his ſtay with us, was to pay his court to the adminiſtration, in which he ſo well ſucceeded, as to obtain a promiſe of preferment. That to perfect this promiſe, and to remove any ſuſpicions they might poſſibly entertain of his principles, he had made a voluntary ſacrifice of my wife and me; concluding,

cluding, that I was an avowed jacobite, and my wife the writer of every ſcurrilous pamphlet that had infeſted the public. I own to you, Mr. Trott-Plaid, upon this diſcovery I began to be aſhamed of the part I had acted.—It occurred to me that the principles of this man might poſſibly be as falſe as his friendſhip; but my wife conceived a different opinion. —Bad practices, ſhe ſaid, were no proof of bad principles; hers ſhe knew were right; and however ill her friend might have treated her, his name and memory deſerved reſpect, as by his means ſhe was become a pillar of ſupport to a falling nation.

I will not tire you, Mr. Trott-Plaid, with my wife's arguments, or my own ſubmiſſions.—The news-papers above mentioned have been ever ſince under her direction; but, whether from a want of taſte in the public, or from a knowledge that they are the writings of a woman, the propoſed advantages have fallen ſhort, even of common ſubſiſtence.—It is impoſſible to repreſent to you the diſtreſſes we have ſtruggled with; but what is the worſt of all, I have the concern to ſee my children taught treaſon as ſoon as they can ſpeak; and my little boy, juſt eight years old, the hopes of my family, is turn'd poet, and writes the varſes, as he calls them, in the London Evening Poſt; he has juſt ſent ſome lines on the eclipſe * to the preſs. Dear Sir, adviſe me what to do; for tho' my wife hates you, and has often abuſed you in print, I am

Your affectionate Friend,
and moſt humble Servant,

SIMON SUPPLE.

* Note, theſe were printed in the London Evening Poſt of Saturday laſt, and are well enough for ſuch a child.

THE END OF VOL. VI.